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THE FRONTIERS OF FRANCE.

"FRANCE," says the author of a work crowned by the French Academy, "has recovered its 'natural' frontier in the south: will she recover her natural frontier in the north? Undoubtedly and unquestionably so. She requires the limits that the hand of God has traced out for her; those which she possessed in her Celtic and Roman past; those which she re-conquered in her regeneration of 1789. She must include in her territory the battle-field of Tolbiac and the tomb of Charlemagne; she must have, as Vauban said to Louis XIV., *son pré carré*—her territory squared off. The natural frontiers of France have taken their place in the public right of Europe for seventy-two years past; they are a fundamental necessity of the existing times; they are the basis of the peace of the world."

"But to every day its troubles. We have seen with what perseverance, what moderation, what wisdom, all the kings of France have laboured for centuries in reconstructing our territory, and the powerful vitality, the robust greatness, which this long and patriotic labour has conferred upon France. The aim was, we know, unfortunately exceeded, and the work has in part to be recommenced; but what progress has it not made in less than fifty years? Our neighbourhood to the Scheldt and the Alps transformed, Savoy and Nice re-conquered, the coalition broken up, and France replaced in its rank! The rest is a work of time, patience, and conciliation. It will be carried out without disturbance, and pacifically if Europe is wise and confiding, if it will abdicate its prejudices and its old resentments, if it accepts necessities traced by nature, history, reason, and justice; but from that day, whatever it may wish, whatever it may do, the treaties of 1815 will have ceased to exist."

These are not the words of a hasty contributor to a daily paper, or of an excited partisan pamphleteer; they are the well-digested and sober utterances of an historical writer—M. Théophile Lavallée—in a work on the frontiers of France, which has, as before remarked, been honoured by an expression of the highest approbation on the part of the French Academy, has gone through three editions, and may be admitted to represent the opinions of seven-eighths of the French people, and to judge by the Emperor Napoleon III.'s celebrated declaration of abhorrence of the treaties of 1815, made at Auxerre, of the present ruler of France. There is no other policy popular in France, and each successive ruler has, as a natural sequence of his being called to the head of affairs, to adopt it as a labour of time, or as an apology for aggression. So also there is no bulwark to the peace of Europe but a united Germany.

Such alone can resist this hereditary and historical policy of France, and keep the most ambitious and turbulent of European military powers within bounds.

This, however, is not the question which we propose to ourselves to discuss at the present moment. It is what are really, as seen and studied not from a French, but from an independent point of view, the so-called natural, historical, reasonable, and just frontiers of France. To do justice to such an inquiry it is absolutely necessary, although archæological investigations are antagonistic to the fever of politics, to go back to the beginning.

The Romans, it is well known, colonised the banks of the Rhine, just as they did those of the Danube, simply with the view of holding in control the countries watered by those noble rivers. They selected their military posts or stations with this view, and with a well-considered regard to the peculiarities of the case, choosing more particularly the points of junction of rivers, as these opened a means of communication with the interior. Most of the cities and strong places which exist on the left bank of the Rhine had their origin in these Roman posts. Such are Strasburg (Argentoratum), Mayence (Moguntiacum), Coblentz (Confluentes), Cologne (Colonia Agrippina), Neuss (Nova Castra), and others.

Eight legions, constituting a force of from twenty to twenty-five thousand men, garrisoned these military colonies, thus planted in the centre of a region of its own. The Rhine, M. Lavallée himself admits, "is a river which rather unites than separates Gaul from Germany." "It is a political limit, rather than a military frontier; the region that it flows through, from Basle to the sea, is a geological whole—a natural basin—through which it makes its way; the countries on both banks so resemble one another in climate, soil, productions, and inhabitants, that they appear to be indivisible; and, lastly, Gaul and Germany being as it were confounded in this neutral territory, they are perpetually called upon to influence and react one upon another." Yet the very writer who admits these facts argues in favour of the Rhine being made to constitute a natural as well as an arbitrary and artificial military frontier to France!

The real view taken of the matter by the Romans became sufficiently manifest in the times of the Emperor Probus, who divided the whole region into Germania prima and Germania secunda. The Franks, however, would never let these German colonies rest. They devastated the towns, and drove the population away into the interior. Julian drove them back across the Rhine, but they incessantly returned to the charge. When the Franks became confounded with the Gauls, upon the overrunning of the north of Europe by the Alamans, Frisons, and Saxons, the same territory became by its population a mere extension of Germany, and the Franks, no longer seeking to re-establish strong places on the Rhine, were satisfied upon the victory of Clovis, at Tolbiac, in asserting a kind of military supremacy over the mixed populations of the valley. Charlemagne extended these claims of domination to the north and east, to the Elbe and the Danube; in Italy, on the side where Gaul was threatened by the Lombards, to Volturna; and in Spain, where it was threatened by the Visigoths and Saracens, to the Ebro, with results which proved as fatal in the ninth, as the extension given to the French

frontiers by the modern Charlemagne did in the nineteenth century. People, aggregated by the mere force of arms, were not long in establishing that independence which was secured by the battle of Fontenay and the treaty of Verdun (842), and Gaul, which had by that time become France, was restricted to within its olden limits for ages—that is to say, to within the Scheldt, the Meuse, the Saône, and the Rhône.

An epoch of incessant strife, of alternate successes and failures, commenced with this era, when France became only one of the dismembered kingdoms of Charlemagne, with Lorraine and Provence as its frontiers; and these struggles, which have lasted for more than ten centuries, have not yet been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The labour of reconstructing the Frankish territory was not, however, seriously entered upon until the epoch of the kings of the third race, and it gradually confounded itself with that national unification which was the work of the Capetians. The traditional policy of the kings of France became, from the days of Hugues Capet, the extension of their frontiers, so as to embrace what we have seen are rather supposed to have been the frontiers of ancient Gaul, than to have been so really. History proves the valley of the Rhine to have been essentially Germanic from the remotest times, but as incessantly assailed by Gauls and Franks, as it is in modern times by the French. It would have been the same with any other frontiers, that were not as clearly defined as those of the Alps and the Pyrenees. The acquisition of Savoy and Nice shows also in what light the French view even such natural boundaries as the Alps. "On the side of Nice," says Lavallée, "the Var, so easily crossed, is covered by the chain of the Alps; Toulon is guaranteed against any continental aggression; a military port—Villefranche—is added to our military frontier. On the side of Savoy, the high road of Mont Cenis belongs to us, as well as that of the little St. Bernard; Lyons and the Rhône are guaranteed against all aggression coming from the Alps; the gates of Geneva are blocked up, and rendered useless; Switzerland, enveloped to the south and west, guarded and protected by our neighbourhood, is in a position to defend its neutrality; all the defiles of the Jura are closed, as are also the gates of Basle." This is merely saying that the more you extend your frontier, the further you must extend the guarantees for its protection.

The successive dynasties of France, in handing down this hereditary policy, are not, we are told, "animated by a vulgar ambition, but by a family mission, which they fulfil patiently and unwaveringly. They have no prearranged plan, no theory to guide them; but they have a confused memory of the grandeur of Clovis and of Charlemagne, and they have simply, like the nation itself, the idea, the sentiment, the instinct of French unity." Well may the reminiscence be termed "a confused one," for it has no basis but that of conquest. As for the idea pervading the French mind, it is one of aggression, not of unity, for the population of the Rhine is not French; and if France held the left bank of the Rhine, what possible guarantees would Europe have that the "idea" or "sentiment" of unity might not be made to extend farther? The memory of the conquests of Clovis and Charlemagne, if they are to be the bases of those movements of aggression and annexation, which have not left Europe at peace since his time, would, for example, embrace the Elbe as well as the Rhine.

This hereditary reminiscence is, in fact, an hereditary rivalry of nations, not a rightful claim. Saint Louis, Philippe le Bel, and Philippe de Valois did not so much seek for the extension of France to the Rhine as "to give the imperial crown to a French prince, and thus restore to France its influence on Germanic countries." They had also to consolidate the regions of which Paris had been selected as the centre, and the people of the north—Picardians and Champenois—were ranged against those of the south, of Provence, Languedoc, and Guyenne. If aggressive movements were made, it was against Latin nations, Spain, Italy, and Sicily. The brother of Louis XI. became, in virtue of the many titles he bore, actual master of Italy. Philippe III. subdued Navarre and assailed Aragon. Thanks to the Crusades, France became for a time one of the first nations in Europe, and its princes reigned in Syria, Cyprus, Armenia, and at Constantinople; at Athens and Naples; in Bohemia and Hungary. "One could go," says Lavallée, "from Paris to Jerusalem on French soil." This lustre was, however, very ephemeral. The wars with England, at first so disastrous, culminated, however, under Charles VII., in the acquisition of Guyenne, Languedoc, and Dauphiny. Provence and Brittany alone remained without the pale. Charles made a vain attempt to overrun Alsatia and Lorraine; the inhabitants of Metz, satisfied with the municipal liberties which they enjoyed under the German empire, said, "We will not belong to that kingdom." What the kings of France failed to accomplish, a Burgundian prince, Charles le Téméraire, who also held the Low Countries, was enabled to carry out. He subjected Alsatia and Lorraine, and projected the establishment of a kingdom intermediary between France and Germany. The establishment of such a kingdom might possibly have ensured the peace of Europe; but, according to Philip of Commines, it would have reduced Charles to the position of a vassal of the empire, "contemnant le nom de France, la gloire de son front et le plus clair de ses titres."

Louis XI. exhausted himself in attempts to humble the Burgundian princes; he subjected Burgundy Proper and Provence, but his successor had to abandon these provinces in order to obtain possession of Brittany, whilst the seventeen Burgundian provinces of the Low Countries passed under the domination of the empire. The progress of the Franks in subjugating the various nationalities into which ancient Gaul was subdivided, and in extending their influence over the Latins of the south, met with a first serious check upon the marriage of Ferdinand of Aragon with Isabella of Castile. Naples and Sicily were lost to their princes, and Spain became the dominant power in Italy. Charles V., son of the only daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Philip, son of Maximilian of Austria, ruled over Germany, Italy, Spain, and the Low Countries. France, except for a brief time under the great Napoleon, never attained to so extensive a dominion. But France, enveloped and threatened on all sides, did not the less exert itself to emancipate itself from the power that oppressed her. François I. and Henri II. carried the war into Italy, and endeavoured to subject Navarre, as also Flanders and Luxemburg. The Protestant princes of the empire having foolishly leagued with France against Charles V., Henri II. captured Metz, Toul, and Verdun, and then attempted to subject what is most erroneously designated as "the ancient inheritance of the kings of France," the

kingdom of Austrasia, which included all the states on the left bank of the Rhine; but he was, in the words of the old chronicler, only able to water his horses in the Rhine, for the resistance presented by the Alsatians obliged him to retrace his steps to what are also designated as "three nails stuck into the territory of Lorraine, and which must ever keep it in subjection"—Metz, Toul, and Verdun.

The alliance made by the Franks with the Catholic cantons of Switzerland was destined to be of a more durable character than that made with the Protestants of the north. During the whole epoch of the ancient monarchy, these cantons contributed their twenty thousand soldiers, who shed their blood in every victory won, or every defeat experienced, by the French. The religious wars, which for so long a period devastated the interior, suspended that fever of extension of frontiers which has ever been the guiding principle of French rulers; but Charles IX., tempted by an insurrection of the Protestants in the Low Countries against Philippe II., made a movement which only ended in discomfiture; and his successor, Henri II., paid with his life for "ses velléités d'agrandissement national"—his aged dreams of national aggrandisement! These are the words used by a writer who, upon all occasions, designates the French policy of annexation as "the work of reconstruction of our frontiers."

The Bourbons, however, adopted these *velléités* as the basis of their policy, and as the chief object of their rule. The Germanic population had, it is admitted, become fixed and dominant on the Rhine, and interests, manners, and language separated people who were only "geographically" united. (The question of nationalities is thus admittedly superseded on the Rhine by that of geography.) Hence what the French call the *rapatriement;* that is to say, the reconstruction as a country, demanded no end of exertions and sacrifices. Hence, also, notwithstanding their ability, their perseverance, and the great men whom they employed in the work, the Bourbons only succeeded in subjecting a portion of the Germanic soil, and this they did town by town, bit by bit, by dint of wars and negotiations, incessantly carried on, with that one sole object in view which absorbs all French policy, and may one day be the rock upon which the ship of state may be finally wrecked.

Henri IV. brought with him to the throne the petty provinces of Béarn and Foix, and, more than that, the principle "that all who naturally spoke the French language should be French subjects"—a principle which the French deny to the people of the Rhine, who, speaking German, should be German subjects. His projects on Lorraine, Luxemburg, Cleves, and Juliers were, however, cut short by death; but they were taken up by Richelieu, who took advantage of the "Thirty Years' War" to annex considerable fragments on the Scheldt, the Meuse, and towards the Rhine. Mazarin continued the same policy, and, thanks to the genius of Turenne and of Condé, he "for ever consolidated French conquests by the most glorious and useful treaties, the treaty of Münster or of Westphalia, concluded in 1648, and the treaty of the Pyrenees, concluded in 1659." We have no longer word here of re-conquest, or "rapatriement," but simply of consolidating "conquests." Lorraine and Alsatia were annexed to France by these treaties, with the exception of the imperial city of Strasburg, in part compensated for by the cession of

Brisach on the right bank, and "France at length touched this great river, from which she had been separated for eight centuries." France, as such, was not even in existence eight centuries previously, and she cannot, therefore, be said to have ever had possession of the territories ceded to her by these treaties.

"The conquest of Alsatia, a province entirely Germanic by race, language, and manners, but geographically entirely Gaulish, was," we are told, "the boldest and happiest conquest of the house of Bourbon." The treaty of the Pyrenees gave also to France the whole of Artois (with the exception of Aire and Saint-Omer), the Flemish towns of Gravelines, Bourbourg, and Saint-Vernant, the keys of Dunkerque and Lille; Landrecies, le Quesnoy, and Avesnes, the keys to Hainault and the Valley of the Oise; and Philippeville, Marienburg, Thionville, Montmédy, Ivoy, and Marville, the four last in Luxemburg, and the possession of which was supposed to have for ever isolated Lorraine from Germany, till it remained for our own times to discover that the stronghold of Luxemburg threatened that frontier. The treaties of Westphalia and of the Pyrenees, it has been further said, "the most permanent that France ever concluded, placed the power and the territory on such a firm basis, that no amount of reverses or disasters, and no revolutions have been able to shake it." Mazarin strengthened these treaties by leagues with the electorates on the Rhine, and he wedded Louis XIV. to an Infanta of Spain in order to bring about the annexation of the Low Countries.

Turenne, who succeeded Mazarin, was a military man as well as a politician, and although favouring the conquest of the Low Countries, he wisely looked upon it as a danger to France to extend her frontiers to the Rhine. The regions to be conquered he prophetically declared had been so long separated, and had become so utterly foreign to France, that an aggrandisement in that direction, by giving only doubtful additional strength, might become a source of real weakness. The policy which he induced the king to adopt was to subsidise the German princes, electors, and bishops, by which means France acquired twelve German regiments of infantry and six of cavalry, which took part in all the wars, and in the time of Louis XV. these were raised to twenty-five.* The pompous projects for subjecting the Low Countries, which the "Grand Monarque" claimed in virtue of his marriage, did not meet with the success which was anticipated, and these territories, "which have so often escaped French unity," defended by England, Holland, and Sweden, were, to a certain extent, saved by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1668), by which Louis was only left in possession of a portion of Hainault and Flanders, and certain strong places, "strangely dispersed," as Vauban used to say, but which were looked upon with a favourable eye as so many stages towards the future subjugation of the whole. Among these acquisitions of Louis XIV. was, however, Lille, which has ever since remained the head-quarters of the army of the north. The fate of Belgium has indeed always been inextricably mixed up with that of the left bank of the Rhine, and therein lies the danger of necessary alliances springing

* Fieffé, in his "Histoire des Troupes Etrangères au Service de France," enumerates these regiments, amongst which were the Fursternberg, Royal-Allemand, Salm-Salm, Lamark, Hesse-Darmstadt, Nassau, Royal Deux-Ponts, Royal Bavière, Royal Liégeois, &c.

up from any aggressive movement on the part of France in the latter direction. These first conquests received important accessions by the treaty of Nimèque (1678), which consolidated Artois by the cession of Aire and Saint-Omer, and added Franche-Comté and several strong places of Flanders and Hainault, which have played an important part in the subsequent history of France. Louvois's ideal policy was, as seen by a letter to Condé (Jan., 1671), to annihilate the Dutch, by which the true means of subjugating the Low Countries would be arrived at, but Louis XIV. looked more to the possession of Franche-Comté as opening a new highway to Germany. This was a leading idea with the "Grand Monarque," and it was with this view that he exchanged Philipsburg for Friburg, which he considered to be the key to the region of the Black Forest and of Swabia, and that he occupied Nancy, Longuy, and Marsal, in Lorraine.

The frontiers of France became, then, in 1678, pretty nearly what they were in 1792 and 1814—that is, supposing Lorraine to have been French, which it was then only nominally. Forty-three years had been spent in these acquisitions; and notwithstanding the genius of Richelieu, of Mazarin, of Turenne, Condé, and Vauban, notwithstanding fifty hard-fought battles and the sacrifice of five hundred thousand men, France only succeeded in detaching five or six small provinces from outlying countries, whilst by such a war of aggression it entailed the just enmities of England, Holland, Germany, and Spain, the liberty and independence of the minor states being all alike threatened. This was a lesson which was not lost upon Louis XIV., and which, albeit forgotten to his cost by Napoleon I., ought not to have been recorded in vain for his successors. The "Grand Monarque," reduced by the coalition which his ambition had provoked to more moderate views, spent his latter years in consolidating the existing frontiers, and, with the aid of Vauban, in creating that triple line of strong places which have ever since excited the admiration of some, the contempt of others, but the wonder of all. It is, however, very questionable if the time has not arrived in the modern system of warfare, by which war is carried on in the open field, when these miracles of the seventeenth century have ceased to have any military or political significance. Of what use is it to weaken any amount of available force by garrisoning a number of strong places; and of what avail is a garrison, however strong, left in the rear of a victorious army, if that army can afford to mask such strong places? Even Ehrebreitstein is of no more import in the present day than Königstein, Metz, or Strasburg. France, however, continues to look upon these frontier strongholds as the great and glorious work of Louis XIV.—a work which sheds eternal lustre on his name and that of Vauban and Louvois, but that not as completing and securing an existing frontier, but as "a formidable basis for external aggression."* This is the secret of the admiration and esteem in which the triple line of fortresses on the frontiers of France are held, yet, after the battle of Waterloo, barely one or two detained the allies in their progress to Paris. Waterloo may indeed be said to have paved the way to that modern system of deter-

* Les Frontièrs de la France, Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Française, p. 61. Par Théophile Lavallée. Paris: J. Hetzel.

mining military supremacy which attained its culminating point in the open field of Sadowa.

What was designated as *le réglement des places de la frontière* was not, however, the work of a moment. It lasted twenty years, and had to undergo modifications imposed upon it by the league of Augsburg. Louis XIV. had to make concessions, but the "War of Frontiers," as it was called, was brought to an end by the treaty of Ratisbon, by which Sarrelouis, Luxemburg, and Strasburg were acquired to France. This last war was signalised by atrocities which excited the indignation of all Europe. Villars tells us that the king had determined to leave a desert between his frontiers and his enemies, and Chamlay wrote to Louvois to order that all the towns and strong places without the triple line should be burnt, and the country devastated! France, however, utterly exhausted, was reduced ultimately, by the treaty of Ryswick, to give up Luxemburg, Charleroi, Mont Royal (one of Vauban's works), Ath, and Courtray, as also all the strong places held on the right bank of the Rhine, and even Lorraine, the right of passage through which province was alone preserved. The frontier thus established remained intact, with the exception of Lorraine, for nearly a century. "France," according to Lavallée, "'abandoned' by this treaty all hope for its 'natural' frontiers, abdicated all influence in Italy, continued to have Spain as an enemy, and, lastly, left the Latin race in its state of inferiority in the presence of the Germanic race." It does not say in its "usual," or its "permanent," or its "temporary" state of inferiority—simply "its state," which may be read in any sense.

The death of Charles II., King of Spain and of the Low Countries, re-opened the flood-gates of war, which was, as usual, begun under the pretence of securing the liberties of Europe! The system of defence adopted by Vauban saved France at this crisis, when armies used to lay down for months before strong places. Thus the possession of Sarrelouis sufficed to arrest the progress of the imperialists, who, by the victory of Hochstett, had been enabled to occupy Landau and part of Alsatia. The battles of Ramillies and Oudenarde, won by Marlborough and Eugène, and the reduction of Lille, were in a similar manner rendered fruitless by the allies not daring to advance on the Somme, whilst there were strong places in their rear, on the Lys, the Scarpe, and the Scheldt. Such a mistake would not be made in modern warfare. The allies played, in fact, into the hands of Villars, by receding, after the capture of a place of first-rate importance like Lille, to the reduction of Tournay and the siege of Mons. It is true that the allies were abetted by diversions made in their favour by the Duke of Savoy and by the Germans under Mercy, but the first was kept in check by Marshal de Berwick at Briançon, the second was beat at Rumersheim. The allies were more successful on the Oise; Villars was decisively beaten at Malplacquet, and Mons was obliged to surrender. But these successes were only followed up by the successive assaults of different strong places in the triple line of fortresses, and so many of these fell into the hands of Eugène and Marlborough, that it appeared as if France was at one time going to fall piecemeal into the pockets of the great captains of the age; but the false system which they pursued was destined to meet with its natural result: the attack upon the camp of Denain, a kind of open-field combat, inspired, it is said, by the

genius of Louis XIV. himself, and successfully carried out by Villars, in one moment rendered nearly all the conquests of the allies on or between the Lys, the Scheldt, the Sambre, and the Meuse, valueless. Eugène and Marlborough were also not effectively supported in this remarkable war by what constituted part of the plan—a system of "barriers," or a network of strong places, garrisoned by the neighbouring powers, and opposed to Vauban's constructions, such as were put in force in 1814. This war of succession to Spain was ultimately brought to an end by the treaties of Utrecht and of Rastadt, by which, according to the admission of Lavallée, "whilst the frontiers of Vauban remained pretty nearly intact" (Dunkerque, Menin, Ypres, Dixmude, Tournay, Oudenarde, Ath, Mons, Charleroi, Namur, and other strong places remaining, however, to the Low Countries), "France was obliged to descend from the lofty position it occupied in 1701, and the Latin race once more lost its preponderance." Italy became dependent on Austria, and Savoy became a monarchy of the second order. Spain, however, passed into the hands of a Bourbon, and entered into an alliance with France, which gave to the latter the aid of its navy for more than a century—to very little purpose, it must be acknowledged.

The Duke of Lorraine having married Maria Theresa, only daughter and heiress of the Emperor Charles IV., the duchy of Tuscany was given to him as a sequence to the war of succession in Poland, in exchange for Lorraine, which was conceded to the dethroned King of Poland, Stanislas Leczinski, on condition that at his death that province should pass over to France. Stanislas died in 1766, when Lorraine became "completely French, and the high road from the Moselle to the interior of the kingdom was, after two ages of efforts, effectually closed." This admits of another version, which would read, "the high road to the Moselle was left open to France." This was in the reign of Louis XV., who was always more occupied with the affairs of Italy than those of Germany, and who succeeded in acquiring the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, as also Parma and Piacenza, to the Spanish Bourbons. Corsica was also annexed to France during the same reign, in order to counterbalance the position taken up by the English at Minorca. The English, who had deprived France of part of her colonies, humbled her at sea, and dismantled Dunkerque, were at that epoch well hated in France, and the minister Choiseul used to say, "If I were master, we should be to England what Spain was to the Moors; and, if such an attitude were adopted, England would be humbled and destroyed in the space of thirty years." But the constitutional indolence and love of pleasure natural to the king was opposed to an undertaking which Napoleon the Great was unable to carry out.

The policy of Louis XVI. was solely guided by hostility to England. It was with this view that the Americans were abetted by France in the War of Independence, and that the French navy coalesced with that of Spain, Naples, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia. No attempts were made, however, to extend the frontiers of France. "France, constituted as she is," said the truly patriotic minister De Vergennes, "ought to dread aggrandisements, rather than ambition such; she has within herself everything that constitutes real power." Hence, also, when the Emperor Joseph II. offered the Low Countries to France on

condition of her assistance in dismembering the Ottoman empire, he met with a refusal, for it was observed, "such a line of conduct would excite the fears and jealousies of the kings of Prussia and of Holland, who are our natural allies." What changes take place in the policy of European powers! The attitude of France under this pacific monarch, who even meditated the destruction of the limitrophal fortresses as of secondary importance in the defence of a state, and torn to pieces within by revolutionary factions, is described by Lavallée as "England profoundly humilitated, Austria neutralised, our alliances everywhere renewed, liberty restored to the seas, and our pacific mediation influencing all the affairs of Europe; such was at that epoch the diplomatic position of France—an attitude of protection, influence, and moderation."

The Revolution brought with it a quite different order of things. The "idea" of natural frontiers had been for eight centuries a political dream of kings; it now became the "idea" of the people, and identified itself with a sense of independence and of safety to the country. This "idea" was followed out with a rude energy and brutality of conviction, which was uninfluenced by dynastic interests or traditions, or by any forms of diplomacy. "To remain upon the defensive wherever France has its natural limits, and to assume the offensive wherever it has them not," were the trite instructions communicated by the Convention to the generals of the republic. The secretary for foreign affairs was Dumouriez, a man of unquestionable talent, but as unscrupulous as he was treacherous. In 1792 he declared in the council of Louis XVI. that "France could have no durable security without the barrier of the Rhine." In 1797 he wrote to the coalition, "The famous barrier of the Rhine is of no value save on the map."

Upon the first declaration of that war, which was inevitable from the moment the question of "natural" frontiers was set up as the programme of the republic, the French, as usual, at once invaded the Low Countries, despatching divisions at the same time into the Electorates, as also against Savoy and Nice. These ideas were all the more acceptable to military men, as they were those which had been traditional with the old monarchy. In the mean time, the Prussians assumed the offensive. Making Luxemburg the basis of their operations, they avoided Thionville and Metz, and advanced by way of Longwi and Verdun, two strong places of secondary rank. We have on a previous occasion given the details of this brief campaign. Longwi and Verdun were captured; the army of the north, commanded by Dumouriez, was cut off from that of the east, under Kellerman; and Paris lay as open to the allies as it did to Marlborough and Eugène after the capture of Lille. But Dumouriez succeeded in converting at such a crisis the defiles of the Argonne into what have since been pompously designated as the "Thermopylæ of France," and the battle of Valmy decided the fate of an invading army, utterly inadequate in every respect to the great task which had been imposed upon it. France is not precisely the country to be subjected by a handful of troops.

This first successful resistance enabled the French republicans to advance in a somewhat irregular and desultory manner into other countries, proclaiming everywhere their fantastical ideas of liberty and union. In many parts the populace were led away by these empty

words, and the Swiss of Porentray first constituted themselves into a republic under the name of Rauracie, and were afterwards annexed as the department of Mont Terrible, but restored to Switzerland in 1814. Custine, on his side, penetrated into the Germanic territory by Landau, carried Spires, Frankenthal, and Worms, and boldly descended the Rhine, being favourably received by the populations. Mayence opened its gates, and Custine, led astray by his successes, advanced upon Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Savoy became the department of Mont Blanc, Nice that of the Alpes Maritimes, and the battle of Jemappes sufficed for the conquest of Belgium, which, however, was not deemed to be sufficiently consolidated to be divided into departments. The Convention was not so blind as not to perceive that these conquests and annexations were, in reality, effected by the aid not only of the minority, but also of only the revolutionary portion of the inhabitants. Under these revolutionary ideas, however, republican France did more in four months towards extending frontiers than monarchical France had been able to accomplish in eight centuries.

The coalition of Europe against this rapid and surprising development of revolutionary conquests and doctrines became unanimous; even the states that were in alliance with France were compelled by considerations of safety to become its enemies, whilst those who had adhered to the revolution in the first burst of enthusiasm as quickly found out their mistake, and that they were merely being made tools of, abused, and oppressed. The reaction was prompt, and reverses followed swiftly in the train of excesses. The republican generals further jeopardised the armies under their command. As Custine ensured exposure by advancing from Mayence to Frankfort, instead of subduing the Electorate, so Dumouriez, instead of proceeding, after the so-called conquest of Belgium, in the same direction, advanced to the subjugation of Holland. One division was beaten at Aix-la-Chapelle, and driven back on the Meuse, whilst Dumouriez himself was utterly defeated at Neerwinden, and obliged to evacuate Belgium. The army of Alsatia was in like manner driven back, obliged to evacuate Mayence and all the places on the Rhine, and to retire upon Landau and Weissenburg.

The campaign of 1794 was directed by the Prince of Coburg on the same line as that followed by Marlborough and Eugène by the opening presented between the Scheldt and the Meuse; but, notwithstanding that many strong places were taken, and that France was perplexed by the English at Toulon and Dunkerque, that La Vendée was in insurrection, that the Germans were in Alsatia, and the Spaniards in the Pyrenees, this campaign terminated in the disaster of Wattignies, which, however, did not turn out a second Denain, for hostilities were recommenced the ensuing spring. This time Coburg got as far as Landrecies, after capturing all the strong places in his rear, and once more the road to Paris lay open to the allies. But Moreau and Pichegru were busy recapturing the strong places in the Low Countries. Coburg, as Eugène had done previously, turned back to the succour of Tournay; the army of the Ardennes, led by Saint Just and Lebas, discarded the system of losing time in investing strong places, and acted boldly on the defensive. Although defeated on numerous occasions, this division persevered until reinforced by the army of the Moselle, and together they obtained the decisive victory of Fleurus (June 26, 1794), which saved the "frontier

of iron," as Carnot called it, and emancipated the republic. This was the second time that an invasion of France by the Low Countries had been defeated; it was undertaken against the counsel of the Prussians and of Dumouriez himself, who advised the triple line to be turned from the direction of Basle—the plan which was adopted with so much success in 1814. The results of the battle of Fleurus were perfectly intoxicating to the republic. The army of the north, after capturing Brussels and subjugating Belgium, advanced into Holland, and entered triumphantly into Amsterdam. Jourdan's army, called that of Sambre and Meuse, drove the Austrians across the Rhine, occupying the left bank from Cleves to Coblentz, and joined the army of the Rhine, which was clearing the Vosges, and besieging Luxemburg, Trèves, Mayence, and Rhinfels. "Thus," in the words of an enthusiastic historian, "the three armies of the north, of Sambre and Meuse, and of the Rhine, held out the hand to one another on the great river from Basle to the sea. The republic had attained its natural frontier—the Gaulish and Frankish frontier—our patriot soldiers bivouacked in the cantonments of Clovis and Charlemagne, and the tricolor flag floated for twenty years over the cities of the Rhine."

It is remarkable that Carnot—the spirit which inaugurated the great operations undertaken by the republic—preferred the "iron frontier" to that of the Rhine, which he declared to be too diverging, too excentric, and too distant from Paris. "Those who would be free," he enunciated in the energetic language of the Convention, "should not seek to be conquerors." Government, also, notwithstanding the bellicose utterances of the "Comité de Salut Public," really wished for peace; and the first overtures made by Prussia were received with an ill-disguised satisfaction. The treaties entered into with that country, as also with Holland, were of an indecisive character. The Prussian part of the left bank of the Rhine remained nominally in possession of the republic; but all definite arrangements were postponed until a general pacification with Germany, and the mouths of the great river were left with Holland, "France," according to Lavallée, "giving up its great principle of natural limits." According to this, the natural limits of France comprise the left bank of the Rhine and its embouchures, including Holland and Belgium. Some of the minor German states followed the example of Prussia, and made concessions on the left bank of the Rhine, to save their territories on the right. The Margrave of Baden ceded, however, Kehl on the right bank. As to Belgium, it was divided into nine departments, Luxemburg being the capital of that called "Forêts," or the region of forests—*i.e.* part of Ardennes.

Belgium, Luxemburg, the Electorates, the Duchy of Deux-Ponts, and other states occupied by the soldiery of the republic, were not, however, ceded by treaty, and new campaigns were entered into in 1796 to enforce the latter. Three French armies were put in motion upon Vienna—two by the basin of the Danube, one by that of the Po. The first two, after obtaining some successes at the onset, were ultimately driven back, and forced to repass the Rhine; but the third, thanks to the genius of Bonaparte, was victorious, and forced first the King of Sardinia and then the emperor to enter upon a treaty of peace, which was signed at Paris on the 15th of May, 1796.

By this first treaty of what may be termed the Bonapartian era—and we do not propose entering upon this era of wars of aggression and ephemeral conquests, except in as far as they concern the frontier of the north-west—Savoy and Nice, for four years nominal departments of France, passed under the *bonâ fide* rule of the republic. It was not, however, till after the victories of Lodi, Castiglione, and Rivoli, that the Emperor of Austria came to satisfactory terms, and ceded by the treaty of Campo-Formio (October 17, 1797) the Low Countries, Lombardy, Mantua, and part of Venetia. The question of the Rhine was even then still left to be determined at a subsequent congress held at Rastadt, when it was decided that that river should be admitted, as constituting the frontier of France, from its issue out of Switzerland to its entrance into the territories of the Dutch.

The Directory was not so successful in its external policy as the Convention had been. All it thought of was the propagandism of democracy, and the establishment of a band of allied or vassal republics around France. A beginning in this system of dismemberment of states was made by the creation of the Cis-Alpine, the Ligurian, and the Batavian republics. The foundation of a Roman republic, however, revolted the whole Catholic world, and fanned the flames of a new war against France. Another error made was the violation of the neutrality of Switzerland. The new coalition included England, Russia, Austria, Germany, and Italy. Prussia alone kept aloof, but prepared to seize upon its ancient territories on the Rhine the moment a favourable opportunity presented itself. The coalition was, however, unsuccessful. Massena held the main body at bay on the Upper Rhine; the victory of Marengo set the Alps free; and this, followed by a defeat at Hohenlinden, obliged the Emperor of Austria to sign the peace of Luneville (March 16, 1801). By this treaty the left bank of the Rhine was formally ceded to France, and the number of departments was increased, by the addition of Roër, Sarre, Rhin et Moselle, and Mont Tonnerre, to a hundred and one. In the words of Lavallée, "the natural framework of ancient Gaul was once more filled up." The first consul declared, on his part, that "people, for a long time separated, have been united to their brethren, and have augmented their population, their territory, and their forces, by a sixth." The republic had completed the work elaborated by the monarchy for eight centuries in as many years, and the traditional policy of the kings of France, adopted by the republic, became for ever afterwards the basis of that of the Napoleon dynasty. "No Frenchman," says Lavallée, "can contemplate the position of France in 1801 without feelings of poignant grief, for who knows if our country will ever regain that position, that fortune, that unique hour in its history? These frontiers, acquired by so much labour, blood, sacrifice—this Rhine, so long coveted since Charlemagne, and which Louis XIV. had approached with so much difficulty—and, lastly, that national grandeur, so complete and so natural, which ought easily to have been rendered durable because it was limited, all was used up, expended, lost; on the one side, owing to the implacable jealousy of England; on the other, by the insensate ambition of the man who ruled France, and who was determined, as he said, to make it the first nation of the world." This melancholy apostrophe begs the whole question; it

says that the frontiers ought to have been easily preserved, because they were limited. But they were not limited. France has never been on the left bank of the Rhine but that it has coveted possession of the right. The very last treaty, enacted before 1801—that of Luneville—included the formal renunciation on the part of France of the places on the right bank; and what guarantee would Europe possess, suppose the left bank of the Rhine were ceded to France by the long sought-for congress, that she would be less ambitious under one Napoleon than under another, less aggressive than at all other epochs of her history, or more contented than with her "frontier of iron"? France has throughout her whole existence known no frontiers save those imposed upon her by force. As for France under Napoleon I., its position is well described by Lavallée himself. "Our natural limits were to be exceeded; a monstrous system of reunions and dismemberments of states was going to turn Europe upside down; France was about to extend itself, out of all proportions, from Rome to Hamburg, coupling together the most diverse populations under its domination, trampling on some, devastating others, accumulating hatreds which are not yet extinguished; and, lastly, as a final term to so many efforts, so many adventures, conquered in her turn, and cast back humiliated and exhausted on her own territory, only too happy to find independence and peace when sheltered behind the modest and salutary frontier of Louis XIV."!

It has been ever so, and the position held by France for so many centuries remains still precisely the same, only with armies numerically tronger and much better equipped and disciplined—an advantage, however, which is shared by its rivals. The population of Europe may be generalised as divided into three principal races—the Celtic, or Latin race, which, after having constituted the more civilised communities of antiquity and the middle ages, occupies in the present day Gaul and the Iberian and Roman peninsulas, and which appears to have passed the apogee of its glory, both in what regards human and moral development. France could not in the present day recruit its navy without its Bretons, its Flamands, its Normans, and its Catalonians, nor could it recruit its guard or its cavalry, with the exception of a few Picardians, Champenois, and others from the mountainous regions, without the Germans of Lorraine and Alsatia. With regard to the morality of the country, it is, from various causes, among which the necessity of upholding a large armed force is one of the chief, at the lowest ebb, and hence, as a secondary result, the deterioration of its manhood. Next comes the Germanic race, which gave birth to the feudal world, and which occupies chiefly Germany proper, Scandinavia, and England. This race is in large part Protestant, and hence progressive. It has many elements of decadence, vices, immorality, and want of unity and cohesion in religious and political matters, but not to an extent to be for a moment compared with the Celtic races. The consequence is, that in all that concerns matters of enterprise, colonisation, commerce, and industry, the Germanic race, as individuals, are far in advance of the Celtic; the social well-being and resources of the individual are also much superior: wherever the Celtic races are intermixed with the Germanic, they are cast back into the more secluded regions of the country, as in Germany, Switzerland, and Great Britain, or they are the focus of dis-

turbance or insurrection, as in Ireland and America. As to the Sclavonian race, it is only in the act of passing from a semi-barbarian to a civilised condition, and its future does not concern us at the moment. But as for the struggle for supremacy between the Celtic and the Germanic races, it will ever be, as it has been of yore, on the Rhine, where their most vigorous representatives in modern times come closest in contact; and in Belgium, where the Celtic elements and retrogressive ideas are most diffused, rendering the country open to a delusive policy. But, in the mean time, as centuries succeed to one another, so do the Germanic races keep increasing in strength—physical, moral, and intellectual—over the Celtic, and it is impossible not to foresee that every new struggle entered into, under whatsoever pretext, between the two races, will, by the inevitable action of the natural laws, become more and more disastrous to the long-sustained claims of the vain and fiery Celt to dominion in Europe.

The events of the Hundred Days, and the extraordinary eclipse of the iron frontier, without a parallel in history, are placed in a curious light by Lavallée. According to this writer, Waterloo would, in ordinary times, have been only another Malplaquet, but in the position in which France was placed it became the ruin of the state. The defeat became a rout, and the anarchy which ruled the country communicated itself to the army which had lately fought so heroically, and it was only rallied at Laon. The two armies set off in pursuit. Wellington marched from Waterloo by Nivelles and Binch, passed the frontier at Malplaquet, and masked the strong places of Valenciennes and Quesnoy; Blucher marched by Gosselies, passed the frontier at Merbes, and obliged Avesnes to capitulate, which gave him a depôt and a place upon which to retreat. Both then resolved upon marching together upon Paris by the right bank of the Oise—that is to say, by turning the relics of the French army, which were rallying at Laon and at Soissons. Such a march would, in ordinary warfare, have been an act of madness; in the times of Louis XIV., or of the Convention, it would have led the two inimical generals to a certain and complete disaster. In fact, neither had more than sixty thousand men under his command; their rear and flanks were unprotected; the Russian and Austrian armies were thirty leagues beyond the Rhine, and they were going to knock their heads against a city of six hundred thousand inhabitants fortified and covered by a whole army.

Wellington and Blucher were aware of all this, but did not the less continue their march; they, however, took precautions for their safety; they had left one hundred and twenty thousand men behind them with the express mission to open the passage of the Oise by taking by siege or by assault Valenciennes, Quesnoy, Landrecies, Maubeuge, Marienburg, and Philippeville; they also urged the Russians and Austrians to hasten their march on Paris, and finally they hurried on the negotiations which had been opened with the traitors who were to cede Paris without a struggle. Napoleon had abdicated, the Chamber of Representatives was in a state of anarchy, and the president of the provisional government—Fouché—betraying at the same time the emperor, the national representation, and the army, had come to an understanding with Wellington and Blucher to bring about the restoration of the Bourbons.

Under such circumstances, the rash advance of the allies met with a

complete success. Discouragement had extended to the strong places as well as to the army; both were alike shaken in their fidelity by rumours of treason; Blucher obtained possession of Guise without striking a blow, but he failed before La Fère; Wellington obliged Cambray and Peronne to capitulate after a feeble resistance. The French army, seeing the movement taken by the allies on the right bank of the Oise, withdrew on Paris, and occupied the line of fortifications which had been raised on the heights to the north. It still numbered eighty thousand veterans, and was backed by thirty thousand federals and national guards. It fully reckoned upon avenging Waterloo by crushing the one hundred thousand foreigners who had ventured so audaciously to approach Paris, and who scattered themselves by false manœuvres around that city: victory was certain, and the enemy himself avowed it. Treachery decided otherwise. Fouché and Davoust saved the conquerors of Waterloo from certain ruin by signing the convention of the 5th of July, which delivered up Paris to the stranger, and obliged the French army to retire beyond the Loire. If it had been said that Fouché and Davoust, backed by the well known moderation of Wellington, saved Paris from devastation, and France from being dismembered, as advocated by the Prussians, the picture given of this successful invasion would have been nearer the truth.

France, it is almost needless to say, has never ceased to be discontented with the frontiers imposed upon her by the humiliations of 1814 and the treaties of 1815. The government of the Restoration, although it inaugurated negotiations with Russia to effect a change, and that it was supported in this policy of aggrandisement by its most ardent and enlightened advocates, as Chateaubriand and Bonald, the latter of whom declared that there was no stability for France, nor could the country be considered as complete without the Rhine, could do nothing towards recovering the lost and coveted frontiers, and it had to suffer for its impotence, for "when it fell beneath popular mistrust and hatred," we are told, "it was less for having violated the constitutional charter than for having signed the treaties of 1815, and the days of July were, in reality, an act of revenge which the people thought they were taking against the pretended allies of the dynasty." No wonder that Napoleon III. should have openly proclaimed his detestation of the treaties of 1815 at Auxerre; and if he tore them to pieces in the annexation of Nice and Savoy, the Prussians were not slow in following the example given to them, by the annexation of the duchies on the Elbe.

Europe conceived that the race of annexation would have recommenced in 1830, and that France would have once more marched upon the Rhine, but the policy of Louis Philippe was of a more moderate and astute character. He contented himself with what has been designated as "tumbling down a portion of the inimical wall raised round France," by separating Belgium from Holland. This appeared to be a masterstroke of policy, but it has not turned out as anticipated. Belgium has —as admitted by Lavallée himself, free and prosperous under a wise and enlightened prince, who was designated at first as a kind of English préfet—become, notwithstanding affinity of race, language, and religion, more and more detached from all political affinity with France; and the creation, in 1858, of the retrenched camp of Antwerp enables her to lean

on the one side on England, and on the other on Prussia, and shows that she may become, as in olden times, the future centre of that coalition which will inevitably arise from any aggressive movements on the part of France towards the Rhine or into the Low Countries. Such a position is, therefore, all the more propitious, as the neutrality of the country is declared to be "chimerical and impossible." "Belgium is," we are told, "by the nature of its soil" (what has this to do with it?), "and by its geographical configuration, the necessary theatre of French invasions; it is the arena which nature seems to have prepared for France and for her enemies whereon to decide their quarrels; it is a region the disposition of which is such that it seems to call war upon it, and to have been created expressly for a field of battle." The dissemination of such ideas is not very comforting to the Belgians; but the social and industrial advance of that country, more especially its network of railways, have placed it in a very different position to what it was when the battle-field of Flamands, Burgundians, Spaniards, Austrians, and Franks, and even to what it was so late as during the campaign of 1814; and it argues but a low political morality on the part of France to view so peaceful, so industrious, and so prosperous a region as a mere battle-field; but France has only one idea which absorbs all others, that of reconquering, not her natural frontiers, for they are her "frontier of iron," but her former conquests; and she is prepared at any moment, however adverse her rulers may be to endanger the peace of Europe, to sacrifice to this idea all sentiments of political justice and morality.

Louis Philippe, as wise a monarch as ever sat on the French throne, busied himself with strengthening the real frontier of France, and this he did by dismantling many useless strong places, and repairing and adding to the fortification of others of greater importance, as Lyons and Paris. Soissons, which defended the historical military approach to the capital by the Oise, was constituted a first-class strong place, and a second line of strong places was created between the Oise and the Aisne, and the canal of the Ardennes and the Meuse. The Meuse was defended by Mézières and Sédan; the Ardennes (exposed by the loss of Sarrelouis) by Marsal on the Seille, and Toul on the Moselle. Weissemburg and Bitche were strengthened to make up for the loss of Landau, Befort and Langres, at the entrance of the basin of the Seine, were constituted first-class strong places. The complications in the East in 1840 were also made the excuse for surrounding Paris and Lyons with a series of forts which presented the advantage of keeping the populations under control, whilst they were supposed to present strategic places of refuge to an army in retreat, or bases for offensive operations. Paris is now defended by six forts on the right bank of the Seine, including the arsenal of Vincennes and the strong place of Saint-Denis, and by seven forts on the left bank, including the great garrisoned town of Versailles.

Once more, the revolution of 1848 came to appal the rest of a world less turbulent than France. The first manifesto of a new republic was to repudiate the treaties of 1815, but the mouthpiece of government—Lamartine—also declared, as might have been expected from a poet and philosopher, that the modification sought for in these treaties would, if possible, be obtained by pacific means. This short-lived republic entailed,

notwithstanding its assurances of moderation and good sense, insurrections, brought about by the fever of imitation throughout a large portion of Europe; and Savoy, from being, like Belgium, the advance guard of coalitions to the south, as the latter is erroneously stated to be on the north, being with Lombardy engaged in insurrection against Austrian dominion in Italy, entered into an alliance with France, which soon proved fatal to its existence. France gave its aid, under Napoleon III., to Piedmont, but it was at the price of the long-coveted conquests of olden time—Savoy and Nice.

The views taken by a writer, crowned by the Academy, of the campaign in the Crimea, conveys so pungent a lesson as to the value of an alliance with such a vain-glorious nation as the French, that we shall give it in his own words: "A great war broke out, a war entirely of policy, of European equilibrium, of national tradition, such as France had often undertaken under the old monarchy—a war which became necessarily for her a kind of emancipation, and which might be a first stage towards regaining her grandeur and her frontiers. France, allied to England, showed herself there as in the days of Rocroy and of Marengo, young and sure of herself, ardent and wise, full of force and moderation, and assuming naturally and without efforts the place which Providence and her own genius have assigned to her. The results are well known; Russia conquered, humbled in her ambition, yet tenderly treated; Austria, which abandoned Russia without becoming the ally of France, remaining, thanks to such equivocal conduct, isolated and suspected; Prussia relegated into the submissive and patient immobility of a state of the third order; England humiliated by the secondary part which she had to play in this great war, by the brilliant glory of its ally, by the revenge which the children of the conquered at Waterloo took at Inkerman in saving its army; lastly, the coalition of 1815 broken to pieces, obliged to give way in the presence of that enemy which it had previously treated without respect, intelligence, or pity."! What will the men who saw the little red breeches swarming up the hill-side facing the sea, and firing at bushes for want of an enemy at Alma; what will the light cavalry that charged at Balaclava, and the long red line that repulsed the Muscovite cavalry; what will the comrades of the Guardsmen who fell immovable at their posts at Inkerman, and of the gallant fellows who perished at the Redan to protect the assailants of the Malakoff, think of such a summary of the Crimean war? "France," it is added, "in all the éclat of its new glory, viewed its ill-closed wounds of 1815 with contemptuous indifference, for the coalition was no longer in existence."!

The Italian war is described as follows: "Our enemy of 1812 had come of himself to offer us our revenge; our enemy of 1813, that of the congress of Prague and of Chatillon, three years after the treaty of 1856, committed the same error. Austria attacked Piedmont, when all the people of Italy were in fermentation under its protection. Piedmont, which had become a tête de pont to France against Austria, could not be left at the mercy of the equivocal ally of 1854. A French army crossed the Alps, beat the Austrians at Montebello, at Magenta, and at Solferino, and drove them to accept the wise and glorious peace of Villafranca, by which the Emperor of Austria ceded Lombardy to the Emperor of the

French, and the latter gave it to the King of Piedmont. The Italian states thus formed a confederation, which came, naturally, under the protection of France." France, however, we further learn, had to claim guarantees and indemnification for the unification of Italy; and it was agreed that, in the presence of this agglomeration of nationalities, one or two should be ceded as a peace-offering to a domineering ally. "Savoy and Nice were ceded to France as a legitimate compensation for the aggrandisement of Piedmont. What amount of compensation will France deem necessary, upon this principle, as a guarantee and indemnification for the unification of Germany?" Now comes the summary previously quoted:

"France thus recovered its natural frontier in the south: will it recover its natural frontier in the north? Unquestionably and undoubtedly so. She requires all the limits that heaven has traced for her: those which she possessed in her Celtic and Roman past, those which she reconquered in her regeneration of 1789; she must include in her territory the field of battle of Tolbiac and the tomb of Charlemagne; she must have, as Vauban said to Louis XIV.—*son pré carré*—her territory squared off."

The *pré carré* of Vauban was, however, manifestly included within "the iron belt," the triple line of fortifications by which France was first protected in the time of the "Grand Monarque" on its north and north-east aspects. This line strengthened within, in proportion as it has been weakened by losses and cessions without, constitutes the actually armed and consequently natural frontier of France. The Rhine never was peopled by Celtic races, nor was it ever Gaulish, Roman, Frank or French, save by conquest. It cannot, therefore, be made to constitute a natural frontier. It suffices to peruse the foregoing history of the frontiers of France to be satisfied upon that point. It is impossible, indeed, to thoroughly understand the question of the Rhine without such a preliminary study. The valley of the Rhine is certainly not French, and the possession of its left bank would be a source of weakness and dissension, instead of strengthening an at present homogeneous and powerful nation.

THE OLD BAILEY PRISON BY NIGHT.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

Pure maiden moon, veil close your gentle light!
Stars, smile not down your sweet beams through the night!
Hidden be all things beautiful and bright.

Blackness and melancholy, grief and gloom,
Sit on this ancient building as a tomb,
Each stone a chronicle of death and doom.

Since thou wert raised, O pile of mournful fame!
The mass of crime, the world of sin and shame,
Those walls have held, e'en fiends might shrink to name.

What curses have defiled the burdened air,
From harden'd vice! how oft have mounted there
The cry of woe, the wailings of despair!

What gentle sighings, too, of contrite hearts,
Pierced at the last by conscience' searching darts,
When kind religion comes, and balm imparts.

What wrestlings of the soul those cells have seen,
What passion-storms no soothings made serene,
What tears, hot tears of anguish deep and keen!

What sad, long lingerings at the prison door,
What bitter scenes within, hope ever o'er,
Partings of breaking hearts to meet no more!

The mother wailing for her son; dismay
Crushing the sister's soul, that last, dark day;
And the wife's shriek, in faintings borne away.

How many a time yon deep sepulchral bell
Hath sounded through the courts its awful knell,
While crowds without heaved like the ocean's swell!

How many a wretch, with ghastly, straining eye,
And quivering limb, death's moment drawing nigh,
Hath looked his anguished last on earth and sky!

Pile of black guilt! of fierce remorse and woe!
Still must thou frown, while Justice reigns below,
And in man's breast crime's plants of poison grow.

As now I wander near thy sombre walls,
Quick life goes on; the gas-light round me falls,
And children play; his wares the vendor calls.

None view that human den with troubled breast,
They toil, laugh, feast, nor heed "the house unblest,"
Where crime may mock, but woe is still a guest.

Pure maiden moon, veil close your gentle light,
Stars, smile not down your sweet beams through the night!
Hidden be all things beautiful and bright.

THE DEEPDALE MYSTERY.

A NOVEL.

BY M. SULLIVAN.

PART THE TENTH.

I.

THE ESCAPE.

THE scene changes to a large, square, brick-built house, still in Yorkshire, standing in its own grounds, as the house agents say, as if houses in general had a propensity for standing in the grounds of their neighbours. The gardens were large, and were laid out with taste and care; but the wall that surrounded them was very high indeed, quite too high to have been built for ordinary purposes, and the windows of the house (they were numerous) had narrow iron bars crossing them at regular intervals, that gave a strange, prison-like appearance to the building. It was not a prison, however, but a private lunatic asylum, standing on the edge of the moors, and at no great distance from the village of Basnet. The proprietor, Dr. Litchfield, possessed another establishment of the same kind, situated in a large and thickly populated town, much farther south; and when any of the patients who resided there showed symptoms of declining health during the hot months of the year, he very frequently removed them, at their own request, to this country-house, as he called it, on the side of the breezy moors. He was wise, with the wisdom that comes from years of observation and watchfulness, and he had found that in some cases the unvarying monotony even of the most carefully conducted asylum had militated against cure; that the change of air and of scene, which it is so difficult to procure with safety for patients of this description, was perhaps the one thing needful to start them fairly in the way of recovery. With success, and an increasing practice, there had come the necessity for a larger building, and the idea had occurred to him of planning a separate establishment a long way from the other, so as to leave a day's easy journey between the two. All arrangements connected with the transit had been very carefully studied; opportunities of escape were precluded by the care and vigilance of trustworthy attendants, and the misfortune of the patients was screened and guarded from chance comment and observation.

In the beginning of the warm weather of the year that had witnessed the crime recorded in the last chapters, a patient was brought to the "country-house" who had been there before, and had been found to derive benefit, on preceding summers, from the change. She had been many years under the care of Dr. Litchfield, for it was a chronic case, on which he had first been consulted fifteen or sixteen years previously. The patient was a lady by birth and education. Long years of ill health, the loss of children, and, it was whispered, indulgence in the secret vice of opium-eating, had resulted in an unsettled state of mind, which had long

ago developed into confirmed insanity. The consultant was told, as he was almost sure to be told by the patient's friends, that illness and the death of children had driven her to the evil habit. He never differed openly from the opinions expressed by friends on such points, but he knew how very frequently the effect in these cases is mistaken for the cause, and he believed, in his own mind, that the evil habit had produced both the ill health and the early mortality of the children.

"Have none of her children survived; not even the eldest?" he had asked the gentleman, an old friend of the family, who had first applied to him.

"Yes, two; they are twins, and the youngest instead of the eldest; her propensity had been found out when these were born, and so she was not allowed to nurse them."

"That was well; that gave them a chance; but still they must have come into the world under great disadvantages. Twin sons, did you say?"

"No, a boy and a girl. They are rather peculiar, and no wonder, poor little things."

"Peculiar in what way?"

"Oh, not to look at, except the boy, he is very plain. The little girl is quite unusually nervous and timid, and seems to give up to him in everything; he has that queer influence over her that one sometimes hears of the stronger twin possessing over the weaker one. He is very different from her, very unsusceptible, sharp in some things, cunning, I should say, but without much sense of the difference between right and wrong."

"Ah! an over-sensitive nervous organisation in one case, and blunted moral perceptions in the other. Well, the sins of the parents will be visited on the children; the stern old law holds good yet, do what we will. And now, let me see about my business engagements. I can be at home to receive the lady——" And so on.

Long years had passed since this conversation had been held, and the patient was still under the care of the same skilled and experienced practitioner; her husband had died in the mean time, but a suitable provision had been made for her, either in the event of her being restored to reason, or of her continuing an inmate of the asylum. At first she had been subject to fits of violence, and had been classed among the more doubtful and dangerous patients; but these, after a time, yielded to judicious treatment, and she became quiet and tractable. What would not yield to any amount of persevering care, was her one chronic delusion that she was entitled to great wealth, and to a position among the reigning sovereigns of the world, from which high estate a conspiracy had hurled her down, and had closed upon her the doors of a lunatic asylum. Political reasons, as she believed, made it necessary to her enemies to keep her there as long as she lived, unless, indeed, she should retract her claim, and declare that the crown of which she had been robbed was a mere delusion, conjured up by her own imagination, and that she had never been anything more than the wife of a man of moderate fortune, in the middle class of life. But this would be playing into their hands, wickedly giving up truth and justice for the sake of additional ease and freedom to herself, and this she would never consent to do—no, never!

She often pondered longingly on her chances of escaping from this place, of baffling the machinations of her enemies, and showing herself openly to the world; but, although she met with constant and unfailing kindness, the arrangements were such as to preclude all ordinary chances of this kind, and the greater part of her time was spent in brooding over the depths of a malice that had left her nothing to complain of in the way of ill usage, but that resolutely excluded her from the outer world, of a large portion of which she was the rightful ruler. Like many of the patients not hopelessly sunk in imbecile apathy, she had anxiously pleaded for a change in summer to the "country-house," and had been allowed to go there, with evident advantage to her health and spirits, although her one delusion proved too obstinate to yield to any ordinary means of cure.

There was very little stir of life in the neighbourhood of that country-house. A lonely lane ran along one side of it, and twice a day it was an amusement to the inmates to watch the men and boys going to and from some colliery works not far off. But they were glad to miss for a while the hum of business and the sound of wheels, to which they had listened for so many days and nights in the town, and to catch a glimpse, from the upper windows, of the long extent of moor, with its patches of heather and clumps of gorse. One afternoon, when the pale rays of autumn sunlight were slanting across the gardens, some of the inmates were strolling through the grounds, wishing, perhaps, that the nipping winter days and nights were not so near at hand, when a loud report, followed by a rumbling noise, startled every one in the house, from the most vigilant of the attendants to the most apathetic of the patients, and, after a moment's silence, a perfect Babel of questioning and conjecture ensued. Something was even said about an earthquake, though the report was evidently near at hand, and would not, probably, have been heard at any considerable distance, when suddenly it was rumoured that something was to be seen, no one knew exactly what, from the upper windows. The next moment there was a general rush up the stairs, and those who succeeded in getting first to the windows called to the others that they could see a dense column of smoke, rising very slowly, and as slowly dissipating itself in the air. The direction in which this was seen left no doubt as to what had occurred; a colliery explosion had happened, not a very severe one, perhaps, but until further particulars were known it occupied every one's attention and every one's tongue.

At the time when the report had been heard, the self-styled Queen of the East was sitting in her own room, looking over, as she was fond of doing, her collection of wearing apparel, all very good, and suitable for the cold weather that would soon be seasonable. She always kept a little money in her purse, for money is useful, even in a lunatic asylum, where materials for fancy-work are occasionally sent for, as well as other articles, intended to furnish employment for otherwise idle hours. In this particular asylum, it was the duty of one of the attendants to collect once in a certain number of days the memoranda of the inmates with respect to the purchases that they wished to be made for them; and when these had been looked over by the proprietor or his deputy, the reasonable wishes of the patients were usually complied with. She looked at her money—nearly two pounds—and thought what a very

little way it would go should it ever become a question of establishing her rights by law; she took out and looked over the contents of her wardrobe, feeling that the clothes, comfortable as they were in appearance, were dismally inadequate to her requirements as a queen. She was occupied in this way, when she was suddenly startled by hearing the report, and by the subsequent rumour that ran through the house of an explosion having happened at the coal-pits.

In a moment the thought flashed upon her mind that the accident might possibly bring with it a chance for her to escape, for her to proclaim her rights to the world, and find out for herself the strength or weakness of her enemies. With the cunning peculiar to persons in her mental condition she secreted her money, and the few ornaments that she possessed, with some articles of clothing, in a bundle, tied together as tightly as possible in a small black shawl. "One of each thing," she said to herself, for who knew how soon she might have to change her dress, to meet and consult the most faithful of her partisans? She put on her bonnet and cloak then, as if to take a walk in the garden, concealed her bundle with great care and good management under her cloak, and went down-stairs without meeting any one, for the whole establishment had crowded to the highest rooms, to catch a glimpse of anything that could be seen in the direction of the coal-pits. Down into the front garden, before the large gates that were never opened without great watchfulness and circumspection; no farther *at present*, for she had no means of opening them, so she ensconced herself snugly behind a great clump of laurel-bushes, close to the gates, and waited for the event that she thought would soon happen. Had any one seen her? No; every one was too busy, watching for what they could see, waiting for what they could hear, of the accident that had happened.

It was as she expected; a tramping of many feet, a confused sound of many voices, and then a violent ringing at the bell, for the asylum stood nearer to the coal-pits than the village of Basnet did, and the help that was immediately wanted for the sufferers might be procured there. The Queen knew that her hiding-place was tolerably secure, and she ventured to peep through a small opening in the laurel-leaves. She saw two of the attendants hastily leave the house and open the smaller entrance, generally called the side gate, to admit a number of persons, boys and men wearing their pit clothes, women carrying babies and crying over them, policemen and pit carpenters helping to carry stretchers, some with white cloths laid over them in painfully suggestive order, others bearing a scorched and blackened, but still living, human being. There was no doctor, as it happened, at that moment in the asylum, but one had already joined the crowd, and was asking for various requisites, old linen, surgical bandages, and stimulants, which the people of the asylum were anxious to supply. Much eager conversation was going on about the cause of the accident, how a blast of gunpowder had been fired, and had broken down a thin partition separating the pit from the old workings, and causing an influx of the gas that had long been accumulating. In the midst of the confusion, the talking, the hurried running to and fro, the Queen slipped nearer to the side gate, nearer still, watched her opportunity—and was gone! She walked very quietly down the lane, still hiding her bundle beneath her cloak, and she soon met five or six

persons running towards the asylum, this being also the way to the coal-pits. They stopped to question her about the accident, and she gave them intelligent answers, recommending them to inquire at the asylum, whither the sufferers, and some who were beyond all suffering, had been taken. There was nothing about her now that indicated her misfortune, for many years of careful treatment had resulted in the cure of all outward signs and symptoms of mania; one might have held a long conversation with her without perceiving anything unusual in her way of thinking, unless some subject connected with her delusion had happened to come uppermost.

She went on for a long way, until she could see a few cottages that made a kind of beginning to the village of Basnet; and here she paused, for pursuit and inquiry would follow the news of her disappearance, and for the present, at least, she must try to avoid the haunts of men. She pushed her way through an opening in a hedge, got into an adjoining field, and looked about for a suitable place of concealment. She fixed upon a group of hawthorn-bushes, partly growing in a deep dry ditch, on the other side of the hedge. There was already a hollow place in the centre of the clump, and she made it larger, and managed to get well within it; the bushes were in full leaf, and here she was very well screened from casual observation; here she must stay until it grew dark, and she might venture to walk about again. She was not at all uncomfortable; her new sense of freedom kept her from thinking about any minor discomfort; she had had her dinner for that day, and would care for nothing in the way of refreshment until the next morning; presently, when it was dark, she must find some place to sleep in, and early in the morning she would be making her way farther and farther from the asylum in which she had been so unjustly confined.

Presently she heard the sound of footsteps and of voices—voices that she knew well. She had been missed from the asylum; they were seeking her—they were going on to the village to inquire whether she had been seen or heard of. She laughed softly to herself as she listened to the last echo of the departing footsteps, and drew in her garments as closely as possible to the interior of her bushy retreat. It grew dark at last—a favourable night for her, for there was no moon, and she could only see her way a very few steps before her; she was tired and cramped with crouching so long in one position, and she was glad to get up and walk along the lane. But she looked with distrust at the gleaming lights of the village; she must not go near those houses, for there she had been inquired for, perhaps was being inquired for still. So she skirted the village at some little distance from it, and when she was tired with walking she sat down under a haystack to rest herself; she stayed there a long time, and watched the lights go out one by one; she knew that it must be getting late, and she knew, too, that she must find some place of shelter during the small hours of the night. A barn, or place of that kind, would do very well if she could find it; the open air did not suit her at all, for she had never been accustomed to the chilling winds and dews of night.

She got up and went into the lanes again, for the grass in the fields was very wet now, and she was afraid of stumbling in the dark upon the sleeping cattle. Presently she found herself under a wall, a brick wall,

for she touched it with her fingers; perhaps she should come to a gate that would open into a garden, where she might find shelter for the night in some arbour or summer-house. If she could only manage to lie down and be screened on one side from the wind, she would put up contentedly with other discomforts. She kept touching the wall as she went on, that she might not miss any gate or opening, and before long she came to a very large pair of wooden gates, that evidently formed a carriage entrance to the grounds; she pushed gently against them, but they were securely fastened on the inside; she went on a very few steps, and came to a small gate, also wooden, by the touch. It was fastened, too, but her fingers met with something peculiar as they passed over it. There was a tiny door, not half a foot square, opening inwards, originally designed to enable the servants to look out at beggars and vagrants, and to refuse admission to unsuitable persons. She pushed against the little door, and as it opened readily she put her hand and arm through it, and felt about for the latch or fastening of the gate. She found this after a minute's search, opened the gate, and stood inside it. She was not standing in a garden certainly, for the ground was paved with flag-stones; buildings of some kind stood on either side of her, and immediately before her there loomed the outline of a large house, very black, and yet indistinct, as if it might be a mere creation of the night mist, and she heard something like the sound of retreating footsteps. After pausing for a few moments, she tried to find her way to the door of one of the smaller buildings near her—they were probably stables, and if she could only find rest and shelter for the night in one of them she would be away in the morning, long before the inmates of the house had thought of stirring.

Suddenly she saw a light moving towards her, as if coming from the house. She shrank up closer to the wall, and scarcely breathed; perhaps these people were her enemies, looking for her to take her back to the asylum—who could tell? It was dark, and her dress was nearly black; if she kept quite still they would not be likely to find her, whoever they might be. Her ear quickly detected the footsteps of two persons, and they came nearer to her, but not very near; they carried a lantern, the light from which had first warned her of their presence, and they carried something else—it looked like a human being, all in white! What mystery had she stumbled upon here?

For one moment, only one, the light of the lantern fell upon the face of the person who was carrying it, and the fugitive shrank back in horror, and would have shrunk into the wall, if she could. What spectre from her past life had looked at her through that woman's face? Where had she seen it, and what painful associations were those that she connected with it? She could not tell; she only knew that she had once been familiar with a face like that, and had disliked it and its possessor. It was the face of an enemy, that was certain, and she must not betray her presence by the least sound or movement. The light of the lantern fell now on something black, that reflected it in a dull kind of way; could it be water? No sooner had she asked herself this question, than the white burden that looked so like a human being, living or dead, was lifted over it, and dropped in with a sound that showed at once that it was very heavy, or heavily weighted, and that it had fallen into the water. The "Queen" did not for one moment doubt that another victim had been

sacrificed to the malice of that enemy whose name she could not remember, but whose face she had distinctly seen. And as they had done to this poor creature, so they would do to her, if she were so unfortunate as to fall alive into their wicked hands!

They waited just a moment, and hurried back to the house; she heard the door close upon them, and then she flew to help her fellow-victim. She threw off her cloak, and plunged her arm up to her shoulder in the water; she caught something and pulled at it, but it was very heavy, and almost beyond her strength. Something ran into her fingers, and hurt them; it was the sharp steel teeth of a buckle, but she did not know that. She plunged in her other hand, and tried to tear away the obstacle. The next moment there was a sullen fall of something heavy against the bottom of the reservoir, and after a desperate effort, the victim was fairly out of the water, and lying on the cold stones of the court-yard.

Grace was not dead, for she gasped for breath, and tried to raise herself, but quite ineffectually; she was much too ill and giddy to stand up. Her deliverer was every moment in fear of a second appearance of the "enemies," and she urged her without ceasing to make the effort, telling her in repeated whispers that "they had tried to drown her, and would try again." In spite of Grace's illness and bewilderment, she quickly understood those words, and comprehended that she had been saved from death, and must try, if possible, to escape. She was naturally quick-witted; she strove to collect her thoughts, and to think of what it would be better to do, and of her best chance of getting away. She turned to her unknown friend.

"If we only could hide ourselves till morning, some chance, some chance——" She was stopped by a fit of shivering, and added, "I don't feel as if I should live till morning, I shall die of cold."

"Oh no you won't; I have dry clothes in this bundle, shoes, and everything complete; my enemies shut me up in prison—that wicked woman who tried to drown you was one of them—because I claimed what was mine by right. She shut me up in prison, she and the rest of them, but I have escaped in time to help you too. Is there any place about here that we can hide in, while you change that wet thing that you wear?"

The loft, Grace thought, would be the safest; she could not speak plainly for shivering, but she managed to lead the way there; fortunately, it was not many steps from where they stood. Grace will remember those few steps to the last day of her life, the deadly cold, the sense of sick bewilderment, of horror at the fate from which she but just escaped, of dread lest she should be discovered and dragged back to it.

"I've helped you," whispered the Queen of the East, "and you must help me when my turn comes, and they conspire against me; they've done it once, and they'll do it again, but I shall have one more friend in you, shan't I?"

Grace shivered, and promised, wondering a little where this strange woman could have come from, but without life enough in her to ask any questions—for the present at least.

II.

THE QUEEN OF THE EAST.

VERY slowly, and with many pauses, Grace managed to put on the dry clothing contained in the bundle of her unknown preserver. They were almost in total darkness, although Grace knew that the gardener was in the habit of keeping a lantern, with a candle and matches, in one corner of the loft. But she was afraid to procure a light, lest any gleam through chink or crevice might betray them, and she only ventured to open a door that looked out, in window fashion, on the lane beneath them, and so admitted a feeble glimmer of starlight. She wondered that the plunge into cold water and the shock to mind and body should have made her feel so very giddy and ill, for she knew nothing about the stupifying drug that she had inhaled, and could only conclude that she must have slept with extraordinary soundness after yesterday's fatigues.

As she grew warm she began to feel better, and the mists seemed to clear away from her mind.

"They must have intended to make it appear that I drowned myself," she whispered to her companion.

"Very likely. You have a great deal of property, no doubt, and they would be your heirs?"

"I? Oh no, I have very little of my own. But they were carrying out a wicked plot—making me personate a relation who is dead, and who had a very large fortune. They would have buried me under her name, and then have gained possession of her property."

"I guessed it must be something of that kind," the Queen observed, "only, of course, I did not know the particulars. It all comes to the same."

"I know what I should have come to without you," Grace answered; gratefully, "and that is, to certain death. How can I ever thank you enough for saving me? I cannot imagine how you happened to be upon the spot. Did you say that there is a plot against *you* as well?"

"Yes. Oh, such a deep, dark plot! I dare not tell you about it."

"Do you live near here?"

"I was brought here by enemies who have had me in their power for years, only yesterday I escaped from them."

Grace thought that this sounded very extraordinary, still her own experience made her believe more readily in the existence of other conspiracies.

"Perhaps you would not like to tell me your name?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"I will not repeat the name by which my enemies call me; it is not mine, and I dare not, as yet, tell you my own name—it would startle you too much."

"Ah, then you think it would be familiar to me?" Grace concluded.

"It is very likely that I have not heard it, for I have seen little or nothing of the newspapers for a long time. However, I will not press you to talk about things that evidently pain you. I will trust and believe that your enemies will be defeated, and that you will be helped out of all your troubles, whatever they may be."

Grace was almost well again, when a faint gleam of daylight began to steal into the loft.

"I wish I knew how we are to manage now," her companion observed.

"You mean about getting away from here? I think it will be better to wait until we hear people moving about. There is a builder's yard not far off, and the men begin to work at five o'clock; when we hear them going to their work, when they are near, so that they would hear any one who cried out, we must go down to the ladder as quickly as possible, run across the court-yard, and let ourselves out at the side gate. I shall be dreadfully frightened, but we should run a greater chance of falling into their hands if we stayed here."

"Yes, of course we must get away from here; but I was thinking what we should do afterwards."

"Oh, afterwards our way is as plain as it can possibly be," Grace asserted. "There will be the one danger of coming down and getting out of that horrible court-yard, but, when we are out of it, we have only to go straight to the police-station; it is not far, and I know the way."

The Queen caught hold of her arm with an expression of terror, for the police were, no doubt, inquiring for her, that she might be taken back to the asylum.

"You won't do that?" she gasped. "It would betray me into the hands of my enemies."

Grace could not understand her.

"Don't you see," she explained, "that we should only put ourselves under the protection of the police—nothing more than that—and they will, at our desire, communicate with the nearest magistrate, who will see that justice is done to us?"

"It would be ruin, utter ruin to me," her companion insisted. "I can't make up my mind to tell you all my story, or you would see for yourself that it would be better for me to throw myself out of that door, and be killed by the fall, than to put myself into the power of any of these people!"

Grace turned this mystery over in her mind, and tried to find a clue to it, but she lighted on the wrong one. Was it possible that this woman, who had saved her from a dreadful death, could be herself hiding from justice?

"You have not—you are not so unfortunate as to be suspected of having done anything wrong?" she asked, gently.

"No, they have never dared to say anything against me, except that I am not myself—just as your enemies said that you were somebody else."

"But it is the business of the law to protect the weak and injured. Those who have done nothing wrong have nothing to fear from it."

"I tell you that for the present I must fear it—I must hide from it.

As soon as you know my story, you will understand why this is necessary, and not before."

"I cannot guess at it in the least," Grace declared. "But tell me where you wish to go. I will not leave you till I see you in safety."

The monomaniac answered, readily enough, "I must go to London," having some idea that the metropolis would be the place in which her rights should be claimed and asserted.

"To London! That is a long way indeed. And have you friends there?"

"Yes, many."

"How will you travel? By train?"

"Yes. Do you know the way to a station? There is not one at Basnet, I know."

"Nor near it," Grace answered. "But there is a place called Wallingford End, about three miles from here, and an omnibus goes regularly backward and forward between Wallingford End and the little station of Broughton, on a branch line. You could get to London very well from Broughton. Should you feel safe if you were once in the omnibus, and on your way?"

"Yes—oh yes!"

Her eyes sparkled at the prospect.

"Then, if we can succeed in getting safely out of this place, I will go with you so far—I shall not be afraid in open daylight—and, before we part, you must let me know where a letter will find you. We have met strangely, and we scarcely know each other, but I shall never, never forget what you have done for me. Your evidence, if you had been in a position to give it, would have confirmed my story; but, after all, I would sooner be without it. My identity will be easily proved, justice will be done, and last night's attempt need never be known; they will be sufficiently condemned without that. When I have left you at Wallingford End, I shall go on boldly to the nearest police-station, fearing nothing in the broad daylight."

And now an idea flashed upon Grace's mind, and she thought she could understand why this strange woman, innocent as she declared herself to be, and the victim of a wicked conspiracy, was anxious to avoid the protection of the law. She did not herself wish to accuse Mrs. Ashton and Robert of an attempt at murder; probably her companion, if brought before a magistrate, would be compelled to accuse some one whom she desired to shield and spare. Yes, that was the most reasonable conjecture, and Grace adopted it accordingly.

The light grew stronger, and enabled her to see the face of her preserver; she was a woman of fifty, or thereabouts, who must once have been handsome, and who still retained some remains of beauty. She was dressed like a lady, and her manner was also that of a gentlewoman. The articles of apparel with which she had furnished Grace were good, and in good taste; there was a peculiar expression in her face, Grace thought, but no wonder, she must have gone through some very peculiar experiences.

When they heard the stir of life and labour round them, they ventured very cautiously to leave their hiding-place, and after waiting for some

moments in the coach-house, they saw that their way to the side gate was clear, so they crossed the court-yard in a tremor of breathless anxiety, and let themselves out into the lane. Grace knew the way to Wallingford End; it was rather lonely and unfrequented, and so they made the more haste. She was able to walk rapidly now, and she even felt that the exercise did her good. Their way laid partly through winding lanes, with very bad roads and no footpaths, and partly through fields, on which flocks of sheep were feeding—sheep-walks, as they were called in the dialect of the district.

After a long walk, they came in sight of a very small cottage, beside which a goat was feeding; it was so small that it looked like one room, but it was, in fact, divided into two, with no upper story. Grace paused here.

"This is Wallingford End," she said, "but I don't know where the omnibus stops; let us ask here." And she went up to the cottage door and knocked at it. A woman opened it, and Grace made her inquiry.

"It doesna stop here," the woman answered; "you'll have to walk a matter of three hundred yards, or more, to the Rising Sun, that's where it stops."

"And when will it be there?" Grace asked.

"Oh, not yet awhile, happen in an hour and a half, or two hours."

The two consulted together; neither of them were anxious to test the hospitalities of the Rising Sun, and yet they were both in need of refreshment, so Grace asked the woman whether she could supply them with anything in the way of breakfast, promising that they would pay her for her trouble and supplies, and explaining that they were not accustomed to travel alone, or to go into public-houses. The woman, after a moment's hesitation, offered to set before them bread and porridge, the extent of her resources. They went into the cottage, and learnt, presently, that the woman's husband was a thatcher, and that he was absent, doing a day's work.

They ate some porridge, with appetites that their walk had sharpened, and they had even time to notice and be amused at the woman's habit of speaking of her porridge in the plural number; it was always "them porridge," and "they were thought to be a deal wholesomer than bread, especially when one had been mostly brought up on them." The Queen was provided with money to pay the woman for her hospitality, and now that they were so soon to part, Grace was anxious to know where she could address a letter to her companion, so that she might honestly repay her for the articles of clothing that she had taken; her debt of gratitude, she felt, could never be paid in this world.

"It is not yet time to walk down to the Rising Sun," she began, "so let me take advantage of the interval to ask you the exact address at which a letter will reach you. After all that you have done for me, you will trust me as far as that, I am sure."

It was not distrust, but the utter vagueness of her plans, that prevented the fugitive from giving the desired information.

"I must first find out my friends," she answered; "there must be many of them in London, and they will take me to some place of safety—I can't tell where."

"And I may never hear of you again," Grace exclaimed, "after owing my life to you! Oh, do trust me! give me some clue that will enable me to find you out, pray do!"

"I will trust you," the other answered, yielding to her earnestness. "I will tell you my strange history, strange and sad, but destined yet to end in a blaze of brightness that will astonish the world! Far away in the largest and most important quarter of the globe, that quarter in which Paradise once stood, and in which Christianity was cradled, there lies a vast empire, divided into many presidencies and governorships, but united, by legal right, under one head, one sovereign ruler, to whom its vast wealth and untold resources belong. There, wide plains of rice and cotton ripen under the fervid eastern sun; there, pearls and diamonds are scattered, like pebbles on the sea-shore for multitude; there, walks in native state the striped and graceful tiger, the spotted leopard, the huge rhinoceros. The trade of that empire is the most wealthy in the world; its rivers rank among the mightiest; its mountains among the grandest; its forests and jungles among the most dense and impenetrable——" She paused for a moment to take breath; she had spoken rapidly, and with a face that glowed with repressed excitement.

"You have estates in India, and you have been defrauded of them—is that it?" Grace asked, puzzled, and anxious to find the clue to her companion's history.

She had risen from her chair, and she was standing up, with her arm stretched out, and her finger pointed, as she imagined, eastward. The bearings of the little cottage deceived her, and unwittingly she pointed to the south.

"From the Snowy Mountains to Cape Comorin, from Western Sinde to Eastern Bengal, that empire is mine—mine by right, mine by inheritance, and they took it from me; they called me by a name—no, I will not repeat it; they tried to make me sign an abdication, to say that I was the wife of some London trader; they shut me in prison, and secluded me from the world, while a usurper reigns, and my subjects believe me to be dead. But I will arise yet, and confront them with the truth; even now I have escaped, and am on my way; let the impostor tremble, and let the conspirators beware, for I come to assert my rights, to claim my title, to show myself to my subjects, once for all, as mistress of that vast empire, as Queen of the East!"

She sat down, trembling and exhausted, and wiped her forehead with her handkerchief.

Grace recognised the fact of her insanity now: she wondered that she had been so stupid as not to think of this before, but her own trials had been so exceptional in their nature that she had been ready to believe in the existence of exceptional circumstances and trials in other people's histories.

"Was the house in which your enemies placed you a large building, with high walls round the gardens, standing on the Basnet side of the moors?" she asked now.

"Yes, it was an asylum for the insane; when they could neither disprove my claims, nor force me to abandon them, they dared to say that I was out of my mind, and to shut me up there. But now that I have

escaped, the world will soon hear of me, and the justice of my claim will soon become apparent, in London first, and then in the East."

"And were they unkind to you in the asylum?" Grace inquired.

"No. I had all material comforts—good food, and good lodging and attendance. But they deprived me of my liberty; they passed over my claim to greatness. In these things they were worse than unkind; they were in the pay of my enemies—they were enemies themselves." And her eyes flashed.

"And you escaped from them yesterday, and found your way at night, and by accident, to Tyne Hall?"

"Yes; and the woman who would have crushed you out of life—I saw her face by the lantern—she was one of my enemies—she would have killed me, too, if she could."

Grace did not understand this, and she passed it over.

"And you do not know where to find your friends in London?" she asked next.

"No. I must proclaim my rights, and my friends will flock to my standard."

"Ah! Have you enough money to live on in the mean time?"

The Queen of the East displayed her resources—three half-sovereigns and some silver.

"But that is not enough to take you to London," Grace remonstrated.

"Is it not?"

"Not by the first-class, and a queen would not think of travelling by any other. Now be advised by me, and give up this journey to London till I can go with you; till then, remain here with this honest Yorkshire-woman, who will take her directions from me. Can you trust me?"

"Yes," she answered, unhesitatingly. "I trust you with everything now, even with my personal liberty; but do not leave me here very long."

"Not more than a day or two, I trust," Grace answered; and she went into the other room to speak alone to their hostess. She explained that the lady, on one subject, was not perfectly in her right mind, but that she was sensible on all ordinary topics, and was quite harmless. She offered the woman fair remuneration if she would agree to do the best she could for her, for a time that might not exceed one day, but that might possibly extend to two or three. The lady was to be persuaded to remain in the cottage, and her presence there was to be denied to all inquirers. The shrewd Yorkshire-woman demurred at first, but brightened at the offered reward, and at Grace's assurance that it would be "honest gain." Grace's face and manner went for something, and the bargain was concluded. Grace took a tender farewell of the Queen of the East, advised her to keep very quiet in the inner room of the little cottage, lest her enemies should catch sight of her, and then she hastened on her way to the police-station at Basnet, from whence she intended to be taken before a magistrate to assert her identity, and to expose the plot that had deprived Mr. Josiah Meadows—Grace Meadows' legal heir—of his rightful possessions.

Now it will be obvious to the most casual observer that the kindest

and most sensible thing that Grace could possibly do, would be to return the unfortunate monomaniac to the asylum, where, as she acknowledged, she had only met with kind treatment, and where the skill of an experienced practitioner would be exerted to effect her cure. But Grace was very far from being a strong-minded young lady, and she could not do this thing, although she had plenty of common sense, and knew very well that philosophers and moralists of every degree would see the propriety of it, and would urge that, for the sake of the poor monomaniac herself, no faith should be kept with her. Grace owed to her both life and liberty; she could not resolve to use these gifts in depriving her preserver of *her* liberty, in returning her to the living tomb that she evidently hated so much, although she had nothing definite to urge against it. Grace owed to her kindness the very dress that she was wearing; she could not walk away in it and betray her, although that betrayal might be justified on high and philanthropic grounds. She felt her way, rather than reasoned it, and this is what she resolved to do: she would put herself at once under the protection of the law, asserting her identity, and seeing that justice was done; she would be silent concerning the event of the past night, and the escape of the monomaniac; she would seek Mr. Renshaw's advice, in finding a home for herself, where she might live quietly on the small property that belonged to her under her father's will, and to that home the Queen of the East should be removed as quickly as possible. Grace had been told that William Brooks, believing her to be dead, had contracted another engagement; her natural ties were broken; she had nothing now to live for; she would give all her time and all her attention to this unfortunate woman, striving to alleviate her great misfortune, and even hoping that in time her loving care might bring about a cure. She did not consider that in the mean time the relations of the monomaniac must be exceedingly unhappy about her; she had learnt rather to distrust and question the kindness of relations, and, considering her experiences, she was not, perhaps, so much to blame. She went on quickly, though she was very tired with her previous walk, for every minute seemed long to her until the conspiracy to which she had nearly fallen a victim was exposed, and Mr. Meadows was restored to his legal rights.

ABOUT SOPHISMS THAT PLAIN SENSE CAN NEITHER ANSWER NOR ACCEPT.

A CUE FROM SHAKSPEARE.

By Francis Jacox.

Wolsey's dialectics before the court, to the prejudice of Queen Katharine's matrimonial status, and in vindication of his own impartiality and integrity in the cause, elicit from her the impatient protest,

> My lord, my lord,
> I am a simple woman, much too weak
> To oppose your cunning.*

When with another Cardinal, Campeius, Wolsey afterwards waits on Katharine at the palace at Bridewell, and the two together perplex her with their proffered services and counsel,—

> To betray me,

is her sceptical response:

> My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
> Ye speak like honest men (pray God, ye prove so!)
> But how to make you suddenly an answer,
> In such a point of weight, so near mine honour
> (More near my life, I fear), with my weak wit,
> And to such men of gravity and learning,
> In truth, I know not.†

And in dismissing their Eminences, once again she bids them remember, if they have thought her unmannerly, that she is a woman, lacking wit to make a seemly answer to such persons.

When the Grand Master of the Templars bids the chaplain of the order stand forth, and refute the tenets of the Jewish maiden, Rebecca, that "obstinate infidel" meekly breaks in upon Beaumanoir's flowing mandate, and simply says: "Forgive the interruption; I am a maiden, unskilled to dispute for my religion, but I can die for it, if it be God's will."‡

So true as to be a truism is Dr. Holmes's remark, that we all have to assume a standard of judgment in our own minds, either of things or persons; that a man who is willing to take another's opinion has to exercise his judgment in the choice of whom to follow, which is often as nice a matter as to judge of things for one's self. "It does not follow, of course, that I may not recognise another man's thoughts as broader and deeper than my own; but that does not necessarily change my opinion, otherwise this would be at the mercy of every superior mind that held a different one. How many of our most cherished beliefs are like those drinking-glasses of the ancient pattern, that serve us well so long as we keep them in our hand, but spill all if we attempt to set them down!"§

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* King Henry VIII., Act II. Sc. 4. † Act III. Sc. 1.
‡ Ivanhoe, ch. xxxix. § Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, 16.

To Balfour of Burley expatiating upon the inspiration claimed by fanatics of his sect, and its bearing on the deed of blood in which he has lately borne a leading part, Henry Morton can only reply, "These are subjects, Mr. Balfour, on which I am ill qualified to converse with you; but I own I should strongly doubt the origin of any inspiration which seemed to dictate a line of conduct contrary to those feelings of natural humanity, which Heaven has assigned to us as the general law of our conduct."* Mr. Froude gives it as his opinion that there is no just ground on which to condemn conscientious Catholics on the score of persecution, only this: that as we are convinced of the injustice of the persecuting laws, so among those who believed them to be just, there were some who were led by an instinctive protest of human feeling to be lenient in the execution of those laws; while others of harder nature and narrower sympathies enforced them without reluctance, and even with exultation. "The heart, when it is rightly constituted, corrects the folly of the head; and wise good men, even though they entertain no conscious misgiving as to the soundness of their theories, may be delivered from the worst consequences of them, by trusting their more genial instincts."†

It is not always possible, as Hazlitt says, to assign a "reason for the faith that is in us," not even if we take time and summon up all our strength; but it does not therefore follow that our faith is hollow and unfounded. The *feeling* of the truth of anything, or the soundness of the judgment formed upon it from repeated, actual impressions, he shows to be one thing; the power of vindicating and enforcing it, by distinctly appealing to or explaining those impressions, quite another. "The most fluent talkers or most plausible reasoners are not always the justest thinkers." One of Hazlitt's illustrations is the peasant who is able to foretel rain from the appearance of the clouds, because (time out of mind) he has seen that appearance followed by that consequence; and shall a pedant, it is asked, catechise him out of a conviction which he has found true in innumerable instances, because he does not understand the composition of the elements, or cannot put his notions into a logical shape? The essayist maintains that in what "comes home to the business and bosoms of men" there is less of uncertainty and presumption than in the vexed questions of world-wide controversy; and that here, in the little world of our own knowledge and experience, we can hardly do better than attend to the "still, small voice" of our own hearts and feelings, instead of being browbeaten by the effrontery, or puzzled by the sneers and cavils of pedants and sophists, of whatever school or description.‡

A Saturday Reviewer objects to the "arbitrary principles" on which writers of Sir William Hamilton's school (of logic) endeavour to confine reasoning, on various subjects, within the circle of those abstract arguments which exhaust, not the matter itself, but their knowledge of it. At the present day, for instance, as he points out, it is perpetually dinned into one's ears that there is "no logical standing-ground" between some pinnacle of supposed wisdom or orthodoxy, and some abyss of absurdity or dissent. "Despotism or Universal Suffrage, Suppression of all doubts

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* Old Mortality, ch. vi. † Froude, History of England, i. 155.
‡ Hazlitt's Essay on Prejudice.

or Universal Scepticism, Romanism or Atheism, Anglicanism or Atheism, Verbal Inspiration or Atheism, are the alternatives of those who wilfully close their eyes to all but a few abstract ideas, and wish others to do the like. Usually, such arguments, however unimpeachable hypothetically, are the refuges and strongholds of ignorance, and are best answered by declining to follow suit in self-mutilation." The foxes in the fable, we are pertinently reminded, listened respectfully to their adviser's dissertation on the advantages of having no tail, but they laughed at his proposal that they should cut off theirs.*

Again, in a review of Professor Mansel's Bampton Lectures,† the inquiry occurs, how are we to distinguish between a regulative truth and a delusion? Not by the intellect, because it is met by contradictions in both, though in the falsehood at an earlier stage. Perhaps, then, it is suggested, by the moral nature—by the feeling in the soul of a deep and cogent need? "Let Philosophy say what she will, the fact remains unshaken," is Mr. Mansel's own assertion.

A practical application of the subject occurs in an exposition of the almost no effect at all produced by the Christian missionary by preaching to Hindoos that Hindooism is sanguinary, tyrannical, capricious, absurd, obscene, and inconsistent with any reasonably benevolent economy of the earth and man. "It may be so; but how is the Hindoo touched by it, if his creed is true, and his gods are really what he takes them to be? The cogency of the objection will be understood by every one who has any idea what an ancient superstition is when it is so firmly enthroned as not to feel itself accountable either to science or to the moral sense."‡

Hume enforces his celebrated argument that all our reasonings concerning causes and effects are derived from nothing but custom, and that belief is more properly an act of the sensitive than of the active part of our natures, by appealing to any reader's experience, which, says Hume, "will sufficiently convince him, that although he finds no error in my arguments, yet he still continues to believe and think and reason as usual,"—so that "he may safely conclude that his reasoning and belief is some sensation or peculiar manner of conception, which 'tis impossible for mere ideas and reflection to destroy."§

Locke alleges as one of the reasons which made him doubt whether syllogism be the only proper instrument of reason in the discovery of truth, the fact that scholastic forms of disputation are not less liable than the plainer sort to very egregious fallacies. They entangle, not instruct, the mind. Whence it results, on his showing, that men, even when they are "baffled and silenced in this scholastic way, are seldom or never convinced, and so brought over to the conquering side: they perhaps

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* *Saturday Review*, No. 295. Art. "Hamilton's Logic."

† Ibid., No. 197.

‡ Hence it would seem there is more plausibility than is usually supposed in the arguments of those who would make instruction in morals the first step in the evangelisation of India. "The scheme has been suspected as smacking of the spiritual coldness of the last century, but the deeper insight we get into the religions of the East, the more shall we be convinced that the first thing is to elevate the moral instincts of the people to their rightful ascendancy," &c.—Christianity in India and China (Ibid., vi. 224).

§ Treatise of Human Nature, part iv. sect. 1.

acknowledge their adversary to be the more skilful disputant, but rest nevertheless persuaded of the truth on their side."* *Non persuadebis etiamsi persuaseris.*

Molière's Sganarelle (that is to say, one of his many Sganarelles—the Leporello one) owns himself fairly nonplus'd by the sophisms of the Don, his master, but entirely unconvinced by them. "Qu'as-tu à dire là-dessus?" asks Don Juan. And his man can only reply, "Ma foi, j'ai à dire. . . . Je ne sais que dire; car vous tournez les choses d'une manière, qu'il semble que vous avez raison; et cependant il est vrai que vous ne l'avez pas. J'avais les plus belles pensées du monde, et vos discours m'ont brouillé tout cela. Laissez faire; une autre fois, je mettrai mes raisonnements par écrit, pour disputer avec vous."† It is in discussing the art of an artful counsel, in his way of putting his case before a jury, that Dr. Boyd, considering it to be highly undesirable that a plausible fellow should be able to explain away some very doubtful conduct of his own, and by skilful putting of things should be able to make it seem even to the least discerning that he is the most innocent and injured of men, declares it to be "provoking, too, when you feel at once that his defence is a mere intellectual juggle, and yet, with all your logic, when you cannot, just on the instant, tear it to pieces, and put the thing in the light of truth."‡ Well, if not wisely, exclaims poor George Dandin, aside, "J'enrage de bon cœur d'avoir tort, lorsque j'ai raison."§ It *is* hard to be put in the wrong, when you are so consciously in the right.

A man may, as Hazlitt says, be dexterous and able in explaining the grounds of his opinions, and yet may be a mere sophist, because he sees only one half of a subject. Another, it is added, may feel the whole weight of a question, nothing relating to it may be lost upon him, and yet he may be able to give no account of the manner in which it affects him, or to drag his reasons from their silent lurking-places. The last "will be a wise man, though neither a logician nor rhetorician."‖ A man with what is called a logical turn of mind, says Mr. Anthony Trollope, may prove anything or disprove anything; but he never convinces anybody. In any matter that is near the heart, one is convinced by the tenor of one's own thoughts as one goes on living, not by the arguments of a logician, or even by the eloquence of an orator. "Talkers are apt to think that if their listener cannot answer them they are bound to give way; but non-talkers generally take a very different view of the subject."¶

Elia says of his cousin Bridget—by which Charles Lamb may be understood to say of his sister Mary—that it had been her lot, oftener, perhaps, than he could have wished, to have for her associates and his, free-thinkers—leaders and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems. But she neither wrangled with, nor accepted, their opinions, he adds. "That which was good and venerable to her when a child, retains its

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* Locke, Essay concerning Human Understanding, book iv. ch. xvii.
† Le Festin de Pierre, Acte I. Sc. 2.
‡ A. K. H. B., Concerning the Art of Putting Things.
§ Molière, George Dandin, Acte I. Sc. 7.
‖ Hazlitt's Essay on Genius and Common Sense.
¶ Orley Farm, vol. ii. ch. xxix.

authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding."* Rousseau himself, with all his free-thinking, professes to have had his trials when living among a set of *philosophes modernes*, who, says he, "au lieu de lever mes doutes et de fixer mes irrésolutions, avaient ébranlé toutes les certitudes que je croyais avoir sur des points qu'il m'importait le plus de connaître." Often enough, by his own account, was Jean Jacques feeble and failing in his replies to them, from sheer hatred of argument, and from confessed lack of strength and skill to answer them aright. "Ils ne m'avaient pas persuadé, mais ils m'avaient inquiété. Leurs arguments m'avaient ébranlé sans m'avoir jamais convaincu; *je n'y trouvais point de bonne réponse, mais je sentais qu'il y en devait avoir*. Je m'accusais moins d'erreur que d'ineptie, et mon cœur leur répondait mieux que ma raison."† In his old age he cherished a habit of repose, of restful affiance on the foundation of a few great principles, and refused to be disquieted by *des arguties et des subtilités métaphysiques*. Not that he would have gone along with a Dr. Beattie complimenting a Sir William Forbes on his resolute neglect of the modern philosophical sceptics, as doing equal honour to his understanding and to his heart. But Jean Jacques would have cordially agreed with the orthodox essayist on Truth, that it is an exceedingly false principle, subversive of all true science, and prejudicial to the happiness of mankind, to suppose that everything may be made matter of dispute. To confute without convincing, Beattie goes on to say, is a common case, and indeed a very easy matter: "in all conviction (at least in all moral and religious conviction) the heart is engaged, as well as the understanding; and the understanding may be satisfied, or at least confounded, with a doctrine, from which the heart recoils with the strongest aversion. This is not the language of a logician; but this is, I hope, the language of an honest man, who considers all science as frivolous which does not make men wiser and better; and to puzzle with words, without producing conviction (which is all that our metaphysical sceptics have been able to do), can never promote either the wisdom or the happiness of mankind."‡ It was Beattie's own ambition as a metaphysical philosopher, or critic, to show, that all genuine reasoning ultimately terminates in certain principles, which it is impossible to disbelieve, and as impossible to prove; that therefore the ultimate standard of truth to us is common sense, or that instinctive conviction into which all true reasoning resolves itself; and that, therefore, what contradicts common sense is in itself absurd, however subtle the arguments which support it; for such is the ambiguity and insufficiency of language, that it is easy to argue on either side of any question with acuteness sufficient to confound one who is not expert in the art of reasoning.

That is an instructive story which is told of George Stephenson arguing a scientific point once with a fluent talker who knew very little about the matter: how Stephenson, great as was his knowledge of the subject, and sound as was his opinion, was thoroughly reduced to silence —from his defective command of language or argument. He had a good case, as Dr. Boyd puts it, but he did not know how to conduct it. Sir

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* Essays of Elia: Mackory End. † Rousseau, Les Rêveries, iii.
‡ Dr. Beattie's Letters, To Sir W. Forbes, Sept. 8, 1766.

William Follett was staying at the country-house where this occurred, and saw that Stephenson was right, and, being impatient of the triumph of the fluent talker, he took Stephenson aside, and got him to coach him, Sir William, well up in the facts of the case. "Next day the great advocate led the conversation once more to the disputed question; and now Stephenson's knowledge and Follett's logic combined smashed the fluent talker of yesterday to atoms."*

Another great George—not Stephenson, but Guelph—great George our King, third of the name, is thus honourably characterised by Sir Archibald Alison. "He could not be said to have an acute mind; and yet the native strength of his intellect enabled him to detect at once any sophistry which interfered with the just sense he always entertained of his public or religious duties." "Come, come, Mr. Dundas, let us have none of your Scotch metaphysics,"† was the royal rebuff when the Minister essayed to convince his Master that the coronation oath was not absolutely and eternally incompatible with the Catholic claims. As a collateral or counterpart illustration from Sir Archibald, take his account of the reception in Spain of the new constitution (1812): how in vain the partisans of the new régime sought to persuade the rural population that the constitution was but a return to the old usages of the monarchy, cleared of the corruptions and abuses of ages: "The good sense of the country inhabitants revolted at the idea that the King of Spain of old had been merely a puppet in the hands of the populace."‡ But how could rustic instinct refute categorically the propositions of glib controversialists, with a mass of authorities to quote, and a power of syllogistic skill.

No one acquainted with human nature, or the vital processes of human thought, observes a reviewer of Mill on Liberty, will expect that people at large will surrender at once to a clever argument which they cannot answer, or to a commanding and compact system which is beyond their mental grasp, and defies their resources to overthrow. He even thinks it may well be doubted whether any revolutionary argument was ever put forth, on the complicated subjects of moral interest, of such strength, completeness, and cogency as that it ought at once to have commanded general assent. When new arguments, he goes on to say, challenge assent, the common sense of mankind, though perhaps with but a vague consciousness of the grounds on which it rests, remembers the history of opinion, and is not unwisely suspicious of quick assent. "The battle of opinion in the world is not like that in the schools: here, if an argument is not answered, it claims the victory in the debate; there, people wait for the long run; they know that it does not follow, because an argument is not at hand, that it does not exist: they know that the disputant may be wrong, though he has all the advantage of present ability, and though the aspect and balance of argument may be now entirely in his favour: they know that unless men are to be ever learners and never coming to the knowledge of the truth, unless they are to be the sport of every wind of doctrine, they must not change to every temporary variation in the intellectual power of different advocates: they know that it is

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* A. K. H. B.'s Autumn Holidays, ch. v.
† History of Europe, ch. lxiv. ‡ Ibid., ch. lxv.

absurd to give up their assent to the first thing which they cannot answer, though it is very reasonable, and incumbent on them, to bear in mind, that this is something which they have not an answer for."*

Mr. Froude, once and again in his History, is prompt to ascribe to religious men, whatever their creed, and however limited their intellectual power, a prophetic faculty of insight into the true bearings of outward things—an insight which puts to shame the sagacity of statesmen, and claims for the sons of God, and only for them, the wisdom even of the world. A truer political prophet, he contends, than Wolsey, for instance, would have been found in the most ignorant of those poor men, for whom his police were searching in the purlieus of London, who were "risking death and torture in disseminating the pernicious volumes of the English Testament."† And here one might take up Chaucer's strain, and admiringly ask,

> Now is not that of God a ful fair grace,
> That such a lewde mannes wit schal pace
> The wisdom of an heep of lernede men?‡

There is much that is suggestive in the instinctive decision with which Hilda, in Mr. Hawthorne's "Transformation," resists the reasonings and repels the influence of the more intellectually gifted Miriam. "Do not bewilder me thus, Miriam!" the purer, simpler-minded girl implores her friend; and she declares her resolve to avoid the other henceforth, because Miriam's powerful magnetism is becoming too much for her; and the pure, white atmosphere in which Hilda tries to discern what things are good and true, is becoming discoloured.§ So at a later period, when Kenyon plays the casuist on the subject of the joint guilt of Miriam and Donatello, and proposes the rendering, in their case, of some such verdict as this, "Worthy of death, but not unworthy of love,"—"Never!" answers Hilda, looking at the matter through the clear crystal medium of her own integrity. There is, she believes, only one right and one wrong; and she does not understand—"and may God keep me from ever understanding," she adds, "how two things so totally unlike can be taken for one another; nor how two mortal foes, as Right and Wrong surely are, can work together in the same deed. This is my faith, and I should be led astray, if you could persuade me to give it up."‖ Donatello himself, on one occasion, has to parry Miriam's superior logic, with a deprecatory "we will not argue the point again. I have no head for argument, but only a sense, an impulse, an instinct, I believe, which sometimes leads me right."¶ Take, again, Dr. Holmes's Helen, when startled by the fearful Sadduceeisms of Mr. Bernard, which make her look troubled at first, and then thoughtful. "She did not feel able to answer all the difficulties he raised, but she met them with that faith which is the strength as well as the weakness of women—which makes them weak in the hands of man, but strong in the presence of the

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* From an examination of Mill on Liberty, in a defunct quarterly review.
† Cf. Froude, vol. i. pp. 118, 291.
‡ Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.
§ Transformation, ch. xxiii.
‖ Ibid., ch. xlii.
¶ Ibid., ch. xlvii.

Unseen."* One remembers Cowper's companion pictures of simple cottager and brilliant Frenchman—

> He, lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
> She, safe in the simplicity of hers.

For she belongs to those who are strangers to the controversial field, the "dull unlettered small," whom nevertheless "ye great" may envy.

> To them the sounding jargon of the schools
> Seems what it is—a cap and bells for fools:
> The light they walk by, kindled from above,
> Shows them the shortest way to life and love.†

Nequeunt monstrare, et sentiunt tantum,—to apply a phrase from Juvenal.

The life of Frederick Perthes, as his biographer tells us, had been less pervaded by doctrinal speculation than by practical certainty—the certainty he had acquired from his own wants and experience, and study of holy writ. But in Gotha he came to be confronted by philosophers and philosophes, who pressed him hard with their historical knowledge and scientific methods. Emerson says the cure for false theology is mother-wit. Forget your books and traditions, and obey your moral perceptions at this hour.‡ Even if Perthes could have found it in him to elect so heterodox an adviser, he would have been perplexed to apply the canon in appealing to the Gotha rationalists. He could not, says his biographer, appeal to a sense of need or to the inward experience, for these men had never known them. "Perthes, sure of the truth of his cause, but not always able to refute the attacks made upon it, was often irritated and impatient."§ *J'enrage de bon cœur d'avoir tort, lorsque j'ai raison.* But how true is Sir James Stephen's remark that the Gospel has been the stay of countless millions who never framed a syllogism. And that incomparably few among the multitudes who, before and since Grotius, have lived in the peace, and died in the consolations, of our faith, are those whose convictions have been derived from the study of works like his.‖

In some discussions, as Mr. Henry Taylor observes, a wise man will be silenced by argumentation, only because he knows that the question should be determined by considerations which lie beyond the reach of argumentative exhibition. And indeed, in all but purely scientific questions, arguments are not, he maintains, to be submitted to by the judgment as first in command; rather they are to be used as auxiliaries and pioneers; the judgment should profit by them to the extent of the services they can render, but after their work is done, it should come to its own conclusions upon its own free survey.¶ There are cases, according to Bolingbroke, where reason, freed from constraint, or roused

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* Elsie Venner, ch. xxvi.
† Cowper: Truth.
‡ Conduct of Life, essay on Worship.
§ Life of Perthes, ch. xxix.
‖ Ecclesiastical Essays: on Richard Baxter.
¶ "I have seldom known a man with great powers of argumentation abundantly indulged, who could attain to an habitually just judgment. In our courts of law, where advocacy and debate are most in use, ability, sagacity, and intellectual power flourish and abound, whilst wisdom is said to have been disbarred."—Notes from Life, Essay IV., Of Wisdom.

by necessity, acts in some sort the part of instinct. We are impelled by one, before we have time to form an opinion; we are often determined by the other against our opinion; that is, before we can be said properly to have changed it.*

The Saturday Reviewer of Mr. J. S. Mill's Dissertations and Discussions remarked, that after reading page after page of inexorable logic, it was mortifying to find that the book contained "much from which we dissent, and from which we feel that we are right in dissenting, though we feel at the same time that we can no more refute the arguments than agree with the conclusions. We constantly feel that there is a flaw somewhere, but that the discussion is managed with such skill that it is most difficult to detect it."†

Take note again of the Biographical Historian of Philosophy, observant of the mathematical rigour with which Spinoza develops his method; following him step by step, dragged on by his irresistible logic; and yet owning the final impression left on the mind to be, that the system has a *logical* but not a *vital* truth. We shrink back, he says, from the consequences whither it so irresistibly leads us; we gaze over the abyss to the edge of which we have been dragged, and seeing nought but chaos and despair, we refuse to build our temple there. We retrace our steps with hurried earnestness, to see if no false route has been taken. "Arrived at the starting-point, we are forced to confess that we see no error—that each conclusion is but the development of antecedent positions; and yet, in spite of this, the mind refuses to accept the conclusions.

"This, then, is the state of the inquirer: he sees a vast chain of reasoning carried on with the strictest rigour. He has not been dazzled by rhetoric nor confused by illustrations. There has been no artful appeal to his prejudices or passions; he has been treated as a reasoning being, and has no more been able to doubt the positions, after once assenting to the definitions and axioms, than he is able to doubt the positions of Euclid. And yet we again say that the conclusions are repugned, refused; they are not the truth the inquirer has been seeking; they are no expressions of the thousand-fold life, the enigma of which he has been endeavouring to solve."‡

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* "Examples might be cited of men embracing truth in practice before they were convinced of it in theory," &c.—Bolingbroke's Political Works: A Dissertation on Parties, Letter IV.

† *Saturday Review*, viii. 48.

‡ G. H. Lewes, History of Philosophy: Spinoza.

THE ARLINGTONS:

SKETCHES FROM MODERN LIFE.

By a Looker-on.

PART THE FOURTH.

I.

LOVE-MAKING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The appointed day arrived; the weather was propitious; every one who was asked came. They did not all go down together, but they met at the Crystal Palace, and soon paired off as inclinations prompted, or Mrs. Arlington ordained. The Alhambra was to be the rendezvous; and it was agreed upon that lady's seemingly impromptu invitation that they would all dine together at the palace, and return by an evening train to tea in Eaton-square. The dinner had, of course, been part of Mrs. Arlington's plan; but with a laudable regard to economy, she preferred asking her friends on the spot, so that they might not expect a very handsome or expensive dinner. Mrs. Arlington always had her wits about her.

Richard Arlington offered his arm to Miss FitzHenry, and the old colonel, after a whispered intimation from his hostess, asked Mrs. Gray if she would do him the honour to accept of his escort. Mrs. Gray was a good-looking woman for her time of life; she had been in the East Indies in her youth, and could speak of many places, if not persons, known to the ancient colonel, so they very soon wandered away, and arranged themselves comfortably in one of the galleries. Captain Colville and Eleanor disappeared together; Miss FitzHenry begged Maria to keep by her, but Richard, determining to do the duty expected of him, speedily shook Maria off, and proceeded to the grounds. Major Chapman's friend, the rich Mr. Duff Watson, attached himself to Letitia, with whose lively conversation he seemed much pleased.

Mrs. Arlington, Aurelia, and one of the "nonentities," a young man in the Colonial-office, went to order the dinner; the gentleman did not interfere about the viands, but he put in his word about the wines, and proposed, among others, sparkling moselle and well-iced champagne. He knew he was not going to pay for anything, therefore he could afford to have his liberal ideas carried out.

Eleanor and Captain Colville seated themselves under a shady tree, in a retired part of the gardens. She was most becomingly dressed, and looked very pretty that day. There was a touching softness in her voice, and a subdued light in her eyes, which were very attractive, and Captain Colville looked at her with undisguised admiration. Nay, there was something in the expression of his countenance which told of more than mere admiration.

They sat in silence for a time; Eleanor, poor girl, forgetting everything and every one except the being by her side. At length he took

the hand that was lying carelessly on her lap, exclaiming at the same time, in the softest of tones:

"Eleanor! You do not know how dear you are to me! Tell me—could you care for me?"

"Could I? Oh! Captain Colville!" She almost whispered.

"Then I do not feel alone," he continued; and he launched out into a declaration of his sentiments towards her, and drew from her the confession of her feelings for him It was a moment of unalloyed happiness to Eleanor; she felt as if the earth, and the air, and the blue heavens above, were all redolent of bliss. She had scarcely realised before the depth of her regard for him, who had now awoke all the half dormant, or rather half suppressed, sensibilities of her soul.

She was much agitated, *he* was calm; this calmness, however, was not the placid calmness of hope and happiness. A cloud stole over his brow, and his compressed lips seemed as if they wished to speak, but could not. Why this sudden silence? The dark shade increased until it spread over his whole countenance. He rose suddenly, strode backwards and forwards for a few moments, and then sat down again by Eleanor's side.

"I have done wrong, dear Eleanor," he said. "I had no right to tell you of my love, to ask you for yours—when—when—I know that I cannot follow up this confidence by a proposal of marriage."

Eleanor started; but she did not utter a syllable.

"I am too poor to marry," he continued. "I have nothing but my pay, and that would not give bread for two people; you have been accustomed to live surrounded with comforts and luxuries; you could not endure all the privations you would have to undergo—and I was wrong to have spoken to you. Forget what has passed——"

"Forget!" exclaimed Eleanor. "It is easy to say that, but not to do it. How can I forget? I do not care for luxuries. I do not care for money—I——"

"So you think *now*, but when all the misery of want came upon you, then would come the tug of war."

"But papa would surely help. He gives handsome allowances to my brothers; his daughters have as much claim upon him as they have."

"What do you suppose he would give you?"

"I don't at all know. But mamma says that papa will leave each of us about six thousand pounds."

Eleanor thought the mention of this sum would settle matters, and do away with all objections on the score of money. She was disappointed when he replied:

"Six thousand pounds! Why at five per cent. that would only give us three hundred a year. And you see, my dear girl, I—I have debts to pay. Ah! money is the great trouble of life—it interferes with all one's wishes, but there is no getting on without it!"

Poor Eleanor looked very crestfallen, and tears stood in her eyes.

Captain Colville was sorry for her since she cared so much for him, and he thought it would be only good natured to comfort her a little, so he said:

"Well, cheer up, dear Eleanor, there may be a good time coming—something may, perhaps, turn up; when my grandfather dies, and he is an old man now, he may leave me some money."

He kissed her hand, or rather her lilac glove, and, when she rose to go, he slipped his arm round her waist, and kept it there until they were close to the haunts of men, women, and children. Then he removed his arm from her waist, and, drawing her arm within his, they returned to the interior of the Crystal Palace.

Women, at least some of them, are strangely constituted; Eleanor, though Captain Colville had just told her he could not marry her, felt very happy; he had told her that he loved her, and that, she fancied, was a guarantee that he would marry no one else.

"Yes," she said to herself, "there *is* a good time coming."

Among the first persons they saw on re-entering the building were Richard and Miss FitzHenry. They had returned from their stroll in the grounds, and Richard was manfully doing what he conceived was his duty—the duty imposed on him by his mother—he was paying exaggerated compliments to the heiress, which she was swallowing somewhat greedily.

There is a theory about the duality of the soul, and, certes, in Richard's mind there were running an upper and an under current. The upper current murmured:

"What a stupid, tiresome creature—with a low brow, eyes as dull as ill-cut beads, no conversation, no intelligence, as heavy in hand as lead!"

But the under-current broke out, as it were, with a rippling sound, into—

"She has money, and you want it; she is good natured, and will give up everything to you; you have but to pluck the golden fruit. Will you, or will you not?"

The under-current was becoming the strongest; prudence was almost outweighing inclination, when, lo! his evil genius appeared suddenly before him!

Mrs. Larpent issued forth from the French court, accompanied by her convenient friend, Miss Sarah Grantley!

Richard was utterly dismayed—he was petrified. What had brought them to the Crystal Palace *that* day? He had avoided telling Mrs. Larpent that he was going to Norwood; was her presence there accident or design?

There, however, she was, and, with her usual quiet effrontery, she marched up to him, and accosted him in a familiar manner with—

"How do do? Are your mamma and sisters here to-day? I have not seen any of them; in fact, I have not seen a creature I know, therefore I am the more glad to meet you, Richard."

She stared at Miss FitzHenry, as if utterly ignoring who she was. The young lady coloured, and seemed much embarrassed; Mrs. Larpent, and her convenient companion, Miss Grantley, had planted themselves just before Richard, and seemed determined to keep their ground. At that moment, so awkward for Miss FitzHenry, Captain Colville and Eleanor hove in sight in the distance, and Mrs. Gray, with the old East India colonel, descended from the gallery stairs close by. Captain Colville's quick eye saw what was going on, and comprehended the scene. Miss FitzHenry, slightly bowing her head to Richard Arlington, darted across the walk towards her chaperone, and joined her. Richard made a

movement as if to follow her, but Mrs. Larpent laid her hand on his arm, and detained him. Presently Mrs. Gray, her young charge, and the colonel swept past them, and Richard was carried off in another direction by his Circe.

Very shortly after, Eleanor and Captain Colville came up to the discomforted Miss FitzHenry, whose face could not conceal her mortification and annoyance; and the gallant captain placed himself by her side, and began trying his best to amuse her. Eleanor felt quite pleased at his good nature, and thanked him in her heart for covering, as far as possible, her brother's delinquencies. Miss FitzHenry soon recovered her equanimity, and Richard would not have been much flattered had he known how little she seemed to miss him.

The hour fixed for the dinner was approaching, and Mrs. Larpent plainly told Richard that she would like to join their party. He hesitated, for he well knew his mother and sisters would not permit this addition to their number. But the lady insisted on his going to find Mrs. Arlington, and making the proposal to her. He went, therefore, but returned like a dog in disgrace, with its tail between its hind legs, and, with many apologies from himself, informed the lady that their table was full, and his mother had no room for more.

He was obliged to escort the angry lady and her friend to the railway train, and when he returned he found his place at the foot of the table occupied by the old colonel, Captain Colville sitting between Eleanor and Miss FitzHenry, and dividing his attention between them, and he was obliged to take a vacant seat by Maria, who turned her back upon him while she chatted vigorously with the young gentleman who belonged to the Colonial-office.

How had Mrs. Larpent found out that the Arlingtons were getting up a party for the Crystal Palace, and that her supposed rival, Miss FitzHenry, was to make one of it?

Simply because her page was acquainted with one of the men-servants at Mrs. Arlington's, and a few well-timed douceurs established through them a system of espionage on Richard's family, and on himself as far as he had to do with them. But she could not keep quite such a strict watch over him as she wished, because he was not a great deal in Eaton-square, and frequently dined either at the mess or at his club.

"I am quite sure Richard Arlington was on the point of proposing to that girl FitzHenry," she said to her companion, Miss Sarah Grantley. "His mercenary old wretch of a mother must have extorted a promise from him to do so. Poor fellow! I am glad we were in time to save him from committing himself so egregiously."

"But why should he not marry that Miss FitzHenry?" asked the opaque Miss Sarah.

"Because they are not at all suited to each other, my dear; and it is a dreadful thing to marry a person you don't care for, and can't get on with at all."

"But it must be a very nice thing, though, to be married, and have one's own house, and one's own carriage, and order one's own dinner. If I were married, I would have lobster patties, and méringues filled with ice, and cheese-straws very often—they are so good!"

"Well, Sarah, I hope you may get a husband with congenial tastes

some of these days. I advise you to look out for an alderman; you would be sure to have capital dinners then."

Did Mrs. Larpent wish to prevent Richard's marriage on account of its endangering *his* happiness? Though she said so, the truth was not in her; she only thought of retaining him as her slave. She wanted somebody to care for her; somebody to whom she could complain of her husband and her hard fate; somebody—half lover, half lacquey—who was to be *aux petits soins* with her, and help to dispel her ennui. To fulfil these noble ends, Richard's real good, his prospects in life, were to be ruthlessly sacrificed. The young man is to be pitied who has fallen under the influence of such an unprincipled woman! He might almost as well have made a compact with the Evil One!

II.

CORNELIA AND THE REV. SEPTIMUS SEVERIN.

ELEANOR had not been able to keep to herself the result of her tête-à-tête conversation with Captain Colville in the grounds of the Crystal Palace. She was much elated at the confession of his attachment to her, and dwelt more upon that than upon what he had said about being too poor to marry. The intelligence was conveyed to Mrs. Arlington by Fanny, who was her caterer of news; and finding how hopeful Eleanor was, she, too, looked hopefully on the prospect of a wedding in the family. She even went so far as to hint to Lady Danby that one of her daughters was engaged, and received that lady's congratulations with great complacency.

Cornelia also gave her mother to understand that there would probably be a change in *her* prospects shortly; for the Rev. Mr. Severin was expecting to get a curacy in the country with a larger stipend, and less to do than he had in town.

An elderly, or rather old lady, had frequently gone for a little time past to the church where the Rev. Septimus did duty. She was always there when he preached, and seemed very attentive to his sermons. It was evident she had no seat of her own in the church, for she wandered about from pew to pew. Cornelia had certainly observed her, for notwithstanding her sanctity, she had remarked what a variety of bonnets the lady had. The old lady seemed to take great pains with her dress, and her costume was more youthful in style than might have been expected from one who was certainly entering the shady side of life.

Cornelia, though she had observed this lady, had never thought of inquiring who she was until she had met her once or twice in Sloane-street, walking with Mr. Severin. On these occasions the Rev. Septimus had not stopped, as usual, to speak to Cornelia, but had merely bowed and passed on. Who could the lady be? His mother? No, she remembered that his mother was dead. Then perhaps an aunt. He had spoken to her of an aunt, who sent him every Christmas a hamper with a turkey and some sausages. The first time she met him at the charity school, from which he had been much of an absentee lately, she asked him if the old lady in question was his aunt.

"*Old* lady, Miss Cornelia! She is not so very old. I wonder what

she would say if she heard you! No, she is not my aunt, but a very good friend. There is a living in her gift, and she has kindly promised it to me when the old clergyman who now has it is removed to Abraham's bosom. He is going on for ninety, therefore, according to the laws of nature, he will be gathered soon. In the mean time, there is some idea of my being his curate. Nothing is fixed yet, though."

"What is the lady's name?" asked Cornelia.

"Spry—Mrs. Spry. She is a widow, and has a good fortune. She is very charitable. Last Sunday, when there was a collection at our church to add to the funds for the propagation of Protestantism in Abyssinia, as you know, she gave a sovereign; and only yesterday she handed me six sovereigns for the poor of our congregation. Lord Thomas Tarleton, who is considered so munificent to the poor, and such a patron of all charitable and Christian societies, never puts more than half a sovereign into the plate, and never goes beyond one pound in any of his subscriptions. By-the-by," continued the reverend gentleman, after a short pause, "Mrs. Spry has made me a present of a dozen fine pocket-handkerchiefs; will you be so kind as to hem them and mark them for me? I would give them to one of the school-girls to do, but I don't think they are very neat-handed, and I know that *you* are, dear Miss Cornelia."

Mr. Septimus Severin might have added, "I should have to pay for their being hemmed and marked at the school, and you will do that for nothing."

Cornelia of course accepted the commission with alacrity; it was always a great pleasure to her to make herself useful to her clerical friend.

But she was rather inquisitive about the "old lady," and her family, and her intentions. She asked:

"Has Mrs. Spry any daughters, or nieces, or . . . young ladies living with her?"

"None," replied the Rev. Septimus Severin, stroking his chin with a self-satisfied air.

"And if you get the living, you will have a house, won't you, and be able to live comfortably?"

"I should think so," he said.

"Ah, then you will be marrying one of those country girls with rosy cheeks, milk-white skin, flaxen hair, and light blue eyes."

"No, I prefer dark eyes and dark hair, and do not at all object to a brunette."

Now, Cornelia was decidedly a brunette, and she had dark eyes and dark hair.

She looked at him inquiringly.

He did not answer her mute inquiry, but he said:

"My dear Miss Cornelia, we do not know in this world what a day may bring forth. Let us not be among those who 'do but flatter with their lips, and dissemble in their double heart; for the Lord shall root out all deceitful lips.'"

What did these quotations mean? Cornelia was at a loss to understand them, yet she thought it best to pretend to do so; she had often pretended to understand Mr. Severin, when she really had scarcely the

slightest glimmering of his meaning; so she accepted this day the speech of which she could, as the saying is, neither make head nor tail.

"Surely, surely, Mr. Severin," she replied, "you are always right."

The curate smiled blandly.

"And I am now going to beg of you to look strictly after our schools and our poor, dear Miss Cornelia, for I shall have to go into the country to see about this rectory or curacy, whichever it may be. We must not quite neglect mundane interests, although we are privileged to labour in the vineyard of the Lord."

"I will do my best, Mr. Severin; and when do you think you will return to . . . . to us?"

Cornelia had almost said to *me*.

"That I cannot say; the length of my absence will depend upon circumstances. And now, adieu. 'The Lord preserve thy going out, and thy coming in—for evermore!'"

Mr. Septimus Severin pressed Miss Cornelia's hand most warmly, and kissed the tips of his fingers to her as he left her.

Cornelia walked home as if treading the air, her steps were so light and buoyant. Her cheeks were glowing, her eyes sparkling, and she looked as if brimming over with felicity. She hastened to her bedroom *to think* alone; but Aurelia shared that apartment with her, and as she was there, Cornelia gave vent to her feelings in words, and some little jealousy was excited in the mind of Aurelia, who had no "happy prospects" before her. When Aurelia left the room, Cornelia took a sheet of note-paper and began writing on it, "The Reverend Septimus Severin and Mrs. Severin—Cornelia Severin."

"This looks very nice!" she remarked to herself; and having scrawled over three pages, she folded up the sheet of paper and put it carefully away in a private drawer, wherein were deposited some hymns which had been copied for her by Mr. Septimus Severin, and some riddles, the latter manufactured by himself. He modestly did not expect any one to guess them, for he put the solution at the foot of each riddle.

The following is a specimen of "the Roman emperor's" lucubrations, which could not be accused of being either witty or amusing:

> My first on my whole may prove an alloy,
> Indeed my whole's comfort may tend to destroy.
>
> My second from infancy grows, till the cold,
> Sombre grave shall receive both the young and the old.
>
> My whole is, for some folks, a pleasant condition,
> But for others, a very unhappy position.

The first means *mar*, the second *age*, together forming *marriage*.

"Oh yes!" murmured Cornelia, "he has been long thinking of marriage. *Now* he may be able to achieve it."

The author of the above *jeu d'esprit* left his London flock for Berkshire, but did not write on his arrival at his destination to Cornelia, as she had hoped he would have done. She comforted herself, however, by the thought that he was waiting to make the necessary arrangements for a change of domicile and the reception of a wife, which could not be done at once.

Another change also took place about the same time. Captain Colville's regiment was removed from Aldershot to Portsmouth, and his frequent

visits to town had to be discontinued. This, however, was not so much to be regretted, as the season was drawing to a close; grouse-shooting was soon to begin, and every one was flying north, south, east, west, as if to avoid a pestilence. Belgravia and Tyburnia would soon look like a city of the dead, with almost all the window-shutters closed; and with no parties, evening or dinner, going on, families would not appear to much advantage.

A note from Captain Colville to Richard Arlington conveyed an apology for his not having called in Eaton-square, as he had hoped and intended to have done.

Eleanor would have gladly gone for a few weeks to Southsea or Ryde, but as her father's property was situated very near Weymouth, and excellent sea-bathing could be got there, there was no excuse for seeking it anywhere else.

Miss FitzHenry and Mrs. Gray came to take leave of Mrs. Arlington and her daughters. They did not mention Richard's name, but otherwise they were very polite and friendly in their manners, and Mrs. Arlington invited them to come and spend a week or two at Arlington Abbey, Mr. Arlington's place, near the coast, in Dorsetshire. The invitation was conditionally accepted, if they were not too long detained on a little tour they proposed making through the English and Scotch lakes. But first they were going to the Isle of Wight.

"Ah! how I envy you!" exclaimed Eleanor. "I long so to see the beautiful Isle of Wight particularly!"

"But the part we are going to is not beautiful," said Mrs. Gray. "However, Ryde is a very gay place, and the pier is a nice promenade. Military bands play there twice or three times a week, and there is a great deal of yachting going on, and there are balls both there and across the water. The great drawback to the place is, that the bathing is so public, but it is just as bad at Brighton, and not much better at St. Leonard's or Worthing. Your friend, Colonel Sidney, the East India officer, who you introduced to us at your Crystal Palace party, Mrs. Arlington, is going to Ryde, and he has kindly promised to look out for lodgings for us. I dare say we shall find it very pleasant."

"How I should like to go to Ryde!" cried Eleanor again, with an appealing look to Miss FitzHenry, but that young lady took no notice of either the exclamation or the look; and Mrs. Gray, fearing a positive request from "the forward girl" to be allowed to accompany them, rose hastily, exclaiming:

"Come, Ellen, come! we have a hundred visits to pay this morning, and only an hour and a half to pay them in, and your coachman drives as slowly as if he were going to a funeral."

III.

A VISIT TO BRIGHTON.

Mrs. Arlington was much chagrined that Richard had not secured the heiress.

"He will never get her now, I fear," she said to Fanny; "there will be plenty of hungry officers to snap her up at Ryde. It will be given out that she is worth sixty thousand pounds instead of thirty; and what

will not men do for that? She will have no end of offers; and that Mrs. Gray is not a fit guide for her. I can see that she is bent on matrimony herself, and should not be at all surprised if she should not just make up to Colonel Sidney. They must have become pretty well acquainted when he is to look out for lodgings for them."

"I think they might have asked me to join them for a week or two," remarked Eleanor.

"You gave strong enough hints, I am sure," said Fanny.

"Since they won't come first to Arlington Abbey, where Richard could have had the girl all to himself, he ought to run down to Ryde for a week or two, before Miss FitzHenry has time to make acquaintances. I will speak to him about it," said the mother, anxiously. "It will be his very last chance with *her*, at least."

And she did speak to Richard, who, to her great disappointment, informed her that he could not go to Ryde.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because," he replied, with a sort of dogged determination in his manner, "I'm going to Brighton for a few days."

"Alone?"

"No."

"Are you going with a party of gentlemen?"

"No."

"Richard! You are not, surely, going with Mrs. Larpent?"

"Indeed I am. But I don't understand being catechised in this manner, mother."

"Oh, my dear, dear Richard!" groaned Mrs. Arlington, "do pause—do think; you are standing on the brink of a fearful abyss! One false step, my poor boy, and you are lost!"

Richard looked uncomfortable, and fidgeted about a little, but said nothing.

"Is Mr. Larpent going to Brighton with you and his wife?" asked his mother, almost timidly.

"Mr. Larpent troubles himself very little about his wife," replied Richard. "He is going to Ramsgate with his sister."

"The poor blind lady!" exclaimed Mrs. Arlington.

"The blind lady—yes! *She* is all-in-all to him."

"Why does not Mrs. Larpent go to Ramsgate too?"

"They don't want *her*; and it can't be very pleasant for her to play second fiddle."

"But, Richard, it is better to play second fiddle than to lose one's good name. It is of you—*you*, however, that I am thinking, my dear son! You will be dragged into ruin, and for what? to gratify the vanity of an unprincipled woman. Mrs. Larpent cannot care for you in reality, or she would have been glad to have seen you make a good marriage, instead of doing her utmost to prevent it."

"My good mother, if you ever knew what is called *love* in your life, you have quite outlived the very remembrance of the feeling. You cannot bind love within the narrow circle of proprieties."

"True love cannot exist amidst the mire of improprieties, Richard; that is a spurious kind of love, which leads to disgraceful liaisons."

"You had better go to Cambridge and preach to Silvester, mother. I

think you will find that he needs admonition even more than *I* do, sinner as I am."

"Silvester! what about him? Have you heard anything against him? I know he is inclined to be extravagant, and that is bad enough. I hope he has not committed himself in any way?"

"Well, I don't want to annoy you, mother, though you care so little about annoying me, but I fear Silvester is going to the bad. He does not write to me about his affairs, but a brother of one of our officers sees a good deal of him at Cambridge, and it was through him I heard that Silvester is very much taken up with a girl whose mother is a laundress, or some such person; that she wheedles him out of a great deal of money, and the mother encourages the intimacy on account of the money he gives them, and because she thinks he is very rich."

"He won't marry such a girl, surely?"

"I don't know. He will be a fool if he does."

"This must be inquired into, and put a stop to," said his mother, decidedly. "Silvester cannot be allowed to disgrace himself and his family. I will speak to your father about it this very day, when he returns from the bank."

Richard made his escape, and his mother exclaimed to herself, clasping her hands, "Oh! how I wish that there were such things as '*lettres de cachet*' in England! I would soon have that Mrs. Larpent and this Cambridge hussy put in 'durance vile,' and let them cool their wicked inclinations in the solitude of a prison. It is shocking that young men are to be ruined, and families disgraced, at the pleasure of vicious women, whether high or low!"

Mrs. Larpent, though she disliked her husband, and hated his society, looked very sulky when she heard that he was going with his sister to Ramsgate. He asked her if she would not come too; but she refused.

"Then perhaps you will go down to Craig Court, Sophy, as it is so warm now in town, or pay a visit to your father until I can rejoin you."

"No, it would be too dull at Craig Court quite alone; and my step-mother and I detest each other too cordially for me to go to my father's. But I might run down to Brighton for two or three days just for a mouthful of sea-air. My cousin, Lady Clarissa, is there, and my uncle and his family, though I don't care much about them."

"They are very good, religious people," replied Mr. Larpent, "and I should be glad that you were near them."

Mrs. Larpent well knew that she was deceiving the worthy man. Lady Clarissa had been for about ten days at Brighton, but had left it to make a round of country visits. The uncle and his family had only stayed at Brighton a short time, waiting for a very calm day to cross to Dieppe, where they were going to spend a month before proceeding on a continental tour. Mrs. Larpent did not say a syllable of her intention to be escorted by Richard Arlington; but even had she done so, her husband would have made no objection; he was extremely blind—much blinder even than his sister, Mrs. Hamilton—whose corporeal sight was gone. *She* felt uneasy at the great intimacy between her sister-in-law and Richard; but as her brother did not seem at all dissatisfied about it, she did not like to disturb the happy security and serenity of his mind.

So to Ramsgate he went with his afflicted sister, a ministering spirit

of good to her, and took his eldest little boy and the under-nurse with him, whereupon Mrs. Larpent sent the upper-nurse and the three other children to Herne Bay, and made her arrangements to go to Brighton herself. She wished Richard to have escorted her down, but he pointed out to her the strange appearance their travelling alone together would have if they met any one they knew.

"Our officers are always running down to Brighton, and I shall be well roasted if any of them happened to come into the same carriage with us. No, we must think a little of the opinion of the world——"

"I don't care in the least about the opinion of the world," she said, interrupting him.

"Nor I much, for myself," he replied; "but for you, Sophy, I do. If you go down by the two o'clock train I will go at eleven o'clock, and be at the station to receive you."

Mrs. Larpent looked annoyed; but Richard was, for a wonder, so determined, that she perceived there was no use in contending the point.

Richard accordingly went down first, she followed him with her French maid, and they repaired to the same hotel.

Richard Arlington was by no means a roué; he was not even viciously disposed; it would have been no sport to have caused the death of the reputation of any woman, married or single; but he was a weak-minded young man, and was easily led away. Had he fallen into good hands, he might have been a decently respectable, tolerably well-conducted person; not remarkable for lofty qualities, but going through life in a creditable enough sort of way. He fell, however, into bad hands, and every one knows how much more potent is evil influence than good influence.

What have not women often to answer for! Guilt, misery, destruction, came into this world, if we are to believe the sacred writings, through our first mother, the first created woman, Eve. And since then, how many thousands of women have not lured men into sin and ruin! All tradition, all history give examples of this, and to the end of time, probably, such fair deceivers will exist. Yet, let not obloquy fall upon the whole female sex. Happily, among them there are the brightest examples of virtue, of all the best and noblest qualities which can adorn the human race!

IV.

LETITIA, AND AMELIA'S ADMIRERS. - DOUBTS AND JEALOUSIES.

Mr. Duff Watson was a peculiar-looking person, and certainly the term "eccentric" was properly applied to him. He had just missed being handsome, for his features were good in the main; his brow was rather too low, his nose rather too thick, and his chin rather too long; if these proportions of his face had been more in accordance with the lines of beauty, they would have been perfect. His eyes, which sometimes looked dark, and sometimes looked light, were always changing their expression; occasionally they were bright and brilliant, and full of almost startling animation, but frequently they were fraught with melancholy, and at times they seemed stony and rayless, like the eyes of the dead.

Evidently he was not a humdrum, common-place person. He had read a great deal, and was extremely well-informed both in classical and modern literature. He was not one of those men with whom society teems, who really seem to be little more than polished animals, well-educated monkeys, or poodles. He did not dance; he would stand in the doorway at parties—the very few to which he went—with folded arms, looking at the well-dressed crowds around him as if they belonged to another order of beings than himself. But Letitia's voice always awoke him from his fits of rumination, and he was almost always willing to listen to her, if not to talk to her.

He did not exactly make love to her, but he looked, as the Scotch say, "sair" at her, and he showed his preference by handsome presents. He certainly was not stingy, and Letitia, who had a conscience, was almost afraid to express any wish for or interest in anything for fear he would obtain it for her. Letitia was a bit of a blue, and if she spoke of any old work which was difficult to procure, and which certainly was not to be found in Mudie's Library, or any of the other fashionable collections of books, Mr. Duff Watson would search all the out-of-the-way book-shops and book-stalls until he alighted upon the required volume or volumes. If she mentioned an opera she would like to hear, he would forthwith take a box for her and part of her family at any cost. Money seemed no object to him, and Mrs. Arlington was most anxious to secure such a *parti* for one of her daughters.

In vain Mr. Arlington said:

"But, my dear, we don't know anything of the man; he may or may not be a good match, for all that we know. I think it would be wise to institute some inquiry about him."

"And how are you going to inquire about him?" asked the lady. "Advertise for information respecting him, or apply to some of these respectable private inquiry offices? If you are going to act like a fool, Arlington, I can never hope to get any of my daughters married; mind your own business, and leave the rest to me."

The well-disciplined Mr. Arlington, though a member of the Legislature, full well knew that he could not legislate for his own family; but he tried, *sub rosa*, to make some inquiries about Mr. Duff Watson. Nobody, however, to whom he applied could tell anything about him; he might have fallen from the skies, or arisen like a merman from ocean's depths, for all that anybody knew about him.

Poor Mr. Arlington thought that it was rather running a risk to encourage an intimacy, leading to matrimony, between his daughter and a gentleman about whom nothing could be traced; but he was set down by his wife, and his scruples were ridiculed by his eldest son and his eldest daughters, who all wished to get rid of Letitia; she was so sarcastic, and sometimes made such ill-natured remarks.

She would say:

"Cornelia, the Roman emperor will never marry *you*; you are wasting your time and your money upon him."

"Fanny, there is no use to worry yourself any longer; you are doomed to lead apes in hell."

And even to poor Eleanor she would hint that she believed Captain Colville would prove a gay deceiver.

Such speeches were not pleasant, and were rather wounding to the vanity of the persons addressed. Richard, too, was very irate at her unscrupulous blame of Mrs. Larpent. She was a sort of bird of ill-omen in the family, and if she could quit the parental nest, its other inmates felt that she would be no loss.

Some tidings which arrived rather suddenly from Brighton were not over-welcome to the bevy of sisters in Eaton-square. Their grandmother, who lived at Cliftonville, wrote up that Amelia, her youngest granddaughter, had an admirer. A gentleman of good family, and well connected, but whose pecuniary circumstances did not admit of his marrying immediately, had taken a great fancy to Amelia, and had proposed for her. The grandmother—she was Mr. Arlington's mother—a tolerably rich old lady, had adopted Amelia, her goddaughter and namedaughter, and considering that young lady as entirely under her care, did not allow her to be any expense to her parents, but herself paid her board and education, her dress, pocket-money, &c. Old Mrs. Arlington did not particularly like her daughter-in-law, or her somewhat overbearing manner, therefore she kept her at a distance, and had not much communication with her.

Julia and Amelia were so seldom with their family that they felt much as aliens, and confiding in each other and in their kind grandmother, cared little for the opinion of the Eaton-square people.

It was a great shock to all the Miss Arlingtons, who resided at home, to hear of Amelia's having actually had a matrimonial offer. "Amelia! that child! not more than seventeen years of age! Impossible!"

"Our worthy grandmother must be falling into her dotage," said Letitia. "It is perfect folly to suppose that Amelia, a mere school-girl, has had a *bonâ fide* offer. The old lady must have seen some young man romping with the child—for you know she was a great romp when she was a little girl—and fancied that he was making love to her."

"Neither papa nor mamma have had any application from the gentleman yet," said Fanny; "and until that is made, any nonsense he may have spoken cannot be construed into an offer."

"But," remarked Eleanor, "you see his circumstances don't admit of his marrying at present; these wretched circumstances are always in the way!" And Eleanor heaved a deep sigh.

"Perhaps Richard will tell us all about it," said Maria, "when he comes up."

"Richard!" sneered Letitia. "*He* won't go near Cliftonville or the Hove. He and his Dulcinea will keep out of the way of tale-bearers—at least, *he* will be anxious to do so."

"But if they wanted to keep their tête-à-tête expedition secret, what on earth made them go to Brighton?" asked Aurelia.

"I don't believe *she* wants to keep it secret; she is too pleased to parade her military slave before every one," said Fanny. "I wonder she did not take him to Ryde, still further to annoy Miss FitzHenry."

A letter from Julia to Letitia was just then brought in.

"Her letters are generally so stupid, that they are hardly worth reading before being thrown into the waste basket," said Letitia; "but this epistle seems quite a masterpiece of composition. She is eloquent in her praises of the Brighton hero, Mr. Egerton, and laments extremely that he must leave England soon. But he is coming to town first on some

business, and will call to pay his respects to papa and mamma, and to make our acquaintance."

Mrs. Arlington joined her daughters, and read Julia's letter; she then exclaimed:

"I would rather the offer had been to one of you, girls; Amelia is almost a child, and can afford to wait."

"Well, she will have to wait," said Aurelia, "as the man is not going to marry her at present."

"I think that is a pity," replied Mrs. Arlington. "I am no friend to long engagements. Men are very fickle, and it is ten to one that she never gets him. I think your grandmother has not acted kindly in the matter; she might easily have spared a little money to have helped them out, until he got a good appointment. And one of you might have gone out with them, and, of course, married in India."

There was a general groan, half suppressed by some, permitted by others more freely to escape.

Mr. Egerton made his appearance in Eaton-square, and made an agreeable impression to boot. The season was just over, so the Arlington family could not obtain much amusement for him; but they did what they could, and he was invited to dine every day in Eaton-square when not otherwise engaged. He came accordingly, and he seemed particularly pleased with Aurelia, and to attach himself mostly to her. He always handed her down to dinner, looked at her, and spoke to her more than to any of the others, and if they went anywhere, he always offered his arm to her.

Both Mrs. Arlington and herself observed this preference on Mr. Egerton's part for Aurelia, and Mrs. Arlington said to her husband:

"Arlington, I am convinced if Mr. Egerton were to remain a little longer in England, he would transfer his devoirs from that child Amelia to Aurelia."

"I don't know," was Mr. Arlington's not very meaning response.

But Aurelia and her mother were both quite mistaken in regard to Mr. Egerton. He was only pleased at the kind reception he had met with from Amelia's family, and interested by Aurelia's resemblance to his dear Amelia. There was a striking likeness between the sisters, in the face at least, though probably not in disposition.

Mr. Egerton, during his stay in town, had obtained Mr. Arlington's consent to his marriage with his daughter whenever he should be so well off as to be able to maintain a wife, and give her every comfort. He had not applied to Mrs. Arlington, thinking, probably, that the father's approval was the most essential, and that lady was not at all pleased at being put on one side.

The hour of parting approached, and, to make it more severe, old Mrs. Arlington objected to a positive engagement between Amelia and her lover; also to their keeping up a correspondence.

"No," she said; "leave yourselves free. You are both young; your feelings, your ideas, may change; and it would be terrible if only a sense of honour, or the existence of a tie, galling perhaps to both, were to make you force yourselves into a connexion which neither wished. If your mutual affection survive absence and distance, you will meet in joy —never, it is to be hoped, to be parted again!"

THE PHILOLOGY OF THE FUTURE.

Of all the complimentary speeches which this age of ours delights so much to make to itself, none does it so often repeat as a certain favourite allusion to the "giant strides of scientific research during the last fifty years." A new dye cannot be patented, a novel sewing-machine cannot be invented, nor a fresh bone of some extinct animal discovered, without the recurrence of the set phrase as invariably as the time-honoured sarcasm which calls people a happy pair after a wedding, and universally beloved and respected after a death.

Since the Juggernaut car of modern civilisation has been propelled by steam and pioneered by electricity, the noise and self-assertion of its onward course have been so great that all doubts of its rapid progress have been smothered like the hisses of a paying spectator on a first night. It must be satisfactory to find it agreed upon all sides, that in every field of science we are advancing at greater speed than any of our fathers; that we leave no mystery without research, and make few researches without elucidation.

In no direction, we believe, have the strides before-mentioned been so gigantic as towards a right comprehension of the study of language. The importance of this branch of knowledge has never been doubted; but it had been, until the nineteenth century, systematically neglected, or, if attempted, had resulted in miserable failure. Now, however, philology has its professors, and its professors have their pupils. Thought, deep and acute, has been expended upon the vehicle of thought, and the nature of its expression has proved an interesting subject for the consideration of the human mind.

It is true, indeed, that the origin of language has not yet been fully cleared up; but then the origin of very few things has been, even by the presidents of learned societies. Philosophers have not quite decided concerning our species the moot point of tails, and most of them are content to echo in different tones the metaphysical catechism: "What is mind?—No matter." "What is matter?—Never mind."

As to the origin of language, two distinct opinions command disciples of their own: one, that it came to man ready made; the other, that, with the power only of speech given to him, he fashioned his vocabulary for himself from such materials as were afforded by the subjects of his early conversation. According to one theory, Adam named the animals by words innate with his faculty of utterance; according to the other, he would probably at first only distinguish them by imitating the different sounds which they gave forth. Thus he would have called the attention of Eve to their sheep and cows by the words "baa" and "moo," if such be the sounds produced by Asiatic flocks and herds; his verbs would picture to the ear of his attentive partner the action, his adjectives the quality, his prepositions the motion, which he wished to describe.

Concerning the decision between these schemes, word-doctors have agreed to differ, but not so upon the less vital points of their science. They have succeeded in drawing up a plan of the dialects of the world,

their diversities, and the probable cause of their diversities, their connexion, and the reason of their connexion. With infinite labour, philologists have collected and compared every mode of speech under the sun: the many names for one object have been placed side by side, their similarities pointed out, their differences explained away, until the chain is perfected without the absence of a link, although the anchor has not yet been found to which it is finally attached.

But there is another branch of the science, which, though not so exclusively belonging to the present day, is, nevertheless, considered to have advanced very successfully under the direction of contemporary philosophers. This consists of the derivation of the words of one language from those of others, instead of setting forth their common origin; and its students seek rather to trace the connexion of one particular link with its immediate predecessors, than to establish the identity of the whole chain. For the popular writer, as well as for the general reader, this phase of the inquiry has many advantages over the wider and deeper subject; it affords scope for various minor questions of social interest which would be introduced into this latter with comparative difficulty. Speculative historical deductions, for instance, can be drawn from similarity between certain words in the tongues of different countries. A skilful pleader can trace the influence of a religion in the name given to a pickpocket; or, if he wish, can even prove *en revanche* the effect upon morality produced by the designation of a particular vice. Considerations of this kind are naturally very favourable towards popularising the subject with which they are thus artfully blended, tending, as they do—in all reverence be it spoken—to the amusement of the student as well as his instruction. The value that has often been assigned to these moral deductions from philology is very great, and we must regret for our ancestors that they were only able to leave them for the benefit of their children without making use of them for themselves. Very different might have been the mental and moral condition of many generations and peoples, had they only possessed the power of reading by prevision some of the popular handbooks on words with which we have the privilege of being acquainted. But they had to grope on in darkness, for the Dean had not yet arisen who was to point out how errors of the tongue could lead to errors of the mind, or warn them that a degenerating language is a sure sign of a degenerating nation. It is always comparatively easy and pleasant to perceive and describe the obstacles which caused our predecessors to fall; but it is a far less profitable operation than that of attempting to discover those which beset our own path. A glimpse, then, into the philological researches which a future age will make into our present language can hardly fail to be instructive, and must certainly be amusing. By the aid of a little imagination, it will not be difficult to obtain one; and since, judging from the avidity with which they are purchased and perused, books would seem to attain an extrinsic value from the distance of the period at which they are written—a value of which neither stupidity nor dulness can rob them—it is reasonable to suppose that extracts from a work written at a time some hundreds of years from our own may be of interest, even though it is comprehensible, and not written in black-letter type.

The first chapter, then, entitled "Historiology," commences as follows:

"The Study of Language has been justly called the handmaid of the Study of History. There are many phases in the moral development of a people which only philology delineates with accuracy; and whilst with regard to facts party-writers err wilfully, and honest men make mistakes through ignorance, the philologist alone draws his conclusions from premises which are entirely trustworthy. The witnesses whom he calls know no prevarication, and need never be misunderstood.

"Imbedded in the origin of a single word is often the pith of pages of history, and an examination into its derivation will often do more towards elucidating a difficult period than any more direct method would accomplish.

"Observe, for example, the vivid idea of the internecine war which devastated America in the nineteenth century, that is obtained by a close inspection of the word 'skedaddle.' This was coined in order to express one of the movements of the Federal army, and appears for the first time in the newspaper reports of the battle of Bull's Run. It means, as we use it now, merely to beat a hasty retreat; but far more than this was then signified by its etymology. 'Skedaddle' is a hybrid word, composed of the Greek σχέδον, *nearly*, and the Saxon 'addle;' the latter employed at the present day chiefly in connexion with eggs. It thus implied the idea of 'nearly addling' or destroying the cause of the Union by inopportune flight, and may, by its tacit reproach, have prevented many a Yankee from performing the action thus stigmatised as disastrous. Great indeed may be the influence of a single word, little though those who originate and those who employ it may be aware of the power of their weapon."

Passing over some further illustrations—one of which sketches the Reform campaign of 1866-7 with great vivacity, from the obvious connexion of the words *demon* and *demonstration*—we find the unborn author instructing his contemporaries as follows: "No study affords us so practical a proof of the short-lived nature of our personal fame, or notoriety, as does philology. From it we find that if our characteristic qualities have been so marked as even to give a name to them in after years, we, as human beings, shall yet fail to be recognised in connexion with the words to which our names have given rise. How few of us, for instance, are aware when we call a foolish person a *mufty*, or, more frequently, a *muff*, that we are using the initials of a writer some five hundred years old—one Martin Farquhar Tupper. The history of this word *muff* is interesting, too, upon other grounds, for we can trace its gradual formation. At first, the three consonants, M F T, were a laughing synonym for any solemn prattler of platitudes; then vowels crept in, and we find M*u*FT*y*; finally, the abbreviating genius of the language gave us the concise word *muff*."

Curious, again, it is to trace the origin of the word *coming*, in the expression "coming it strong," vulgarly applied to any one foretelling some utterly improbable event. Once more we must travel back to the nineteenth century for explanation, and shall discover that, strange though it may seem, the apparent present-participle has in reality no connexion with the verb "to come," being, in fact, only a satirical reference to a Presbyterian prophet of 1850-70, who used chronically to predict the end of the world, in the next year but one. This is a striking instance of

the power of a mistaken etymology to cause erroneous orthography, for the correct version is evidently "Cumming it strong."

Another vulgarism has an origin which is of no small value to the philological student, and it is in the vulgarisms of its every-day jargon that the life of a language dwells, so that to these we must refer; for true science must never be shackled by the fetters of false delicacy. Most of us must have heard schoolboys speak of a failure as a *mull*—most of us, probably, would be puzzled to point out the derivation of the word. A reference to the ancient criminal records of our land affords an immediate solution to the difficulty. Here we learn that many years ago a murderer named Müller was hanged, after a long and most intricate trial, which obtained great popular interest. Significant, indeed, is the phase of the horrid deed, which the lower orders associated with the name of the guilty man, when they called a *fiasco* by its first syllable. It was not, we may observe, the brutality of assassinating a defenceless man in a railway carriage; it was not the bold publicity of the deed; it was not its unprecedented nature, nor its exaggerated wickedness, that impressed itself most deeply upon the minds of our ancestors. It was merely the fact that, after all his attempts to escape the toils of the law which he had broken, the guilty man was tracked by the aid of electricity, then used, not for locomotion, but solely for communication; was caught, and made to suffer the penalty attached by these dark ages to the crime of murder. As a failure, in fact, and not as a hideous enormity, the deed is kept from oblivion, in the vulgar phrase, which said that its author "*made a mull of it.*"

The last extract from this interesting work which we shall present to our readers is part of a chapter called "The Immorality discovered by Logography," and in it is displayed still more fully the peculiar fancy for blending extraneous considerations with their subject, which seems common to all members of the word-craft:

"It may doubtless appear to most of our readers a new and perverted idea to point out any part of the vocabulary of a people as the cause, instead of the result, of the loose morality of their age. Such a course, however, may frequently be adopted with justice and with profit by the philologist. Who, for instance, can fail to perceive the influence upon the morality of marriage, which must have been produced by the word *court* in such an expression as 'paying court to a mistress'? It is difficult to over-estimate the deterioration in our idea of a sacred union which must ensue when a man, in any station of life, is said to be *courting*, when he is seeking, possibly, his humble partner—is said to imitate the cold and hollow formalities of the palace, when he should be fulfilling one of the highest and purest promptings of his nature.

"It must be saddening to the philosopher that so strangely mistaken a conception of life's most important relation could ever have been the popular one: all the more saddening because the proof of its popularity rests with a witness which cannot err. For how many, again, must not the broad path have been made still more easy to tread by such an unfortunate resemblance as that between *beauty* and *booty*, unconnected by actual origin though the two words may possibly be?

"To the superficial observer, perhaps, such considerations may seem far-fetched and unworthy a scientific system; but the moralist will be the

first to allow how slight a cause may be that which finally biases our weak human will for good or for evil. Whether, however, we acknowledge the reflex effect which the names given to actions eventually have upon these actions themselves, or doubt the existence of such a power, we cannot but admit that the words of our daily conversation are no small indicators of the moral tone of our age and country.

"What, for instance, can we predicate of the appreciation for contemporary talent which a people possesses, when it can take in vain the names of its greatest authors and politicians, employing them in senses either degrading or comic? Yet this we find, centuries ago, to have been the persistent habit of our own nation, and we only fail to perceive this early prognostication of our decline and fall because of our ignorance of logography. This science tells us that when in the nineteenth century a man who had ascended too high, either on a mountain or in a career, was said to turn *dizzy*, or when a plausible rogue was said to *palm* off upon any one a sham for a reality, the English people was having its laugh at two of Victoria's most celebrated ministers.

"We discover, too, that one of the true poets of the period was sneered at by the vulgar, who seem to have called after him their copper coinage, implying a jeer at true poetry every time they called a halfpenny a *brown*.

"Not even its greatest novelists could the ungrateful spirit of the age spare ridicule and contemptuous notice. What must we think of the reverent admiration of our ancestors for their intellectual giants, when we find them telling each other to *hook* it, instead of depart, and using 'what the Dickens' as a synonym for 'what the deuce'? Their most distinguished philosopher they treated no better; and, on account, we presume, of his pugnacious attack upon Sir William Hamilton in the arena of metaphysics, John Stuart Mill is allowed to dignify a prize-fight with the undying lustre of his name. No evidence of the deteriorated moral tone of an age could, we think, be stronger than these few facts; even the nations who have allowed their illustrious authors to starve in obscurity have at least avoided heaping contumely upon neglect."

After a skilful recommendation of the science of what he terms logography, based upon these last discoveries, the lecture concludes, and with it our extracts must cease. Much though its conjectures and deductions may have entertained their clairvoyant readers, we may rest assured that they have not been of more amusement to us than our speculations upon their language are to our ancestors, if, by means of a spiritual Mudie, they keep themselves *au courant* with our literature.

THE ABYSSINIAN MISSIONS.

The Egyptians have made frequent attempts to invade Abyssinia, under the pretext that the Christians of that country persecuted the Muhammadans. Sayyid Pasha inaugurated a campaign in the Sūdan, or Soudan, in 1856. But the European powers could not countenance the devastation of a Christian country by a black soldiery, who, in case of success, would have made slaves of the whole population, and they put their veto on the expedition through the consuls-general of Alexandria. Sayyid Pasha, annoyed at this interference with a favourite project, declared that the Sūdan was of no importance to him, except as the key to Abyssinia, and that he should leave it as it was, a mere market for slaves.

After the lapse of some time, when the pasha had recovered his temper, he sent an ambassador to Theodorus, in the person of the spiritual head of the Christians of Egypt, Abūna Daūd—David, patriarch of the Copts—in order to obtain guarantees of peace on the frontiers and security to the Mussulmans of the interior. David arrived at Debra (or Mount) Tabor in December, 1856. The first interview was anything but amicable. The king, with that distrust which is one of the striking features of his character, could not understand that a Christian prelate should be sent to him as an envoy by a Mussulman prince, and fancying that he must be a Mussulman disguised as a patriarch, he asked him if it was devotion of the cause of Christianity, or obedience to Sayyid Pasha, which had prompted him to come to Abyssinia.

The patriarch was, naturally, very indignant at such a reception. The Abyssinian church, founded in the fourth century, had always kept up hierarchical relations with the church of Alexandria. In order to strengthen these bonds, Tekla Haimanot, the patron saint of the Abyssinians, who lived in the twelfth century, when Oriental Christianity was threatened with extirpation by the Mussulmans, obtained a royal decree to the effect that the abūna, or patriarch of Abyssinia, should in future not be a native, but a learned Copt of Egypt, selected and consecrated by the patriarch of Alexandria. Hence it is that in these days of rapid writing some people designate the Abyssinian church as Coptic. The Abyssinian clergy adopted the liturgies and dogmas introduced by Frumentius, but never abided by the doctrines of the Coptic church; and hence the submission of the church to the patriarch continued in its hierarchical form, but without any theological sympathies. The slight bonds which held the two churches together were subjected to further trials by dissents that sprang up with the lapse of time in the country itself, as in the most celebrated of all, the question of the three births of Christ, which nearly involved the country in a civil war; but still more so by the labours of modern missionaries. The Protestants were first in the field, represented by Bishop Gobat, who arrived in 1830, and was followed by Moravian brethren, who made the introduction of the arts of civilisation precede all attempts at religious reformation. Monseigneur de Jacobis, who was designated by his church as Roman Catholic Bishop of Abyssinia, arrived in 1840. The Abyssinian patriarch dying shortly

after his arrival, Bishop Jacobis undertook to go himself to Alexandria to find a successor, and he returned with a young Copt, Salama by name, who had been, strange to say, a pupil in the Protestant school of Mr. Leider, at Cairo, and being thus suspected by the Roman Catholics of a tendency to religious reformation, he is denounced in unmeasured terms by writers in their interest. Monsieur Lejean, for example, not only declares that the Abyssinian patriarch is ignorant, proud, and usurious, but he accuses him with dealing in slaves, and of indulging in the grossest profligacy. But it might be asked why did Monseigneur Jacobis bring such a man, who, it is said, was further recommended by the British consul at Cairo, to place him at the head of the Abyssinian church? The answer is, that the Roman Catholic bishop expected to reign in his stead, and that he hoped that the incompetency of his nominee would secure to him the patriarchate of Abyssinia.

The pupil of Leider has, however, never exhibited a want of proper spirit. Having sided with Ubiyah, King of Tigray, in the war against Theodorus, the latter summoned Bishop Jacobis to his councils, and promised him the patriarchate if he would crown him sovereign of the country. Salama, on his side, excommunicated Theodorus and all who held by him; but as the Roman Catholic bishop replied by excommunicating the Abyssinian, the latter deemed it prudent to enter into negotiations, and to undertake to crown the pretender, provided he dismissed Bishop Jacobis. Theodorus was only too happy to make a concession, by which he ensured to himself the support of his own church, and he was crowned Negus Nagast za' Aithiopiya, "King of the Kings of Ethiopia," by Bishop Salama, whilst the Roman Catholic bishop was sent under an escort to the frontiers.

Bishop Gobat was in the mean time prosecuting his missionary labours, not by political intrigues, but by introducing the more humble arts of civilisation. A number of young Swabians and Swiss, educated for the purpose at the college of Chrischona, at Basle, were brought over to work in the good cause. Mr. Martin Flad, now one of the captives, and attached to this mission, arrived in 1856, and he was followed by others, who took up their abodes at Jenda and Darna, not far from the great lake Tzana, and in the province of Dembea; others established themselves at Gafat, about three miles from Debra Tabor. They were well received by Theodorus, who, however, employed them chiefly in the manufacture of arms, precisely the direction in which their education was most deficient.

Matters were in this condition, the German missionaries toiling as artificers, and the Lazarists expelled the country, when the Coptic patriarch David arrived. Irritated at the reception given to him, he had recourse to the terrible weapon, so much abused by prelates—he fulminated his excommunications against the Negus. But the latter had had some previous experience in these matters, when excommunications were interchanged between Jacobis and Salama, so he appealed to the latter against his episcopal rival. The emperor had assigned to each of the bishops a kind of zeriba, or enclosure of thorny plants, not far from his tent, where they were little better than prisoners, although treated with respect. David, advancing to the threshold of his portal, extended his arms in a threatening attitude towards the emperor's tent, and pronounced the canonical excommunication; whilst Salama, posted in the centre of

his zeriba, replied to it by a not less legal veto. The patriarch thereupon, turning to his suffragan, haughtily informed him that he was his superior, and that none could unbind those whom he had bound.

"You are my superior at Alexandria," replied Salama, who was tainted with Protestant heresies, "but in Abyssinia you are as nobody, and I am the head of the church."

"Rebellious priest!" exclaimed David, "I excommunicate you likewise, and my excommunication is the only one of any power here."

For two days, it is said, the dreaded formulas were exchanged between the two zeribas, to the great scandal of the soldiery, who no longer knew which to believe in of these two formidable opponents. The Negus himself was by no means grieved at the scepticism thus begat among his followers, for he is of the opinion of Louis XIV., that there ought to be no religion in a country but that which is professed by its ruler; he was also more or less afraid of the influence of the Coptic patriarch, whilst, as to his own church, he has, as is well known, done nothing but confiscate its property, persecute its priests, destroy its churches, and raze its *ghedems*, or temples and monasteries, which were the traditional asylums of the country.

The Coptic patriarch, David, is said, on his return to Cairo, to have adopted a peculiarly Oriental system of revenge. The Abyssinians possessed from remote times a convent or monastery at Jerusalem, founded by the ancient kings of Ethiopia for those who went in pilgrimage to the Holy Land. This convent, and the land connected with is, was sold, we are told, to the Russian bishop of Jerusalem for sixty thousand dollars, which went into the patriarch's strong-box.* The resident monks naturally rebelled; but the pasha, won over, it is said, by a bakshish of suitable amount, had them cast into prison, and he consecrated a spoliation which Theodorus has never forgiven to the Copts nor to their Mussulman patrons.

It is difficult to understand how, in the face of this unjust act of spoliation, the Armenian patriarch of Jerusalem can expect either a kindly reception for his envoy, or to influence the conduct of Theodorus in regard to his prisoners so unjustly detained. There is no doubt that Archbishop Isaiah had no hand in the sale or purchase of the Abyssinian monastery at Jerusalem; but writing, as he does, ostentatiously from the Holy Places, his letter is only calculated to awaken the bitterest reminiscences of a sovereign who claims descent from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

The following are copies of the letters transmitted by Bishop Sahak (Isaac) and Father Dimotheos (Timothy) to Theodorus, and which were handsomely illustrated with sacred subjects. The first letter was headed with a picture of our Saviour in chains. The presents consist of articles in olive-wood from the Mount of Olives, and mother-of-pearl from Bethlehem, chaplets, a sceptre made of wood from Abraham's oak, and a valuable gold cross, mounted with diamonds, and containing relics held in high veneration by Orientals. Besides these, the patriarch has thought proper to send with the bishop a complete and splendid suit of vestments, crosier, prayer-book, and communion plate, so as to enable

* Théodore II.: Le Nouvel Empire d'Abyssinie, p. 85. Par Guillaume Lejean.

him to perform high mass before the king in full canonicals, with accessories coming from the Holy City:

"We, Isaiah, Archbishop, and, by the grace of God, patriarch of the Armenians of Jerusalem, occupying the See of the Apostle St. James, present to you our apostolic salutations, and we pray God that he may load you with the blessings and merciful favours of the Holy City of Jerusalem, of Nazareth, of Bethlehem, of Jordan, of the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord Jesus Christ, of Golgotha, of the Mount of Ascension, of the Cenacle of Sion, and of all the holy and glorious places where the mysteries of the Incarnation of the Son of God, and of the Apostolic Church of St. James, brother of our Lord Jesus Christ, have been accomplished. May Heaven grant the prayers which we address to Him for the prosperity of your kingdom; may He largely bestow all celestial good upon the person of your majesty, upon your august family, and upon the whole state ruled over by your powerful sovereignty. So be it!

"Whilst thus offering to you the celestial blessings of these Holy Places, we wish also to inform your very gracious majesty of the desires entertained by our predecessors, of happy memory, to establish intimate relations, based upon a purely Christian charity, between them and your majesty; but the difficulties of intercommunication prevented their carrying these desires into execution. The same desires animated ourselves, since, two years ago, we were raised to the See of the Apostle St. James, to send our nuncio to appear at the foot of your throne, but the difficulties of the road lay in the way. Divine goodness has at length condescended to afford us a favourable opportunity of conveying to the knowledge of your very Christian majesty, by means of the present bull, the truly profound sympathy and the most respectful and sincere regard which we entertain for the person of your majesty. In order to give a still more marked proof of our deep veneration, we have deemed it fitting that it should be presented to your very Christian majesty by my vicar, the very Reverend Archbishop Sahak, and the very Honourable Father Dimotheos, member of the administrative council of the Apostolic See, both beloved and respected by us. They are also bearers for your majesty of a gold cross set with diamonds, which encloses a piece of the true cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, which we beg you to accept with favour, and to wear round your neck as a decoration worthy of a Christian king.

"Sire, our last predecessor, John V., of happy memory, had the extreme pleasure of entertaining his highness the minister of your majesty, who, in the year 1858 of our Saviour, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Places. He could not have failed to have observed the sympathy which we cherish in respect to your majesty, and the charitable attentions which we materially extend to the pious Ethiopians who come to Jerusalem, and who have been from time immemorial under the safeguard of our Apostolic See. We also, on our side, admired the benevolence and the pious sentiments of his highness, which were, most undoubtedly, inspired by your very Christian majesty, the person of your minister being only the worthy representative of the precious qualities of your majesty.

"Condescend, sire, to receive graciously the two humble servants, the very Reverend Archbishop Sahak and the very Honourable Father Dimotheos, and deign to grant them your private audience, and, at the same time, your high protection, until it shall please your majesty to give them leave to return. May the peace and the grace of God always be with you! So be it!

"Given at the Apostolic See of St. James, the 30th of March, in the year 1867 of our Saviour."

This is a letter of introduction for the very reverend and very honourable envoys, and it is not for us to criticise the terms in which Theodorus is spoken of as a "very Christian majesty." A second epistle concerns us more nearly:

"We, Isaiah, servant of Jesus Christ, and, by the grace of God, archbishop and patriarch of the Armenians of Jerusalem, and guardian of the Holy Places, present, with the divine blessings and the graces of the Holy City, our apostolic salutations to your very Christian majesty, sovereign of Ethiopia. May the celestial protection and the watchful eye of Divine Providence be always upon the person of your majesty, upon the royal family, and upon the whole state governed by your powerful sovereignty!

"We know, sire, the lofty prudence and the love of justice which characterise your majesty. We are still more enchanted at observing in your august person the true type of the queen of whom the Holy Scriptures speak in praise, and who entertained so strong a passion for the wisdom of King Solomon. It is, without doubt, the same blood that circulates in the veins of your majesty, the same equity as that of Solomon which inspires you. It is these precious qualities, which add so much lustre to your august person, that have encouraged us to place our humble prayers at the feet of your sublime throne.

"We feel assured that they will be conceded by your merciful majesty for the love of Jesus Christ, who gave us the example of humility and meekness in His person, and who has also enjoined us to visit all those who are oppressed and deprived of their liberty—a thing that is preferable to all worldly goods.

"We are animated by the same evangelical sentiments when we pray your very merciful majesty to set the English consul and his companions at liberty, and to pardon all the faults which they may have committed (or perhaps the passage might be read, to pardon the English consul and his companions, and to excuse them all the faults which they may possibly have committed). If our humble prayers shall be heard by your clemency, as we take pleasure in believing, we shall be infinitely obliged, and everybody will be delighted, as well as ourselves, at the indulgence which you shall have shown to the unfortunates. By such an act of philanthropy your majesty will only increase the number of those who pray for the prosperity of your state, and for the preservation of the precious life of your august person. May the peace and the grace of God be always with you! So be it!

"Given at the Apostolic See of St. James, the 30th of March, in the year 1867 of Our Saviour."

If there were any hopes that such Oriental and fulsome flattery could

find favour with the swarthy tyrant who calls himself "Emperor of Ethiopia," the style might be overlooked in the sympathy felt for our liberated countrymen. But, considering the bitter feelings entertained by his "most merciful majesty" in respect to his ejection from the Holy Places, there are no reasons for believing that Archbishop Isaac and Father Timothy will meet with any other fate than what befel Monseigneur Jacobis and the Coptic patriarch of Alexandria. Under such circumstances, to extol the sense of justice and equity of the sable monarch, to admit that the blood of Solomon flows through his veins, to sue for pardon for faults as yet unknown, and to plead for the envoys of her Britannic Majesty as "unfortunates" kneeling for mercy at the feet of a gracious reprobate, is an alternative so humiliating that the less we have to do with it the better. No high-principled English officer could be induced to accept even of liberty upon such terms.

What said the Emperor Theodorus himself of his reasons for imprisoning Consul Cameron?

"I asked him (Consul Cameron), 'Where is the answer to the friendly letter I entrusted you with? What have you come for?' He said to me, 'I do not know.' So I said to him, 'You are not the servant of my friend the Queen, as you had represented yourself to be,' and, by the power of my Creator, I imprisoned him."

Consul Cameron had no letter. The ever-suspicious monarch also charged the consul with abusing him in the presence of the Egyptians at Kassala. This the consul denies. Theodorus also, according to his own statement, imprisoned Monsieur Bardel because "he ungirt himself and covered his head with the cloth." "The other prisoners," he adds, as an excuse for imprisonment, "have abused me, I am well aware." Are these faults, supposing them to be true, punishable by perpetual detention, and for which the assumed guilty parties must sue for mercy? If there is any one who ought to sue for mercy, it is the tyrant who abuses his power by imprisoning consul, envoy, and missionaries. Theodorus is not a scion of the family of Menilek, which claimed descent from Solomon. The dynasty of Amlak claimed descent from the sole survivor of that family, massacred by a female Israelitish usurper. But that dynasty only reigned in virtue of an arrangement made by the famous Saint Abūna Tekla Haimanot; and the actual ruler of Tigray-Waagshun Gobazye is the true descendant and representative of the self-deposed dynasty, and enjoys, therefore, hereditary claims which Kassa Kuaranya, now Theodorus II., never put forth, except by the maternal side—a side which, according to some, was far from being of an aristocratic character, or in any way worthy of a descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. It may yet be in the power of Waagshun Gobazye to avenge the insult offered to his race in the person of this "very merciful" usurper.

If it is true that the Coptic patriarch sold the Abyssinian convent at Jerusalem to the Russians, or even an Abyssinian share in a Coptic convent, it might have been a question whether the agitation of the legality of such a sale, without regard to the claims of the Abyssinians, could not have been disputed; or whether its repurchase by the British, and restoration to the Abyssinians, who in return would most gladly have

set the captives at liberty, would not have been a cheaper proceeding than an armed interference. But there are those who put a different construction on the matter, and who assert that the present Abyssinian difficulties arose partly, at least, from the fact of British intervention in favour of the Abyssinians' admission to the Holy Sepulchre having been denied them, and from the representations made to King Theodorus in reference to this fact.

Now we all know how the question as to which party had a right to hold the keys of the Holy Sepulchre begat the Crimean war, and that in a centre of such antagonistic elements as Greeks, Russians, Armenians, Jews, and Jesuits, it is impossible to avoid being drawn into the conflicting vortex after the slightest connexion with any party in the Holy City has been once formed. For this reason it is highly desirable, however much the Abyssinian Christians may be oppressed in the Holy Land, and they are represented as among the few needy pilgrims who annually take refuge in the caves and grottoes of the Quarantine Mount, living upon what scanty fare they can procure from Jericho, or upon the fruits and roots of the plains of the Jordan, that all interest the Abyssinians claim in the favoured city be entirely disregarded, and especially in any phase of the question in which the Holy Sepulchre, the very crater of that great religious volcano, be brought to figure. The various sects which lay claim to, and are in possession of, the Holy Sepulchre, are, it is well known, in such a state of constant embroilment, that it is impossible to have anything whatever to do with them without becoming entangled in their quarrels and difficulties. We have already quite enough to do with the Jews enjoying British protection in Jerusalem, without engaging in anything of the kind as regards any of the various Christian sects, whether they be Greek, Armenian, Latin, or Abyssinian. As to the hardship of being excluded from the right of celebrating service in the Sepulchre, no one who has witnessed the confusion, the noise, the clash of brazen cymbals, and the ear-rending cries, or seen the contortions of bodies, and the scuffle and occasional riots, accompanied even by bloodshed, which are attendant upon these august ceremonies, and more particularly upon the disgraceful exhibitions which ensue upon the coming down of the holy fire from heaven, would wish to see these augmented by the admission of the Abyssinians into the sanctum.

More than one attempt—not the least barefaced of which was the transmission of a false telegram—has been made, however, to enlist public favour and attention for Bishop Isaac, whom we have seen above has been sent out with a letter, the fulsome flattery of which was supposed to be so irresistible that the recreant King Theodorus would be melted to tears by it, and liberate the captives in a fit of penitence, or else be induced to do so by the presents forwarded by the Armenian patriarch, consisting chiefly of various relics and souvenirs of Jerusalem, in which the inhabitants drive a roaring trade. Unfortunately, the predilections of the meek King of Abyssinia are all for rifles and great guns, and it is much to be feared that he will not fully appreciate the advantages of wearing a piece of the true cross upon his bronzed chest.

What the motives were which induced the patriarch to risk the life of his beloved Bishop Isaac and Councillor Timothy on so dangerous an

errand, whether they merely sprang from a nice sense of Christian duty and sympathy with the fate of the captives, is a question which, however immaterial it may appear to some, is not without interest from its connexion with this Abyssinian affair. It is well known that for some years the Armenian church have been endeavouring to enter into intercommunion with the Church of England, and by those means, it has been supposed, engage our interest in their affairs, especially in their relations to the Holy Sepulchre, which are entirely unsupported by any government, whilst the Catholics enjoy the countenance of the French, Spanish, and Italian governments, and the Greeks and Syro-Greeks that of the Russians. It will be observed that the Armenian patriarch speaks in one of his missives of the pious Ethiopians having been from time immemorial under the safeguard of the Apostolic See of St. James; but this is in the same general sense that his lordship speaks of himself in his second letter as "guardian of the Holy Places"—a proud title, the assumption of which is enough to bring down fire and flames upon the devoted city. There is, however, more than the mere religious question revealed in this desire to cultivate the friendship of England. The Armenians are, it is true, divided into two sects—the old Armenians and the Roman Catholic Armenians—but they still constitute, next to the Greeks, the most numerous, the most intelligent, the most industrious, and the most wealthy Christian population of the Turkish Empire; and in view of the possible breaking up of Mussulman rule in the East, and the claims of the aboriginal Christians being brought forward, they would like to have the sympathies of England on their side. The feeling is not in any way a frivolous one, or one that ought to be treated as such in the case of certain eventualities.

Be this, however, as it may—whether solely in the interest of the Holy Places, or in the more general interests of the great Armenian population (and the action taken by Archbishop Isaiah was, it is to be remarked, preceded by the interference of Boghos, "chief of the bishops and patriarch of the Armenians" at Constantinople)—there can be little doubt that, by endeavouring to gain our good will, both patriarchs hoped to obtain our special favour, and lay a claim to our gratitude, for it is admitted that the Armenian clergy at Constantinople and at Jerusalem are never tired of saying that nothing lies nearer their hearts than an alliance with their Protestant brethren, and that there is nothing short of heresy they would not comply with to attain so desirable an object. The Armenians of Jerusalem may be open to the sneer that this is done with a view to English support of their claims at the Holy Places, but this would scarcely apply to their brethren of Constantinople, who must have higher and more praiseworthy motives in view.

It has been argued, that if there is any man in Jerusalem who, by his knowledge of the country, his acquaintance with the king, and the success which always attended his endeavours to convert the Abyssinians, could have any influence in obtaining the release of the captives, it is Bishop Gobat. As his lordship says, bearing witness to himself in his own book, he was invariably treated with the greatest esteem and respect during his stay in Abyssinia by the king, by his right-hand counsellor, Bell, who had been previously attached to the Euphrates expedition, and

by the Abyssinian clergy. But the Roman Catholics naturally do not give credence to what is contained in the bishop's own book. "It costs me much," says M. Lejean, "to speak severely of a man whose good intentions and personal morality are above all suspicion, but never did traveller see Abyssinia through a more opaque blindness than Bishop Gobat. He was intelligent and devoted, but vain, credulous, and simple; that is to say, the man the least adapted to have influence upon the minds of the most deceitful and the most 'Byzantine' people that are to be met with in the East. He traversed the country for three years, preaching, discussing with the *debteras* and the Amhara priests, who for a few glasses of *tedj* would make any possible concessions, and who loaded him with hyperbolical praises, which he enregistered in his journal with an incredible amount of naïveté."

Be this as it may, it is certain that the Moravian brethren and missionaries from Chrischona, who followed in Bishop Gobat's footsteps, imperilled the whole mission by proselytising and declaring war against the ignorant traditions of the Abyssinians, and that it was through them that directly, as concerns the captive missionaries, and indirectly, as concerns Consul Cameron and his companions, the present difficulties have arisen. It would certainly not appear, then, that Bishop Gobat, even if supported by the united influence of England and Prussia, is the proper man to send out to Abyssinia. He would, in all probability, only become one more among the sufferers in captivity. As to the Armenian mission, a similar sad fate may await it; but that is not so certain, as it is not clear that Theodorus can trace any connexion between the treatment he and his clergy have received at Jerusalem and the church which professes to have befriended the Abyssinians from time immemorial. Although, then, it is impossible to approve of the fulsome adulatory language and the mean supplicating tone which the Oriental church has thought proper to adopt, still the issue of the mission cannot but be awaited with interest, and if the Armenians should so far entitle themselves to our gratitude, we hope it will not be viewed in that exclusive light which seems to be inseparable from all religious and missionary labours, and by which it is sought to associate the mission with a mere desire to establish supremacy, under the British protection, at the Holy Places.

VOLTAIRE AS A SCHOLAR.

Much has been written in reference to "the man calling himself Voltaire," and we have even at the present moment a biography going through the press by Francis Espinasse, in which the times in which the brilliant Frenchman lived are depicted along with his life; but, strange to say, little has been placed on record concerning his boyhood, a subject which, in relation to a person of such a strangely sceptical turn of mind, has, however, important bearings. It is not even generally known that Voltaire was educated by the Jesuits. The reason why Monsieur Arouet, a magistrate and person of a certain social position in the good city of Paris, placed his younger son at the College of Louis le Grand was because that establishment was in the eighteenth century favoured by the aristocracy. Gresset, the author of "La Chartreuse," took the extravagant license—extravagant for either poetry or Gallicism—of saying that it was there that the youth of the descendants of heroes and of gods was formed. We can only suppose that the poet had in his mental eyes the mythological personages of the Hôtel Rambouillet. The College of Louis le Grand preserved this aristocratic reputation until it was transformed into the head-quarters of the University of Paris. To place a child with the Jesuits was to assure him useful friends for the future—connexions which might some day assist him in the great struggle of life. What a chance for a boy to have played at football or to have run races with a Mare-René d'Argenson, inevitably destined one day to be a minister!

The protection of the R.R.P.P. was not also a thing at that time to be despised. As to the character of the studies, they were precisely the same as at the university, after the same fashion, and carried out with the same success. Each institution boasted of its celebrated men; Tournemine, Le Jay, Porée, and others among the Jesuits rivalled the best reputations in the university—not even omitting Rollin himself. François-Marie Arouet, for that was the name of the boy who was to be Voltaire—the friend of Frederick the Great—was transmitted to the charge of Père le Ricart, rector of the college, at ten years of age, and he was placed under the especial care of Père Thoulier, known in the world of letters as Abbé Olivet. This was in 1704.

There were at that epoch five hundred resident pupils at the College of Louis le Grand, but they were not all upon the same footing. The mass carried out their studies in spacious halls. But arrangements could be made, by certain payments in excess of the 400 francs (little more than 16*l.* a year) contributed by each, by which certain privileges could be obtained, even to the extent of a private room, a private tutor, and a servant for attendance. But as there were not always rooms enough for all the young lords and opulent commoners who sought these advantages, they were generally secured a long time in advance. There were from thirty to forty of these first-class boarders. An equal number of rooms were allotted to small groups, generally of five, who studied together for a less consideration. Each of these groups had what was called its prefect, who was tutor and guardian, and often acted as a kind of parent to his pupils. Young Arouet belonged to the latter class, under Père Thoulier.

On the 2nd of September, 1786, he wrote to D'Alembert: "Is it true that our dean, D'Olivet, has had a stroke of apoplexy? I am anxious on the matter. The Abbé d'Olivet is a good man, and I have always loved him. Besides, he was my prefect in the time when there were Jesuits. Do you know that I have seen Père le Tellier and Père Bourdaloue pass by, I who speak to you?" A letter has also been recently published from Père Thoulier to Voltaire, dated January 3, 1767. The old preceptor was then eighty-five years of age, and his pupil was verging on seventy-three. "Good day and a happy new year to you, illustrious brother! Is it not so that our ancient Gauls wrote to one another on a similar occasion? And why should we change our style? We have a degree of cold here that reminds me of the winter of 1709. It also recals to my mind another reminiscence. It is that we were shivering by the side of a bad fire. You were at that time my disciple, and now I am yours. At that time I loved you, and you did not hate me."

Young Arouet penned verses before he was twelve years of age. A soldier who had been invalided from the Dauphin's regiment wished to recommend himself to the prince on the occasion of the new year. To this effect he applied to one of the regents of the college, who referred him to Arouet, and the latter wrote some verses, which not only procured a few louis for the veteran, but which also attracted notice at Versailles. Monsieur Arouet may not have been altogether pleased with such precocious success, but if so, he did not show it, except by recommending studies of a more sedate character. The Abbé Châteauneuf, the schoolboy's godfather, was, on the other hand, delighted. He not only spoke in praise of him in the presence of his family, but also to Ninon de l'Enclos, who expressed her wish to see so promising a boy. Voltaire has placed his visit to Ninon on record in his "Mélanges Littéraires." "The Abbé Châteauneuf took me to her house in my earliest youth. I was about thirteen years of age. I had written some verses which were worthless, but which appeared to be good for my age." After Ninon had complimented him upon his poetic ability, "She exhorted me," he adds, "to continue to make verses, when she ought rather to have exhorted me not to write any more." Voltaire also depicts Ninon as she appeared to him, a wrinkled mummy, having nothing but a yellow skin on her bones. She was at that time eighty-five years of age. "She was pleased," he further adds, "to notice me in her will, having left me two thousand francs to buy books. Her decease followed shortly upon my visit and the making of her will."

Collegiate academies are said to be an invention of the Jesuits. The "Ratio Studiorum" of Saint Ignatius prescribes their adoption in all the colleges of the society. The College of Louis le Grand had hence its academy, in which pieces in prose or verse were read in French, Latin, or Greek, and then discussed. Young Arouet became one of the most brilliant academicians in his college during the later years of his studies. Led astray, however, according to one of the biographers of his youth—M. Alexis Pierron*—by the Abbé de Châteauneuf, who was, it appears, not only a friend of Ninon de l'Enclos, but also a free thinker, young

* Voltaire et ses Maîtres: episode de l'Histoire des Humanités en France. Par Alexis Pierron.

Arouet appears, on some occasion when Père le Jay, one of the two presidents of rhetoric, presided, to have emitted some ideas or opinions of a most heterodox character. The president is said to have been so shocked, as to have exclaimed, "Unfortunate child! you will be the Coryphæus of Deism!" and seizing him by the collar, to have given him a good shaking. The future Voltaire may thus be said to have manifested the sceptical turn of his mind in his earliest years whilst even under the care of the Jesuits.

The latter part of the scholastic year 1709-1710 was marked by triumphant successes on the part of young Arouet. Rousseau was at that epoch at the apogee of his glory, and was considered to be the first of living poets. He was intimate with the Jesuits, old Père Tarteron especially, and honoured the distribution of prizes with his presence. The name of Arouet having struck him on one of these occasions, he inquired if the youth, who was bending under the weight of prizes and crowns, was not the son of the treasurer of the Chambre des Comptes. Père Tarteron replied in the affirmative, and added that young Arouet had shown a marvellous aptitude for poetry. It is said that Rousseau embraced the youth on both cheeks, congratulating him, and prognosticating to him a brilliant future. According to some the scholar, on being presented to the poet, was so carried away by enthusiasm, as to have spontaneously cast himself round his neck.

Rousseau and Voltaire both, however, give a very different account of their first interview. Rousseau says, that some ladies having conducted him to the College of Louis le Grand, he manifested some curiosity to see the son of Monsieur Arouet, whose precocious talent had been mentioned to him. He adds, however, that the physiognomy of the young man did not please him. Voltaire does not deny that Rousseau came to see him at college, but he complains that he did not say all. He ought to have added, "that he paid me this visit because his father had provided my parent with shoes for twenty years, and because my father obtained a situation for him, which it would have been desirable for him to keep; but he was driven from it for having disavowed his origin. He might also have added that my father, all my relatives, and those whom I studied under, forbade me to see him; for such was his reputation that, when a scholar made an error, it used to be said, 'You will be a real Rousseau.' I do not know why my physiognomy displeased him; it was apparently because I had brown hair and my mouth was not awry." These are the kind of amenities in which Voltaire indulged in a letter written in 1736 to the editors of the "Bibliothèque Française." "Voltaire," M. Pierron says, "was possessed at that time with the deepest hatred of Rousseau. He had just reduced an exiled and unfortunate old man to beggary, by inducing Prince Eugène to withdraw his support, and his pen completed the work by calumny and scandal."

As a result of the prizes won in August, 1710, young Arouet, then sixteen and a half years of age, passed into the class of Père le Jay for Latin, and of Père Porée for French. It is remarkable that Voltaire, who has written over and over again in praise of Père Porée, has never alluded a single time to Père le Jay. It is supposed that he bore him a grudge for the academical scene. Not that he was in open hostility against his teacher; on the contrary, he is said to have done all in his

power to conciliate his kindly feelings. He paraphrased, in French, a Latin ode, which Le Jay had composed in honour of Sainte Geneviève, and it was printed in 1759 as by "François Arouet, étudiant en rhétorique et pensionnaire au Collége de Louis le Grande." Voltaire, however, denied the authorship in after-times. In reference to a change in the opening of "La Pucelle," from "Vous m'ordonnez de célébrer les saints" to "Je ne suis né pour célébrer les saints," Voltaire intimates that this line gives the lie to those editors of his works who have attributed to him an ode to Sainte Geneviève, of which he assuredly was not the author. Voltaire not only disliked being supposed to advocate the cause of saints, but in this instance he had not even got a saint to deal with.

Père le Jay was a conscientious and estimable man, but he is not said to have put himself out of his way to win over his scholars; Père Porée was, on the contrary, a most amiable person. "Nothing will efface from my heart," Voltaire wrote, over thirty years afterwards, "the memory of Père Porée, who is equally dear to all who have studied under him. Never did man render study and virtue more attractive. The hours of his lessons were to us delicious hours; and I should have liked him to have been established in Paris, as at Athens, so that one could have attended such lessons at all ages. I should often have been to hear them." This is in a letter to Père de la Tour, rector of the College of Louis le Grand; and when Voltaire is found praising a dead Jesuit to one living and in power, a reason may be found for it. In this case it was simply that Voltaire wanted a good word from the Jesuits to assure his admission into the Academy.

Few pupils remained in the college after the classes of rhetoric; almost all returned to their families without entering upon a course of philosophy. The latter was looked upon as a preparation for theological studies, and not as an indispensable complement to a general education; that is to say, philosophy as expounded by the Jesuits. Monsieur Arouet, like others, therefore withdrew his son from college after he had passed the classes of Le Jay and Porée. It was his intention to set him to study the law, as he had already done with his elder brother, and that not in its speculative branches only, but in the practical, and to bind him to a solicitor or a notary.

It was one of the customs at the College of Louis le Grand to perform plays, and this pretty frequently, too. There was "La Petite Comédie" and "La Grande Comédie." Little comedy consisted in the enacting of comical pieces; great comedy, in the performance of tragical plays. The comical pieces were brief, and generally in Latin prose, with French verses interpolated. They were chiefly played at the Ludi minores, which preceded the distribution of prizes, whilst the great comedies were reserved for the Ludi solemnes, performed at the time of the distribution of prizes. They were Latin tragedies, almost always in five acts. It is to be supposed that Voltaire, who carried away so many prizes, did not neglect the opportunities of distinction afforded by the college boards no more than in the other literary exercises which accompanied the Ludi solemnes, but he makes no allusion to them in his writings. The Ode to Sainte Geneviève and the Soldier's Petition do not, however, constitute all his youthful productions. An ode, or rather a translation, entitled

"Le Vrai Dieu," is attributed to him, and so disgusted was he with it in after life, that he speaks of it as an ode "which seems to be penned by a coachman of Vertamon turned Capucin," and attributes it to Père Lefèvre, who, in reality, indited the original in Latin.

Voltaire, although M. Pierron denies to him the attribute of ever having been a Greek scholar, further amused himself with putting little Anacreonitic verses and some of the smaller pieces of the anthology into French verse. These were formerly much sought for by collectors, and he himself had recourse to some of them occasionally, as in the verses on Galatea, addressed to Madame de Pompadour:

Si Pygmalion la forma,
Si le ciel anima son être,
L'amour fit plus: il l'enflamma;
Sans lui, que servirait de naître?

As also another quatrain:

Léandre, conduit par l'amour,
En nageant disait aux orages:
'Laissez-moi gagner les rivages;
Ne me noyez qu'à mon retour.'

These were both borrowed from antiquity. But the most startling thing of all that was accomplished by young Arouet when at college was admittedly an impromptu. One day Père Porée said to his scholars, "Speak as Nero might do at the moment that he is about to kill himself." Arouet at once declaimed:

De la mort d'une mère exécrable complice,
Si je meurs de ma main, je l'ai bien mérité;
Et, n'ayant jamais fait qu'actes de cruauté,
J'ai voulu, me tuant, en faire un de justice.

It has been said that Arouet was recorded in the college register as "Puer ingeniosus, sed insignis nebulo." But this is supposed to be the invention of his enemies. At the time it was first put in circulation, the college registries and the Jesuits themselves were no longer in existence. Voltaire was a good pupil at college, a little wild and thoughtless perhaps, but his masters could not help liking him. He certainly was not an angel, no more than La Pucelle was a saint; nor yet was he that demon created by the retrospective hatred of Joseph de Maistre, the probable inventor of the "insignis nebulo," or, at all events, the hander down of a tradition without foundation.

This is about all that is known of the school days of Voltaire; as to how much or how little he was indebted to the Jesuit fathers for his future success and distinction is quite another thing. Some would attribute everything that was good in him to the learned fathers, and everything that was bad to his own unreclaimable evil nature. Others, like M. Pierron, will have it that he never learned anything out of school. In a matter like this it is perhaps as well to have the opinion of Voltaire himself. In a dialogue on education, in the "Dictionnaire Philosophique," the writer places a counsellor and his former Jesuit tutor in presence. The father complains of the treatment which he has received at the hands of parliament, and of his former pupil—he who had never done any but good works. "I taught you once," he says, "to read Despautère and Cicero, the verses of Commirus and of Virgil, the Christian pedagogue

and Seneca, the Psalms of David in scullery Latin, and the odes of Horace to the brown Lalage and the fair Ligurinus, *flavam religanti comam*, binding up his yellow locks. In one word, I did what I could to educate you well, and here is my reward!"

"Truly," replies the counsellor, "you gave me an edifying education! It is true that I took an interest in the fair Ligurinus. But when I came into the world I wanted to speak, and every one laughed at me. It was in vain that I quoted the odes to Ligurinus and the Christian pedagogue: I did not know if Francis I. had been made prisoner at Pavia, nor where Pavia is; the very country in which I was born was unknown to me; I was neither acquainted with the principal laws nor with the interests of my country; not a word of mathematics, not a word of sound philosophy: I knew Latin and 'des sottises.'" At last the counsellor concludes: 'Well, I will give you four hundred francs from my private purse. It is what Jean Despautère did not teach me in his contributions to my education."

It is quite clear from the work of Père Jouvency, "De Ratione Discendi et Docendi," published at the very time when Voltaire was at college, that what the latter denounced was but too true. Jouvency advocates the study of the classics, but does not say one word concerning mathematics, history, geography, or natural history. As to modern languages, no one at that time thought of them. Even Greek was little taught, if at all; and as to French, the boys learnt it as English boys used to learn English at many grammar schools, through the medium of the Latin grammar, or as they best could. Rollin was the first to break through the trammels of these olden prejudices. He not only wrote a "Traité des Etudes," which advocated a more expansive education than the sole study of Latin authors, but he also wrote it in French, which scandalised the professors of the university as much as the Jesuits. The great French writers were, indeed, banished by the latter altogether. Pascal and Port Royal were utterly proscribed. Bossuet was barely tolerated. Boileau and Racine were suspected of heresy, and carefully excluded. Molière had penned "Tartufe:" that was quite enough. Their own writers were, on the other hand, extolled to the skies; and yet the fame of only one—Bourdaloue—has survived. Bouhours was far more celebrated—looked upon at the time as the great man of the Jesuits; his works are now utterly unknown, except in a few obscure schools. Latin was all and everything; it was, in fact, synonymous with "humanity," and the classics were spoken of as the "humanities," and scholars as "humanists"—a practice which still obtains in many places. Was Voltaire a humanist or a mere amateur? and if the latter, what rank did he take? is one of the questions which M. Pierron proposes to himself to decide. Voltaire was most certainly not one of those who laid by his classics when he left college. He read and re-read his Horace, and his Virgil, and his other old school friends, up to an extreme old age. Latin ever divided his time with English, mathematics, physics, poetry, and history. "Madame la Marquise du Châtelet," he wrote to Thiriot, "read at my bedside the 'Tusculani' of Cicero, in the language of that illustrious babbler; and then she read me the fourth epistle of Pope 'On Happiness.'" Horace constituted the favourite subject of conversation between Frederick the Great and Voltaire. The old man of Ferney penned one of his best epistles to Horace at the age of eighty-seven.

M. Pierron declares, however, that Voltaire was no "humanist," and only an amateur of a certain order. A letter written to Père Bouhours, he says, may be in Latin, but it is in detestable Latin. Not a boy in a fifth class but could detect errors in it. What is most difficult he says to understand, is how Voltaire could have written such a letter, and how, after writing it, he had the audacity to send it. No doubt young Arouet could, when at college, pen a page of correct, if not elegant, latinity; but such a talent can only be kept up, like others, by practice, and Voltaire, thirty years afterwards, had utterly lost the power. One or two letters written, however, at a subsequent date to the Abbé d'Olivet exhibit some traces of the olden facility or success; but as they would not bear the critical eye of a Scaliger, so also have they not been allowed to escape the pungent corrections of M. Pierron.

Voltaire's Latin verses are better known than his Latin prose. They are also better; or, to speak in the reticent language of M. Pierron, they are "less bad." One of his first-known essays in this line was a distich over the gateway of the Château de Cirey, in 1736:

> Ingens incepta est, fit parvula casa; sed ævum
> Degitur hic felix, et bene, magna sat est.

It is astonishing how many faults can be found by a jaundiced eye in these two lines. First, they are not original; the idea belongs to Socrates. Next, they are false. Cirey, notwithstanding its fair Emilie, who understood Newton, read Cicero, Tasso, and Pope at the poet's pillow, played piquet and drank champagne, was "a hell," we are told. Last of all, the hexameter is not an hexameter. It is a false quantity. Two lines affixed as a motto to a "Memoir on the Nature of Heat," sent in to the Academy by Voltaire, in 1738,

> Ignis ubique latet, naturam amplectitur omnem,
> Cuncta parit, renovat, dividit, unit, alit,

have been extolled by Condorcet and D'Alembert as models of precision and energy. But, according to M. Pierron, the second line is barbarous. "Unit" is a French, not a Latin word; and the play of words reminds one of

> Pallida luna pluit, rubicunda fiat, alba serenat.

In some verses to Cardinal Quirini, in 1745, Voltaire is also accused of speaking of the exchange made by Sarpedon, instead of by Glaucus, and of Quirini for Quirites.

A more ambitious distich, penned in honour of Pope Benedict XIV., Lambert by name,

> Lambertinus hic est, Romæ decus, et pater orbis,
> Qui terram scriptis docuit, virtutibus ornat,

did not escape criticism even at the time when it was penned. Benedict himself mentioned, in a letter to Voltaire, that some people had found fault with *hic*, which should be always long; but the worthy Pope sided with the poet, and declared that Virgil himself sometimes used it short, as

> Solus hic inflexit sensus, animumque labantem.

Voltaire, in his reply, declared that he was obliged to admit the infalli-

bility of the Pope in literary, as well as in other matters, and he quotes a line in proof:

Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis.

But Pierron declares, that supposing *hic* to be short by nature, it would be long by position before *vir;* and he denounces the distich as sinning not in quantity, but in construction, harmony, and style—in fact, in its Latinity. The second line should have been a pentameter. When the Romans penned inscriptions in verse, they were in elegiac distichs, not in continuous heroic verse. Yet was this Voltaire's chef-d'œuvre in Latin. It helped to open the doors of the Academy to him, and he was inscribed as "Museo" in the archives of Rome. A letter in Latin verse to M. Amman is in the same manner declared to be miserable, and unworthy of any modern Latin poet. An inscription for the School of Surgery, written at the request of the Comte de Rochefort, in 1773,

Arte manus regitur, genius prælucet utrique,

is also declared to err grievously in the word genius, which does not signify "le génie," but the god that presides at the birth of man—"genius natale comes qui temperat astrum." If the criticism is sound, our English word genius is equally in error, unless we suppose, as is advocated for "le génie," it came from ingenium.

Quirinus dissuaded Horace from carrying wood to the forest. Voltaire concluded his article on Commirus with, "In silvam ne ligna feras." Pierron declares that Voltaire himself did not even carry wood, but only briars; that he indited bad Latin verses, and Latin prose that was worthless. To write a page of Latin prose or a piece of Latin verse is to show that one knows some Latin, but not that one knows Latin—that one is truly a humanist. There are many examples among the Jesuits and others of men whose Latin writings are not without merit, and who were yet poor philologists. There are, on the other hand, very learned philologists who penned bad Latin verses, or have written their commentaries in vile Latin verse. It is not that they precisely cultivated, as Voltaire did, barbarisms, solecisms, and false quantities, but their Latin is German, English, anything you like: but it is not Virgil or Cicero; it is not even Silius Italicus or Suetonius.

We have noticed some little anacreontic verses taken from the anthology by Voltaire, but it must not be imagined that he who was not even a good Latinist had any pretensions to Greek scholarship. Pierron is even cruel enough to suggest that, as La Motte rhythmed the prose of Madame Dacier, young Arouet did the same thing; or he may have done more than La Motte could do—he may have taken the Latin translation for his text. But there is no question that Voltaire learned Greek, and under his Jesuit masters he may have got so far as to master a fable of Esop's or an Anacreontic verse, but not to master the anthology, which presents many difficulties. Yet it would have made the old man of Ferney bound up from his chair to have insinuated doubts as to his profound intimacy with the Greek authors. He gives us to understand, in his dedication of Orestes to the Duchess of Maine, that he had made himself intimately acquainted with Euripides and Sophocles. There is no doubt that Voltaire did set to work for a moment at Cirey to study

Greek. He even got a copy of Demosthenes sent to him; but he complained, in a letter to Thiriot (April 3, 1739), that he could not get on with it as well as with his Euclid. The fancy, however, soon passed by; he had to accompany his marchioness into Belgium, where he complains that, when he had to get up the "Utopie de Thomas Morus," the Belgians did not know what "Utopia" meant. Nor had Voltaire himself ever read "Morus," as he calls him. In his "Conseils à un Journaliste," Voltaire also advocates the study of Greek, and writes as if he had collated the translations of the Iliad by La Motte, and of Demosthenes by Tourreil, with the originals. Pierron declares that he was utterly incompetent for such a task, and that all he sought for was to make the world believe that he was deeply versed in Greek literature. It is not probable that Voltaire ever renewed his attempt of 1739; he had had enough of it, and he kept himself aloof from such hard work for the rest of his life. When he wrote his Orestes, the most Grecian of what he calls his Greek pieces, he troubled himself as little with the text of Sophocles as he did for his Œdipus. When Voltaire blames the translator of Pindar—Chabanon—for having noticed Cowper as the prince of English lyric poets, instead of Dryden, and adds that he prefers the latter's "Feast of Alexander" a hundred times better than all Pindar put together, Pierron, and so we fancy would Cookesley, declares that it is simply because he knew English better than Greek. But if Voltaire's sleepless vanity led him at times to attitudinise, rather by implication than by actual presence, as a profound Greek scholar, so, under the influence of more modest impulses, he sometimes repudiated the pleasant illusion. "Take care not to suppose that I am a Grecian," he wrote to Chabanon, who was a Greek scholar, "for I am the man in the world who is the least Greek." And again, in a dedicatory epistle to Richelieu, he wrote: "It is neither to the general nor to the most amiable of Frenchmen that I now address myself; I speak only to my dean. As he knows Greek as well as I do, I will quote Hesiod to him, as saying in his Erga kai imerai, known to all courtiers, in formal terms:

> Kai keramais keramai kotei, kai tektoni tekton,
> Kai ptokos ptoko phdonei kai acidon acido."

The potter is enemy of the potter, the mason of the mason, the beggar envies the beggar, the singer the singer, and so on.

The contemporaries of Voltaire did not know that their hero, although not only an Academician, but dean of the Academy, was not precisely a prodigy of erudition. Does Erga kai imerai indicate that Voltaire was joking? or did he laugh in his sleeve to the end at "le peuple le plus spirituel" on the face of the earth? His successful mysticism was certainly not the least of his talents, and the more amusing, as always subdued, whereas his other gifts could not be held out in a too dazzling or a too glaring light.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

XXVIII.

The merchant ship, which, by one of those singular coincidences that sometimes happen, bore the name of the person for whose sake Guy at the moment wished so much to live, was, as I said before, bound for New York. She was well manned, admirably built, lightly freighted, and a very quick sailer. The morning succeeding the storm rose gloriously fine, a light and favourable breeze filled all the sails of the tidy little craft, and swiftly bore her onwards to her destination. The first-rate man-of-war, commanded by Captain Seymour, required a stronger wind to make equal speed, and, owing to this, the *Terrible* was later in reaching the busy port of the western world. Her noble captain was right glad to be again on shore, and proposed to himself enjoying many a "sprée" in company with his favourite and boon companion, Strickland. His good humour had continued unabated since the evening of Guy's fancied death, and the crew, shrewd as the lower classes generally are in scanning the actions of their superiors, did not fail to connect the remarkable change in some way with the untimely fate of the "fine young fellow, Douglas." The officers thought more deeply, but said nothing even to one another. Some of them happened to be aware not only of the family connexion of the parties—with which, indeed, all the ship's company were acquainted—but likewise of the probability of their captain inheriting his brother-in-law's fortune. Consequently, a dark conviction filled the mind of every man on board that the apparent accident by which Guy had perished had been more than a mere casualty.

Among the circumstances calculated to excite suspicion of foul play were the cut rope, the fall of the captain against his young connexion, which precipitated him overboard, dimly seen by the men aloft, and, above all, the furious manner in which he gave the counter-order to the one issued to succour the drowning youth. It seemed as if an evil spirit had raised the storm and whirled away the handkerchief on purpose to place the plotter in a position of temptation; and, even as things had occurred, it is unlikely that he would have hazarded so bold an attempt, had it not been for his vice of drinking. His previous potations and confidences with Strickland had both tended to heighten at the moment his natural antipathy towards Guy, and had so far bewildered his intellect as to render him uncalculating as to the possibility of the intended victim's being by some chance rescued from a watery grave. His indulgence in the same vice still continued to delude him when the event was past. He conversed every day over the bottle with his first-lieutenant in the gayest manner; generally went on deck in so great a state of exhilaration as to render him unobservant of the dark looks of the men and coolness of the officers, which in similar circumstances—if such had been possible—Guy's

unclouded intellect and penetrating eye would instantly have detected. He was, in short, all security and self-congratulation; and, after writing a touching and eloquent account of his brother-in-law's untimely fate to his family by the first steamer that sailed for England, he plunged into all the amusements the place afforded. The hours flew past in drinking and dissipation, and at last the time came when he must sail again.

The day before his departure, he gave a dinner on board his ship to some of his convivial friends. The entertainment was splendid, the glass circulated freely, toast after toast was given, and pledges were quaffed without number. The captain was singularly mirthful and pleasant, making every one wonder that a man who *could* be so polished and amusing should ever choose to be otherwise. The laughter occasioned by the jests which flew round rendered the gentlemen in the cabin unconscious of a sudden murmur that arose on deck just as the party were about to disperse. A minute after a sailor appeared at the door of the cabin, and told Captain Seymour that some one wanted to speak to him upon business, understanding that he was to sail next morning.

"Show him in!" vociferated the bon-vivant, rather impatiently, being about to accompany his friends to a ball at the English consul's. "But who the devil is it who comes so late in the day, to disturb the hours that should be dedicated to mirth and wine?"

"It is an officer appointed to the *Dauntless*, who is on his way to England to join his ship," answered the messenger, with an odd kind of smile.

"What's his name?" demanded the other, carelessly.

"He did not say, sir," replied the man, smiling more broadly than before.

"Confound the fellow! what do you stand grinning at in that way?" shouted Captain Seymour, relapsing into his usual tyrannical manner, as a singular sensation of dread crept over him. "Show him in, I say. An officer appointed to the *Dauntless!* What the deuce can he want with me? It cannot be any despatches from the Admiralty, as he is going home to join his ship, and I am not acquainted with Stormont, who is to command her."

The honourable captain had just muttered—rather thickly—the last part of his speech, when the tall form of Guy Douglas appeared at the door. In he came, looking, if possible, more imposing than ever. Repose and security had rounded and coloured his cheek; his eye not only sparkled with its native brilliancy, but was more than usually lighted up with the fire of excitement, occasioned by suppressed but burning indignation; while his mouth, generally so expressive of generosity and good temper, was compressed by the effort he made to maintain complete self-command. Seymour pushed back his chair with a look of ghastly horror, as if he saw a spectre, exclaiming, as he did so, "Douglas, by ——!" while Guy coolly seated himself in a chair placed for him by one of the men in attendance, after politely bowing round to the company, while he made an apology for his intrusion; then, turning towards his brother-in-law, he quietly said,

"You perceive, Seymour, that I have escaped my perilous plunge

overboard, though I ran a narrow risk of being drowned. The vessel that picked me up was bound for this port, where I have been ever since, but as I found letters awaiting me which announced my exchange into the *Dauntless*, commanded by my uncle's friend, old Stormont, I kept quite quiet for a little while for reasons of my own. Hearing, however, that you were to sail to-morrow, I have come to take away my things and bid you farewell, wishing you the prosperous voyage you so well deserve; and I sincerely hope," he continued, looking round at one or two of the junior officers present, "that the brave and excellent men under you may be more fortunate in their experience of the *Terrible* than I have been, and that weather and everything else may be propitious *to them*."

Captain Seymour actually gasped for breath while Guy was speaking; his lips had become ashy white, his eyes glaring; not a doubt remained in his mind that the young man perfectly understood the manœuvre by which he had been pitched overboard, and that he now knew him to be a deep-dyed villain—in short, in intention *a murderer*. There was no disguising the truth, though the singular caution and acuteness so remarkable in the young man prevented him from saying more than merely hinting at an accusation that he could not substantiate. A dead pause ensued, every one present feeling that something was wrong; the silence was at last broken by the captain, who, trying to speak calmly, while he shivered all over, hoarsely croaked out,

"So, then, you have forsaken me, Douglas? May I venture to ask the reason, for you must have intended to have taken this step before leaving England, otherwise the thing could not have happened so pat on your reaching New York?"

"Most certainly I did, sir," openly answered Guy. "I had very weighty reasons, indeed, for wishing to be at home when I came of age. I am the possessor of a certain fortune, and, consequently, wish to make a will to ensure its going to the person I desire should succeed me, in case I may make my exit from the world through some odd accident, similar to the one by which I was lately sent overboard from your ship."

His equanimity by this time had quite returned; he sat easily and quietly, in his usual cool and careless manner, one hand stuck in the breast of his coat, scanning with his penetrating glance the agitated countenance of his honourable brother-in-law. Seymour could stand it no longer; he suddenly jumped up.

"Well, then, youngster, be off with you, for I have got an engagement to attend to; and, when you return home, present my best regards to all the family circle, not forgetting your fair, young, and accomplished Italian aunt, when you see her."

He added the last words with a diabolical sneer and a glance of intense hatred.

"Good evening, sir," replied the determined youth—"good evening; and, when next we meet, I hope it may be on *terra firma*, and that my Italian aunt may be one of my family circle, wherever that circle happens to be."

So saying, he bowed to the company, and left the cabin. When he

was gone, Captain Seymour breathed more freely, though his eyes continued fixed on the door for a few seconds after his unwelcome visitant departed, with a glare of mixed terror and malignity.

"Now for the consul's ball," he at length said, endeavouring to speak in his usual manner; but all present plainly perceived that there was much internal agitation, from a certain tremor that pervaded his whole person.

As the party reached the deck, he cast his eyes on the sailors grouped about, and perceived, or thought he did, an expression of pleasure and triumph on all faces.

"They shall smart for this!" he said to himself, as he sent a scowling look among them. "To-morrow I sail from this cursed port, and by —— they shall catch it!"

And, in point of fact, from the moment of Guy's reappearance it seemed as if a demon had taken possession of Captain Seymour. A certain nervous trepidation never left him; he could not sleep except from the effects of intoxication, and the consequent irritability under which he laboured led to all sorts of monstrous barbarities towards his men. The sailors shrank with horror when they saw him appear in one of his "pale rages"—for anger and drinking, which generally flush others, made him white as ashes—but his severities, although great with all the ship's company, were more particularly directed towards one or two individuals, whom he seemingly sought to sacrifice to the indulgence of his cruel propensities; so that at last even Strickland began to look grave and keep aloof.

The surgeon alone—a clever, cautious Scotchman—perceived the real root of the evil—namely, that a hereditary tendency to insanity was declaring itself under the influeuce of bad habits; but as they were all then situated, they had nothing for it but to submit, unless some occasion should present itself in which their evidence might be required.

There was one sailor on whom the captain's hatred particularly rested—the man who had ushered in Guy without naming him, and who was likewise one of those he had been directing to reef the sail on the evening of his fall overboard. This man was a very quiet person, and an excellent seaman, but after the night of the storm he had exhibited signs of gloom in the performance of the hard duty assigned him. Captain Seymour had noted this in consequence of his having been aware that he was one of the men who had been aloft when he pitched Guy into the sea, and he felt convinced that he suspected foul play. Against this man, then, he directed the whole force of his animosity. Nothing he could do gave satisfaction, and flogging succeeded flogging, until the poor fellow sank under the punishment inflicted, in spite of all Mr. Drummond's efforts to save him. The crew murmured among themselves, and when the ship touched at different places many deserted.

As time went on, matters began to wear a still more serious aspect. Seymour's excesses grew deeper and more confirmed than ever, and his malady of mind, aggravated by the warm latitude in which the ship then was—off the coast of South America—became startlingly apparent, although not sufficiently so to warrant any representation

being sent home to the Admiralty. We must now, however, leave him a prey to his vices, troubled conscience, and consequent dread of the future, and follow his intended victim to England, where he arrived in safety, just a few weeks before he was to attain his majority.

Guy was not a man to leave matters in an undecided state. The moment he could do so legally, he made a deed in accordance with the wishes of his great-aunt, securing to Christine the half of the money to which he had succeeded, under certain conditions, approved of by his Uncle Stanley and Mr. Munro, which his singularly sound judgment convinced him were necessary to ensure her peace and respectability in the insecure position in which she was placed with regard to her father. In meeting with his family again he felt much at a loss. He determined to say nothing of his suspicions as to the cause of his peril in the *Terrible;* yet the announcement of his death from his brother-in-law—luckily anticipated by his own letter mentioning his escape—inspired them with a vague dread of something having been wrong, which impression the reserve of his manner on the subject could not fail to aggravate.

Disappointment at this time darkened the horizon of Mrs. Douglas's vain and ambitious hopes; for her son-in-law's brother, the earl, had just declared his marriage, and proclaimed his sons legitimate. All hopes, therefore, of Rachel becoming a countess were at an end, and the deceitfulness of Captain Seymour and his sister was made evident. She had been completely outwitted, and she felt it deeply—much more so than she did the early death of George, who, on reaching India, had fallen a victim to the cholera. There were now, therefore, none of her children remaining, save Guy, from whom could be expected any gratification to her insane vanity, the ruling passion of her life. Between the mother and son, however, there now seemed to exist an insurmountable barrier, and when all her former partiality returned with redoubled force towards the boy, who, having braved her authority, had acted for himself, still on his part, though paying her every respect and attention in the season of adversity, there was the reserve which ever must be found in the warm and generous character towards that which is cold, unprincipled, and artificial. Guy could not sympathise with his family in those trials that touched their ambition; but the death of his young brother weighed upon his spirits, and the conviction of further misfortune awaiting them in the person of Captain Seymour deepened this sombre state of feeling. He tried to become interested in Rachel, but it would not do. She had no thought beyond aggrandizing her own position, and he felt certain that she would have been well pleased at his demise to have been secure of his fortune, and of all the wealth of her family, for the ugly little urchin of which she had become the mother, and which bore by far too strong a resemblance to its villanous father to awaken any feelings of fondness in his heart. Sometimes he started when he recollected that he had another sister, and he was seized with an anxious desire to know what had become of her, though the circumstances in which she had voluntarily placed herself prevented him from expressing this wish to any one. He became preoccupied and

melancholy, and it was only in the recollection of Christine, in the execution of his kind intentions towards her, and in the solace afforded him by the society of his partial old uncle, the admiral, that he felt anything like his former *lightness* of spirits. But all those sobering feelings tended to a great end—namely, to the improvement of his naturally fine but defective character. Had he gone on in life unchecked by the under-current of difficulty and anxiety, he might probably have become overbearing, violent, and dissipated. As it was, his more buoyant propensities had been calmed down by the habit of reflection and the necessity of self-command. He had been forced to weigh all the chances of life, and consequently became impressed with a deep and just respect for religion and principle.

"Uncle Stanley," he said one evening that he had come to bid the old admiral farewell before sailing again, "do you know that I am now convinced, in my own person, at least, of the truth of the saying that 'whatever is, is right;' for I am certain that if I had launched into active life in different circumstances from those in which I have been placed, I should have turned out a confoundedly thoughtless fellow, perhaps even worse. And Tiny," he continued, "my Italian aunty, I sometimes think that if she, with her beauty, genius, and warm feelings, had been brought up in an easy position, she might have become self-sufficient and passionate. Aunt M'Naughton saved us both, I am sure. She drilled Tiny at the same time that she appreciated her, and she reclaimed me from my natural recklessness by trusting to my sense and to my heart. And now, having got everything arranged with your counsel, kindness, and aid in my difficulties, I must 'up and be doing.' It is a subject of great thankfulness to me that the *Dauntless* is under orders for the Mediterranean; for although there is little chance of Seymour ever having the power of tilting me overboard again" (to the admiral alone had he imparted this circumstance), "still some unlucky accident might befal me to render my good intentions of no avail if I should delay putting them in execution, therefore I shall lose no time in rescuing poor Tiny from the clutches of that rascally father of hers, and I feel that my actual presence will be necessary to carry my plan into effect."

"I am always sorry to lose your society, my dear boy," answered the old gentleman, in his usual frank manner, "but at the same time I have so complete a reliance on your penetration and prudence that I never intend to offer you any advice again, until you fall in love and meditate matrimony."

"Depend upon it, uncle," replied Guy, laughingly, "that matrimony is the only subject upon which I shall never ask it. I am certain that when I fall in love, which I suppose I shall, like other men, it will be plump overhead at once, to the obliteration of everybody else from my mind but the fair enslaver. Oh no, uncle! I shall not trouble you for advice on that occasion, until it comes to the question of the education of your namesake, little Algernon, for a confoundedly unmanageable young dog he will be, I have no doubt; reason good—that he will be my son, and have you for his godfather."

"Away, then, you bad boy—you undutiful nephew!" answered the admiral, laughing; "plump overhead and ears in love as fast as you

can, only don't let it be with your Italian aunty, for that would almost be as bad a case as that of a man who wanted to marry his grandmother, which I read about in some foolish book lately."

XXIX.

In the Ursuline convent, meanwhile, Christine was striving to prepare herself for the struggle she was sure awaited her in the restless world in which she was soon to mix. The tranquillity that reigned around, the quiet routine of studies and observances, occupied her time and thoughts, to the exclusion of many a harassing anticipation. She but seldom saw her father, and then only when he came to be present at some musical rehearsal, in order to ascertain the degree of proficiency she was acquiring under the cultivation of the great artiste whose instructions she daily received in presence of some of the sisterhood. Although all those who taught her, and all those who heard her sing, pronounced her unrivalled in power, science, and expression, yet the perfection at which she had arrived failed to elicit from him the same rapturous approbation which she had formerly been accustomed to receive. His very countenance had altered in its expression towards her; his greeting was constrained and cold, and his eyes no longer encountered hers with openness and pleasure. The necessity of dissimulation was at an end; the conviction that his daughter now understood his real character, and was preparing to resist his authority so soon as she should become mistress of her own actions, changed all former feelings of fondness and pride to those of mere calculation, regarding the profits he would be likely to derive from her talents during the time she should continue under his control. So true it is that the indulgence in any vice never fails to deteriorate the mind in every respect, and swallows up all the gentler sympathies of our nature!

The money recovered from Mr. Douglas had enabled San Isidora to follow with more frenzied excess than ever the chances of the gaming-table; and although a great part was dissipated in Paris, still some thousands remained to enable him to pursue his usual course at Naples. He had secured an easy prey in the wealthy Mrs. Trevor, on whose purse he contrived to draw for all the common expenses of living; and he rendered her vain and empty daughters accessories to his views, by introducing to them various titled foreigners. Those intimacies filled up their time, and distracted their attention from the equivocal position which their mother held in the respectable part of the English society, in consequence of her disreputable familiarity with the insidious Italian. He managed to ward off the danger of the young ladies having any offers of marriage, by announcing them as being dependent in fortune upon the pleasure of their father, whom he at the same time represented as opposed to foreign alliances, and pronounced the girls themselves to be silly and expensive creatures, who were good for nothing but for the amusement of the passing hour; an allegation quite borne out by the levity of their general conduct.

Christine's sentiments towards her father had also undergone a complete and painful alteration. So long as there existed a doubt of

his unworthiness she had endeavoured to think as well of him as possible, but as soon as she was convinced of his being an unprincipled, heartless gamester, her feelings became chilled and changed. She wrote home to her friends in Scotland, mentioning that, as she was now placed in a convent to finish her education, she wished Mr. Munro would transmit money straight to the superior for the expenses incurred for board and masters. The hundred and fifty pounds a year that he had agreed to allow her until she came of age, she found was more than sufficient to cover every outlay, and what remained of her quarter's allowance she laid aside for future use. The shrewd Scotch lawyer guessed from her letter the true state of the case, and determined to follow up her instructions in such a manner as to prevent her becoming in any way involved with her father—so long, at least, as she should continue living apart from him. The nuns soon grew much attached to their new inmate, notwithstanding that she was a Protestant. Their pride and pleasure in her musical powers were quite as great as San Isidora's, and their feelings towards her much more disinterested. The only favour they asked of her was to take the solo parts in their church music; and so singularly fine did her rich and varied tones sound in the lofty building, that a report soon went abroad of the marvellous voice to be heard in the chapel of the Ursulines, so that crowds began to resort to it. Concealed behind the screen, Christine at such times poured out the more solemn feelings of her soul with such thrilling power as to make her entranced auditory believe that they heard the melody of inspiration; and such it might well be termed, for, in fact, it was the inspiration arising from the feeling and imagination which constitute genius. Gentle and unsophisticated as she was, yet the young and gifted girl could not avoid experiencing the pleasure natural to every one in being so great an object of attraction; for the immediate dispersion of the crowd when she ceased to sing was proof positive that it was to hear her that the church was thronged.

In this manner everything seemed to conspire to bring her to perfection in the vocal art. Music thus became not only her study and enjoyment, it became likewise her power; she had now no doubt remaining of her immense superiority, and she began to anticipate the moment with pleasure in which she would be emancipated, and appear before the world as the possessor of the voice at once so much admired and wondered at. It was not vanity that inspired this wish; she only longed for the activity so natural to youth; her resolutions of acting in accordance with the wishes of those whom she esteemed and loved, remained as firm and unchangeable as ever. Although the simple dress of a pensionnaire rather enhanced than diminished her personal beauty, yet she scarcely paid any attention to the flattering certainty of her surpassing loveliness; it was music alone that filled her thoughts and feelings; in it the force of circumstances might be said to make her "live, move, and have her being." Her exercise in the open air was confined to the large convent garden, and there she was constantly to be seen at break of day tending the few lingering flowers that yet remained of the autumn store, and while inhaling the fresh morning breeze she listened with attentive ear to the distant murmur, betokening at that early hour the renewed activity of man.

Her convent reading was, of course, all of a grave description, calculated to sober the thoughts and fix them on the evanescent nature of human pursuits; the world before her she anticipated but as a world full of pain and trial; her only pleasure was in music, but, as she was situated, that very music bore her thoughts towards the sphere "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." "There," she often thought, "after a well-spent and self-denying life, I may hope to be reunited to my dear mother, and the other beloved objects of my early affections." And, after such ruminations, she would repair to the chapel, and swell the choir with notes so pure and powerful as almost to electrify those who heard them.

Six months of her probation had nearly expired, when her father called one morning to inform her that he intended taking her to Palermo in the course of a few days, and that Mrs. Trevor and her daughters were to accompany them.

"It is now time, Christine," he continued, "to introduce you to my relatives, and I cannot do so under better auspices than in having you resident with a rich English family of a certain position, at the same time that I must warn you to be as much on your guard as ever with those very silly girls. I have just returned from the Sicilian capital," he went on, "where I have engaged the large palace of my cousin, the Conte San Isidora, for their accommodation; and in order that you may in no way interfere with them, nor they with you, I have had a suite of rooms arranged for you at the other end of the building from that which they are to occupy, and where you will be attended by a female servant hired expressly for your use. You must still continue your musical studies with unabated attention, as I propose to bring you forward next winter. I wish your appearance to be a surprise even to my own family, so in presenting you to those of our relatives resident in Palermo I shall not permit you to exhibit in any way, but reserve the display of your power for an occasion when it will be effective."

Christine, though secretly longing for more freedom, yet felt startled and depressed when the moment came that was to remove her from the kind and gentle nuns and the quiet routine of her convent occupations; but the decree was pronounced, and she was obliged to make herself ready for the change. Her pensionnaire's dress was laid aside, and her former wardrobe resumed, with some trifling and simple additions suited to the fashion of the passing hour, and the morning fixed for her departure found her every way prepared.

After taking a sorrowful farewell of the weeping sisterhood and her fellow-boarders, she followed her gloomy father to the carriage that was in waiting to convey them to the Palermo steam-boat. On going on board she found Mrs. Trevor and her daughters already in presence; a greeting of forced cordiality from the mother, and a hurried and sulky salutation from the eldest daughter, was all her welcome from them; but Sophy hung about her caressingly, whispering how glad she was to see her again, having a great deal to tell her, and that she much wished to consult her upon some important points. Poor Christine felt quite at a loss how to take this excess of friendship, and, in spite of her father's warning and admonitory glances, could not

succeed in shaking off her companion until a young man made his appearance among the passengers. On perceiving him, Sophy pressed Christine's arm significantly, at the same moment uttering a hurried "There!" and, immediately leaving her, hastened to possess herself of a seat right opposite to the one on which the person in question had placed himself, pulling a book from her pocket as she did so, and throwing herself into a graceful attitude of profound attention to its contents. Christine was immediately motioned by her father to a seat beside Mrs. Trevor, which prevented her being subject to any more of Miss Sophy Trevor's confidences; and they had put out to sea for some time before the languid matron's usual wish to recline enabled her to see what the absorbed reader was about. To her extreme surprise, she beheld her leaning over the side of the boat in close conversation with the stranger; the young man's face was turned towards the side on which Christine sat, and she thus saw the expression of his countenance while talking to his companion. The features were soft and regular, and the full well-formed blue eyes lighted up with a kind of lustrous wildness; but there was admiration and tenderness in his gaze when looking at Sophy Trevor—nay, there was something more, Christine almost believed it might be what was termed "love." At any rate, there was great devotion in his manner of addressing her. "Who could he be?" was her next thought; "he was certainly foreign, though decidedly not Italian, and he looked the shabby genteel—very like an artist, in short." She quickly ceased, however, to occupy herself upon the subject, as the lovely sea view soon riveted her attention, and delightful feelings and anticipations again took possession of her mind, similar to those which had filled it at Genoa. Entranced and preoccupied, the hours flew swiftly by, and when at last they reached the beautiful capital of Sicily, she almost regretted that the voyage was at an end. On landing, they found an elegant carriage waiting for Mrs. Trevor's party, into which San Isidora handed them, telling the coachman to take the ladies *a casa*, he having to remain behind to look after the luggage, and have it sent after them. A drive of about ten minutes through the finest parts of the romantic town brought them to a street at some distance from the thoroughfares, and the carriage drew up before a fine old dilapidated-looking palace. On entering the house from a spacious court, they found themselves in a large, and what had originally been a magnificent hall, but at the present time, although presenting rows of statues ranged at certain distances on either side, the effect was sadly diminished by their being damaged and disfigured, most of them wanting a leg, or an arm, and almost all with mutilated noses. In the centre was an escutcheon broken and defaced—an apt emblem of the once powerful but now ruined race whose heraldic blazonry it bore—and on entering the reception-rooms, there were similar indications of the decline of ancient magnificence. Hangings, curtains, lustres, mirrors, couches, and chairs, were all of an originally costly description, though now somewhat injured by time; even yet, however, it required but little outlay and arrangement to render the rooms and furniture as comfortable as they were commodious and elegant. At the end of this suite of splendid apartments was a superb but faded bedroom and boudoir, formerly those of the lady of the house, and

now to be appropriated to the use of Mrs. Trevor; the walls, like those of the saloons preceding it, were covered with satin, having door curtains to correspond. The boudoir opened into a corridor, where there was a marble staircase leading to the suite above, which the Miss Trevors were to occupy, the lower part of the stairs conducting to the servants' apartments. They were engaged in looking over and in admiring their new abode when San Isidora joined them. After making a polite and pretty speech about his cousin, the conté, having commissioned him to say that he would be happy to supply anything more that they might require to make the abode agreeable to them, he told Christine that he wished to show her the chambers destined to her use. She followed him along the reception-rooms, through the hall to the outward stairs, and, after ascending a flight of steps, they reached the entrance-door to the upper story. On ringing the bell, the door was opened by a coarse country-looking woman, whom San Isidora hailed by the name of Nina, and whom he presented to Christine as her future attendant. To the sweet smile of greeting given to her by the young and lovely girl, she only responded by a look of astonishment, as she murmured to herself, "Che bellezza!" and then, retreating to a little distance, continued to gaze at her in a bewildered manner.

The bare and dark ante-chamber which they entered led off quite in another direction from that of the rooms below, which were towards the street; at the end was a small salle-à-manger communicating with a well-sized saloon, hung with pale green, having curtains and furniture to match. There was something at once simple and elegant in this sitting-room, and the freshness of the objects it contained gave evidence of its having been fitted up at a much more recent date than that of the principal part of the palace which they had just quitted. From this tasteful apartment they entered a bedroom with dressing-closet of a plain and comfortable description, and Signor San Isidora having shown this little suite to Christine as those she was to occupy, threw open a door at the end of the corridor which exhibited to view a long, desolate-looking gallery hung with old pictures and filled with lumber, and, pointing to another door at the end, said:

"That leads to my rooms in the turret, Christine, and likewise to the stairs which descend to the garden, which will be your future promenade. These apartments were fitted up by my uncle for his own use when my cousin married, and as he was very religious, and a man of retired habits, he passed his time principally at church and among his flowers. Apropos to churches, Christine, I must not neglect to tell you that it will not do for you to attend the Protestant place of worship here, as it might give umbrage to my relatives, who are all rigid Catholics; so if you feel your feelings of piety very strong you must content yourself by going occasionally to the church of St. Domenico, at the other end of the street. There is a back door in the garden-wall which opens into it, and of which Lo Zio always made use; Nina has a key, and at such times she must accompany you, as no Italian girl ever ventures out alone."

Then, after telling her that her dinner would be supplied by a trattoria, and that he would dine with her when not otherwise engaged, he touched her forehead slightly with his lips and took his leave.

Left to her own reflections, Christine fell into a train of contradictory thoughts and feelings. "This once splendid palace had been the residence of her forefathers! and she, their descendant, entered the walls of their hereditary mansion in preparation for the stage, and under the protection of a stranger!" With much of humiliating, it is true, yet there still came a great deal that was elevating. This branch of her far-descended family was evidently poor, and but too surely in some of its members was deteriorated. Happen what might, however, she was determined that Christine San Isidora would act up to the dignity of her ancient lineage, and prove herself a worthy scion of a noble house. She paced to and fro in those deserted-looking apartments, and felt the best part of the pride of family, that which fortified the determination never to disgrace it. Lonely, desolate, and depressed, still she experienced the proud consciousness of having the blood of the brave and the distinguished in her veins; and however degenerated it might be in the present race, still she trusted to her half northern origin to restore its purity in her own person, and correct what was amiss on the Italian side. "Prende il caffé signorina mia," were words that at last roused her from her musings, and turning, she beheld her rustic-looking attendant, Nina, holding a salver towards her, with the refreshment on it of which she stood so much in need.

THE WEREWOLF.*

By Hans Christian Andersen.

FROM THE DANISH. BY MRS. BUSHBY.

'Twas at the middle hour of night;
And though the moon gave her pale light,
O'er the haunted wood a thick mist hung,
And the wind was howling its leaves among.
In a cart along that way so wild
A peasant was driving his wife and child.

* Among the superstitious traditions from the olden times, the existence of a strange mysterious creature, called waywolf, werewolf, or warwolf, is one of the most striking. The belief was general among the lower and uneducated classes of society in different parts of the world, especially in Germany, Denmark, and other northern countries, and even now it prevails in some places. But werewolves are at present principally heard of in legendary and nursery tales, though they are sometimes introduced into the verses of celebrated poets; witness Sir Walter Scott's lines in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border:"

"Oh was it warwolf in the wood,
Or was it mermaid in the sea,
Or was it man, or vile woman,
My ain true love, that misshaped thee?"

And the above little poem by Hans Christian Andersen.

By some the werewolf is said to be, or to have been, a magician, who has, or had, the power of transforming himself into a wild beast, and resuming his human

"For the fairy folks thou need'st fear not,
They dance 'neath the moon on yon green spot.
Should the screech-owl cry from yonder marsh,
Say a prayer, nor heed its voice so harsh.
Whate'er thou seest, be not afraid,
But clasp the child," the father said.

"Forward, old horse! Behind yon tree
Our church's steeple I can see.
Get on! But hold, a moment stop—
The linch-pin is about to drop;
'Tis cracked—I'll cut a stick, my dear;
Hold fast the child, and have no fear!"

An hour alone she might have sat,
When a noise she heard—"Oh, what is that?"
Lo, a coal-black hound! she sees and knows
The werewolf! while his teeth he shows,
And glares upon her child—she flings
Her apron o'er it as he springs.

His sharp teeth bite it; but she cries
To God for help—away he flies.
Her arms the helpless babe enfold,
She sits like a statue, pale and cold.
But soon her husband's by her side,
And onwards now they safely ride.

Arrived at home, a light is brought;
She starts as with some horrid thought:
"What, husband! husband! can these be
Threads hanging from thy teeth I see?
Thou art thyself a werewolf, then!"
"Thy words," he said, "have set me free again!"

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form at pleasure. Others have described werewolves as the victims of malignant magic art, and compelled to bear the appearance, either permanently or at stated times, of a savage animal, and also to assume its nature until set free by the holy name of God being pronounced in its presence, and His help prayed for.

In the notes to the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," it is suggested that the term warwolf might have been used symbolically in reference to those Scandinavian warriors who were called "*Berserker*." They were a branch of the Vikings, or Sea-kings, and were said to have cultivated paroxysms resembling insanity when going to battle. They excited themselves by means of intoxicating herbs and drinks; they abandoned all rationality, they howled like wild beasts, they threw off their clothes, and rushed to the perpetration of all sorts of horrors. As morals and manners improved, the *Berserker fury* became a reproach, and was finally prohibited by penal laws.

The origin attributed to the name warwolf, as arising from the wild demeanour of the Berserker, is very plausible; but how is it to be reconciled to the fact that the negroes of some of the West India Islands, who, of course, never heard of the Berserker, or of any of the stories promulgated by the Eddas, the Skalds, or the traditions of the North, have a superstition respecting "*Waywolves*"? In one of the West India Islands there is a lovely valley, and at some distance the brow of a hill overlooking a town, pointed out as the nightly haunts of werewolves.

A wild story of a werewolf is told in Torfæus's History of Rolf Kraké. Hringo, king of Upland, had an only son, the handsomest and bravest of the Norwegian youth. At an advanced period of his life, the king, whose first wife was dead, married a witch-lady. She took a fancy to the young prince, and acted the part of Potiphar's wife, as related in the Old Testament. But Prince Biorno received her advances in the same way that Joseph did those of the Egyptian dame. The fury of the weird stepmother was unbounded: "Hence to the woods!" she exclaimed, striking the prince with a glove of wolf's skin. "Live, pursuing and pursued!" And the prince became a werewolf!—TRANS.

THE MANCHESTER BANQUET.

THE speech of the Earl of Derby at a recent dinner in Manchester was remarkable on many accounts. We alluded last month to that natural course of things by which, as far as the earl was concerned in carrying out the present or late Reform Bill, he only returned to those principles which in the prime of life he had supported, and to which in a more advanced age he had returned. We also quoted a passage in Holy Writ, from a royal pen, in illustration of one of the tendencies of the mind in regard to it. Lord Derby saw things clearly, and in a right point of view, when he alluded to the exemplary conduct of the "lower classes" during the cotton famine, near the scene of which his residence was situated. He commented, too, on the political conduct of the workmen generally, and on their exemplary patience under suffering.

By the term "lower classes," so often used in England under a different sense from that intended by his lordship, we should like to know what persons are generally intended. We know that the intelligent part of the working men are a class of themselves, and compose a part of a vast miscellaneous body, and in that sense are not so equal in acquirements and moral character, but that there must be great differences among them in mental advance. This often arises out of the varied character of their employments as connected with mind. Does the term literally belong to any but the ignorant and vicious in the community, to whom alone it should belong? The working men are a numerous body, it is true, but there is a class very far beneath them, the lowest of the lower. Therefore we think that the better order of working men, taken as a class, being in intellectual attainments beyond even the general run of shopkeepers, for example, the "lower" is hardly a fair definition of their state. The poorer would be better, and not dishonourable. The term is commonly used to designate the rank—moral or immoral, intelligent or otherwise. The term of the "higher classes" is applied in like manner to an order of persons with intellects and acquirements, many of them not above fatuity, and often as regardless of moral duties as any other. Neither is a sufficient definition in their respective cases.

The meaning of Lord Derby was, undoubtedly, the diligent working men; and though the term "lower classes" was sweeping, it was not intended to include the *canaille*, as the French denominate the lower order of persons. His lordship spoke the truth regarding the working classes, properly so called. There are grades, too, even among those classes. No one who knows them would compare a collier, who works in a mine, or a brickmaker, with those who are employed in manual labours that test the intellect. A clock and watchmaker with a ploughman, for example.

Lord Derby feelingly and admirably alluded to the conduct of the workmen in the cotton dearth. He defended them from charges of misconduct under great privations. It implied that such men were well deserving of the franchise. He was for bestowing, openly and boldly, and without hesitation, what had been so highly merited. This was well said and well intentioned. He believed he might do it with safety

fearlessly; and he reasoned correctly, we are very certain. Men to whom God has given fair natural gifts of intellect, equal to other ranks in life, if cultivated, may be the "poorer," but are hardly the "lower" class. The mode of exhibiting that bold, compact, unbroken front to a foreign foe, which time and circumstances may some day require to be done again, as it has been before, will now be strengthened. It is a part of the philosophy which looks into reasons to mark even slight things upon which important consequences may hinge.

Nor has the present measure of reform been carried without sacrifices. Of his lordship's adherents, there were some among those ultras in faith and politics who, like the Roman orthodox, affect martyrdom down to the eleventh hour. They forsook his lordship, discontented with that wisdom in his measures, which to them was high treason. Retrogradation is not wisdom in politics and faith, yet some persons, if forced for their lives to descend a staircase, would go down backwards. Like Windham, who, had he lived until the battle of Waterloo, would have declared it was won through our superior skill in the blackguardism of the prize-ring, as he asserted that buying seats in parliament was a convenience perfectly in the spirit of the constitution.

The Earl of Derby will miss little in the desertion of such political antiquaries. If honest men are honestly returned, and his measures are unexceptionable, they will bring their own reward. The advance of mind will not be arrested. The romantic respect nature imparts for perished things, a part of the poetry of life, must yield to reason, although some would rather reason were banished from our minds. Nor let praise be withheld from the noble lord for the sacrifice to which he alluded in relation to his party.

Both ministers and many of the opposition made objections to a minor measure, and they were right. Had that been the course pursued, we should before long have had a fresh extension of the franchise, or a demand for it. It was politic to set the subject at rest as long as possible —boldness, as his lordship said, was security.

Not the least important and truthful part of Lord Derby's address was that in which he bore witness to the rational and peaceful conduct of the suffering population. Its absence from prejudices and heart-soundness, added to an evident loyalty. The whole nation can witness to the truth of his observations; nor was the loyalty of the people over-praised. They are attached to their country. They have been often slandered by those who, if able, through ignorance or wilfulness, and some influence to back them, would, by their arbitrary conduct, have made this glorious island a scene we should be sorry to delineate. Once more, we repeat it, Lord Derby recalled the time when, under another title, he rallied around those who supported popular rights. In advanced life, men of reflection and mental power, as before said, go back to the generous principles with which they set out in life, whether in relation to politics or other questions which were put before them in their passage through the earlier stages of a short and distempered existence.

Lord Derby's caution about the return of representatives for their own benefit by the working classes was hardly necessary. The rate of wages and the regulation of labour by legislation is not practicable. Legislation on such a matter cannot have the main points defined. Men

combine to fix wages, which are their money; masters combine to husband their gold. The great point is how to unite these interests, make both confess the union satisfactory, and be content. Capital and labour must else play at cross purposes. With each other's political tenets master and man have nothing to do; the former will often have more influence than he suspects if he make no display of his desire to force it.

As to the violent and felonious acts recently disclosed in the north, they were attached to the least intellectual grades of workmen, and are spurned by the more worthy unions—this must be taken into account. Nothing can defend such acts of intimidation and crime. Every union to be respected, heard, or assisted, must solemnly disown such unparalleled acts of atrocity, or cease to be regarded above the level of the worst of the felonious. Such doctrines will, we are certain, be put down by that strong sense of propriety which is sure not to appeal in vain against such unjustifiable and indefensible outrages.

It is pleasant to hear that our foreign relations are placable, and that the ambition of Jonas Bismark, who, whale-like, would swallow up Germany, and not like the Mediterranean fish disgorge it again, but rather open his alligator-like jaws for all Denmark into the bargain if he might, we are glad his ambition is not in a position by its acts to justify any interference on the part of England. Thousands of millions have been paid already for our interference in behalf of rotten thrones, to burden our posterity. This was "paying rather dear for our whistle," to borrow Dr. Franklin's apposite simile. The prospect of an arrangement with the United States was pronounced by ministers to be carried on in a friendly spirit.

The Abyssinian expedition, alluded to by Lord Stanley, seemed to be regarded as a necessity, although the noble lord did not himself appear to think so. If we do not, as in almost all our "military" expeditions, make a muddle of blunders in conducting it, the expedition can hardly be wrong, though it seems to us too numerous by a third part. The impress of England's power must be supported in the East. If a savage be permitted to use Englishmen as he pleases, and to laugh at our power, we shall lose our moral influence. We only hope no such blunders will be committed as in the Crimea, at New Orleans, and elsewhere, and that, as at Corunna, a whole army will not be landed without a map or itinerary of the country, for such was the case with Sir John Moore when he landed in Spain—that is, if such a map or itinerary exists. The spirit of the country cannot submit to the insults of the tyrant. Cromwell said he would make the name of an Englishman as much respected as that of a Roman had been. With us, it is to be feared, that our expedition may be too cumbersome from numbers and appliances. As to entering the country, the greatest soldier of the last century, who led soldiers over the Alps, declared that an army could always pass where two men could go abreast. It is to be supposed that our native Indian troops will have little to fear from the climate, which is one great advantage. The expedition will have the support of the country to a man, or the spirit of Englishmen from this day must go for nothing.

Lord Derby, in the course of his speech, stated that the reports of his intended resignation were unfounded. He did not at all shrink from the duties of his position, and he should continue to serve the Conservative party, of which he declared himself the leader. It is here alone

we may be permitted to observe, that if the party be not divided by his lordship's wise support of the measures to which we have alluded above, that portion which has abstained from giving him its aid upon the reform question, must, in returning again to his support, be like a lady of easy virtue, who is not very nice in the selection of her lovers, whom she can discard to-day and return her sunny smiles upon again to-morrow. Lord Derby must discard such half-and-half supporters. Those who refused their support in one important measure will in another. They should be marked with a cipher in the forehead, that they may be known, like a certain wanderer in early times, who colonised the land of Nod.

With the prospect of a reformed parliament, when a new one meets, we trust that the public will see considerable changes effected in removing abuses, and that some efforts will be made to improve the state of the law. The ridiculous forms, the abominable mass of verbiage, and the quibbling it occasions, to the ruin of suitors, should be changed. The complications, anomalies, and absurdities it presents, are serious things to those who, if they seek their rights, seek them at a ruinous penalty. The Houses of Parliament are too much composed of those who deal out law, and profit by its anomalous state. They swarm in the lower house, and, in the upper, peers, without being gentlemen heraldically, or any other merit than reading black-letter documents, ride into the senate astride upon their musty parchments. The absurdities of the law administration thicken with time. We were once on a visit in the house of a country gentleman of an old family. Conversing upon the ridiculous and shameful waste of parchment and language in what we believe are called conveyances, or grants, we do not understand which, the owner of the house, a man of old family-standing, exhibited a grant of Edward II. about the year 1300, which was not larger than half of half a sheet of demy paper cut longitudinally. There was plain language, and no room for quibble. In those primitive times, compared to the present, common sense ruled. Speaking of species, a horse in a coach is understood not to be an animal of draught of that name if of the female sex. A dead duck in law is not to be of the duck species, therefore not a duck. With similar profundities our laws yet abound. Honest lawyers, the species of *rara avis in terris* in our sense of quibble and quirk, confess they cannot comprehend the laws themselves. In the senate, so little is the language of the country comprehended, a language in which thousands of volumes are yearly printed and understood, that in the legislative wisdom of parliament its acts are now rendered like books of words and meanings. For example, in an act, "he," the pronoun, is intended to mean also "she" and "it." Such a word must be understood to mean so and so. In a little time explanations will be required to explain these attached explanations. All this arises from quibbling and unmeaning nicety, we will not say for profits' sake, on the part of the professors of the law. The honest men among them acknowledge that they do not understand the law themselves, so much has it been twisted, turned, reversed, and bemired. Here is work for a reformed parliament to take in hand. Law should be lucid, cheap, and easy for every man, nor does it seem to us so needful that lawyers should accumulate fortunes, as that law and right should be accessible,

comprehensible, and just for every man. Now, here is plenty of work indeed for Lord Derby's reformed parliament when it meets.

The army is another branch of the public service that requires reformation. When education becomes more extended, men will not be found to enter a service where, with the best conduct, there is no hope of advance. There is much to be done here. The disregard to merit, and the sale of rank in the British army, that mercantile venality in a profession to which high honour is supposed to attach, is a blot that can never be removed until the system is altered. Ireland is another important matter for Lord Derby's parliament to take in hand, with the Phenians, or Fenians, as they are fantastically called, from the ridiculous notion that Ireland was peopled from Asia, as a rebellious son of Erin would tell us. That country must be quieted; and here, we fear, Lord Derby's parliament will have work enough upon its hands to succeed. If Bede had not told us that Ireland, in his time, was divided into North and South Scots, thus implying a populating by Port Patrick from the sister island, we must have credited that Ireland was really peopled from Phœnicia, by means of the vast commerce carried on with that country *viâ* the Straits of Hercules; in what, except timber and fruit—*alias* firewood and potatoes—we are not told. But the Romans did not think the "gem of the sea" worth colonising from England with their legions. Strabo tells us the natives were cannibals in the time of the two first Roman emperors. How much of this belief in their superior age and "glorious" language, which one of their writers tells us was that of Paradise, we do not pretend to decide; but we do decide that it is for England's peace and security necessary that things should be settled there as soon as possible. Lord Derby will find, if he can achieve this, that he will confer a wreath of glory upon himself of which other politicians will be jealous. Here, however, comes the difficulty. An old proverb says, "There is no mischief in the world but a priest or a woman is at the bottom of it." In Ireland the mischief is increased, for there is a double priesthood to encounter. Even the holy St. George fought but a solitary dragon; what that distinguished Cappadocian saint would have done had he two dragons to contend with, is another affair. Lord Derby, if he succeeds, will beat St. George hollow. We fear, too, that the noble lord will not have the free use of his weapons in the contest, for some of his armour-bearers—those, for example, who forsook him on the late reform question—may invoke an enchanter against his free action in Ireland. Let us hope the best.

To cast aside simile. Could we but see this great and glorious country united and in peace at home, a regard no more exhibited for continental alliances save those of commerce—and what are the troubles there to us, one state devouring another?—what are they to us, with a navy as powerful as it was in the war with the first Napoleon?—what concern is it of ours if the Prussian shark gorge another choice morsel or two to glut his voracious appetite? Austria at last is come to see the necessity of a constitution, Italy is free, France is a recumbent giant, and the disputes which wrong or ambition made among the beasts, let that lion settle. Our dominion at this moment is sufficiently extensive for all our cares, and with a predominant navy we have nothing to do but to consolidate our empire and reconcile our differences.

Whether Lord Derby will succeed in settling the Irish question is a

main point, shackled as he is by two creeds whose kingdom is declared, as an article of their original faith, not to be of this world, though in reality much more of it than of any other in the planetary system. It is ungracious, it is very painful, to see the bitter spirit of religious differences shackling the welfare of a great nation by its continual interferences. Happy is America, where religion is left to itself, and legislation goes no further than to protect all in its conscientious exercise. We pity Lord Derby here, for he will be more helpless in the matter than his predecessors in office. We confess our despair of his success. Lord Palmerston's was the let alone system—"it will last my time!" Lord Derby will not be permitted to play the same game here, even by his friends. We fear his lordship will find himself in a cleft stick. Ireland must be so placed as to her internal government, her religious differences, and her agrarian arrangements, that she shall have no real ground of complaint. Until that is done, severity will only breed discontent, cause secret conspiracies, and render England insecure. "What is morally wrong cannot be politically just," we think was an observation of Mr. Fox. It was a true observation. As to the Protestant religion in Ireland, it is too much of a name. If it were really a Christian church, and not a political one, it would be patient, humble, and suffering; not proud, idle, and insolent. It would not have churches without hearers, and pulpits filled with fulminators against the religion of the majority of the Irish people. The pulpits would be occupied with men who preached peace with brethren that differed from them, and while they upheld Protestantism, did so in a proper spirit, and not bid their people "keep their powder dry."

Here will be Lord Derby's difficulty. Tory, Whig, Radical, all split upon the same rock. We wish his lordship success, but despair of his efforts, unless, flinging all the predispositions of his old friends, all his own secret tendencies, to the winds, and letting reason and justice be paramount, he set about the task in good earnest, and work out for himself a name that posterity will not suffer to die at an early date. Why should his lordship not pacify Ireland? Why should he suffer any predilections to interfere between himself and a lasting glory? Let him cast aside, as he did under the late Reform Act, those rusty, time-eaten votaries of old things, who would rule by precedent, govern a mighty kingdom of enlarged minds like a college of striplings, assume over it a mental superiority which has no particle of existence in fact, and keep a vast empire unsettled to display the errors of a few narrow and ill-regulated understandings.

But of these matters hereafter, as time develops them. We are gratified by the measure of reform just passed. We prognosticate much good from it. We rejoice not to hear the old cant of a fear for property set going, to deprive freemen of their lawful privileges. Property carries its own rights. A respect for it exists in the very nature of the social state. More than comes naturally is an encroachment upon the rights of freemen. We shall await with impatience the opening of the next session of parliament, not only to see how the tide of politics may turn, but in the hope to find measures carried out by the ministry which will be an accession to the other advantages that the Reform Bill must sooner or later produce. If our hopes are realised, the actors in the good work will meet an adequate reward. We have not room to say more.

CYRUS REDDING.

BILL DAWSON'S EARLY DAYS AT SEA.

By Himself.

BEING THE REAL ADVENTURES OF A MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN.

I.

My father was a marine—a man well known to fame, though not the celebrated Cheeks. He had several small sons and daughters, and when I was about ten years of age he was left an inconsolable widower by the untimely death of our very estimable mother. She was, indeed, an excellent woman, and had brought us up to the best of her abilities in a way to make us good and useful members of society. She was then even a greater loss to us than to our father. For as my brother Simon observed, as he rubbed his eyes, moist with tears, with the back of his hand:

"You see, Bill, father can go and get another wife, as many does, but we can't get another mother like her that is gone, that we can't, nohow."

No more thorough testimony could have been given to the virtues of our mother. She was a superior woman in many respects; she was of a very respectable family, and had a very nice little fortune of her own, but she had the common weakness of her sex, and she fell in love with the handsome face of our honest, worthy father, Ben Dawson, the marine, at that time a private in that noble corps. He could at the period I speak of scarcely read or write, but she set to work to educate him, and so far succeeded that, being a very steady man, he rose in due course to be a sergeant. She had the ambition of hoping to see him obtain a commission, but he used to declare that nothing would make him more unhappy, as he should feel exactly like a duck out of water. He was thus, at the time of which I am speaking, still a sergeant.

Our mother, in consequence of the income she enjoyed, was able to give her children a much better education than we probably should otherwise have obtained. At the time of her death it would have been difficult to find in our rank of life a more happy, a more united, or a better conducted family. Our father, as I have said, was at first inconsolable; but he was of a happy, contented disposition, as it is very necessary that marines as well as other people should be; he took the rough with the smooth in life as a matter of course. A favourite tune he used to hum was, "What's the use of sighing while time is on the wing? Oh, what's the use of crying? then merrily, merrily, sing fal la!" Consequently, as Simon had said he knew he would, he began in a short time to look out for another wife, and, unhappily for us, fixed on a widow with a family. Not that she was otherwise than an amiable woman—in fact, her great fault was that she was too amiable, too soft and yielding; she could not manage to rule her own family, and a most uproarious, mutinous set they were. From the time they came to the house there was no peace or quiet for any one. Our new stepmother was as kind and gentle and considerate to us as a woman could be, but she could in no way manage to control her children, who very soon took to lording it over us with a high hand. Her girls used to come it over our girls, and her boys over our

boys. Brother Simon, who was bigger and stronger than her eldest, used to threaten that he would thrash them all round if they had any more nonsense, and that invariably made our poor stepmother burst into tears, and plead so hard for her rebellious offspring that he, good honest fellow, had not the heart to put his threat into execution. At last some of us could not stand it any longer. As he was just old enough, he went one day, without saying anything to anybody, and enlisted in the Marines; our second brother got our father to apprentice him to a ship carpenter; and I, after a little trouble and coaxing, got him to promise to let me go on board a man-of-war.

"You don't know the sort of life that you'll have to lead aboard ship, Bill," he observed. "Boys afloat are not the happy-go-lucky sort of chaps they seem on shore, let me tell you; but, to be sure, they've got discipline there, which is more than I can say that there is to be found in a certain place that you know of; and so, Bill, you shall have your way, and my blessing go with you, my son."

Thus the matter was settled one evening after tea as I walked up and down with my father in our bit of a garden while he smoked his pipe. He was allowed to live out of barracks.

"I don't know, Bill, but what I shouldn't be sorry if my company was ordered on service afloat," he observed, confidentially, after some minutes' silence. "Your new mother is a good woman—a very good woman. About her I made no mistake, though she isn't equal by a very long chalk to her that is gone; but I didn't take into account those young cubs of hers. They'll not rest till they've driven your sisters out of the house as they've driven you boys, and then—and then—why, I suppose they'll drive me away."

My poor father! I sighed at the thoughts of his domestic happiness being so completely destroyed in consequence of the advice of King Solomon not having been followed, the rod having been spared, and the children spoiled.

I soon forgot my poor father's cares in thinking of my future career. Not a wink did I sleep that night. I did not, however, expect to become a second Nelson or Collingwood; but I was picturing to myself how I should look in my new seaman's jacket and trousers, what the captain would say to me, and what I should have to do. I had, indeed, persuaded myself that a ship's boy was of no small consequence on board.

I made a considerable mistake, to be sure, as I very soon found out; but people often do that when starting in life. Though my father often had to be in barracks, he had a cottage for his family a little way out of Gosport, near Anglesea. Soon after he had given his promise that I should go to sea, I heard him say one day that he had a friend, Sergeant Turbot, appointed to the *Thunderer*, then fitting out alongside the *Topaze* sheer hulk in Portsmouth harbour for the East India station.

"Father, then I'll go with Sergeant Turbot," I exclaimed. "He'll look after me and keep me out of mischief, and stand my friend if I want one. I wouldn't like to lose the opportunity. Oh, do let me go!"

Now I was somewhat of my father's favourite, and it was a very different thing for him to talk of letting me go to sea, and to ship me off altogether. He hummed and hesitated, and said that he thought I had better wait till I was a year older, or till he himself was sent to sea.

"Oh, but that mayn't be for a long time, father, and what should I do with myself till then?" I exclaimed.

"Not quite so sure that it will be a long time, Bill," he answered, with a deep sigh. "Once upon a time my only wish was to remain on shore, but times are changed. I don't want to say a word against my present wife. She is a good woman—an excellent woman—but somehow or other she does not manage to keep the house as quiet as it might be, and those children of hers are terribly unlicked cubs."

I agreed with him there.

"But, father, though I should very much like indeed to go to sea with you, I fancy that one bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; and so I would rather make sure and go on board the *Thunderer* with Sergeant Turbot."

"Well, well, I see how it is; home is too hot for you," sighed my father. "To-morrow morning, please Heaven, I'll take you aboard and see what Turbot has to say to the matter. If he's agreeable, you shall go, my boy."

My father was as good as his word, and after I had taken an affectionate farewell of my brothers and sisters, and a very far from an affectionate one of the children of my poor stepmother, who wept bitterly when I went away, at an early hour the next morning we embarked in a wherry and pulled alongside the *Thunderer*.

When I got on board, and while standing waiting for Turbot, who was on duty, it seemed to me as if every man and boy in the ship had gone stark staring mad. They all seemed to be running and rolling about, tumbling over each other, shouting and bawling at the top of their voices. Presently I heard a ferocious-looking hairy monster of a man growl out at the top of his voice, "Up all steerage hammocks!" the shrill sound of his whistle piercing through my head. I was dreadfully frightened, and should have run away and hid myself had I known where to run to. In reality it was only Ned Rawlins performing an ordinary piece of morning duty—as gentle and tender-hearted a fellow as ever stepped, in spite of his gruff voice and hairy face, and the cat he had sometimes to wield. I have a notion that every time he laid on that cat he felt it as acutely as the culprit on whom it was deservedly inflicted.

I was still like a fish in a tub, dashing here and there to escape from the dangers I supposed surrounded me, when I espied Sergeant Turbot coming along the main-deck. I knew him in a moment, and ran up to him for protection. He laughed heartily, till his fat sides shook again, when he saw my frightened countenance, and heard me inquire the cause of the uproar.

"The men are quiet enough, surely," he answered. "They are pretty much like this at all times, except when they are asleep, or at meals, or at quarters."

It was fortunate for Sergeant Turbot that he was a marine, and still more that he had not to go aloft. On board ship he could do his duty admirably, but on shore his figure was decidedly against him. He was obese. It was fortunate for me that he was so, because I could always find him when I wanted to do so. At first I thought that I could run away from him if desirable; but in that respect I was mistaken, as he could send after me and have me back.

He now took me into his mess, and gave me a basin of hot cocoa and hard tack, as ship-biscuit is called, I found. It tranquillised me a little, but still I could not help feeling some of my original alarm at the strange sounds and scenes which assailed my ears and eyes.

The men began to strip and wash often in the same basin or tub one after the other, crying out, "I say Bill, after you for a wash;" "Tom, just lend us your comb, old chap;" "Dick, send us your tooth-brush here." The borrower and lender were looked on as the cleanest men in the ship.

Things appeared to be getting a little more quiet, when again I heard a sharp whistle and another ferocious growl, which made me jump off the bench. "All hands on deck!" were the words which followed the whistle.

"Who is that growling out so?" I asked of the sergeant.

"That is one of our licensed growlers," was the answer. "It's his business to growl. He's paid for it. Seamen are fond of growling enough generally, but they get nothing when they do, though they growl till they are hoarse."

I crept on deck after the men, but such a scene of confusion I never before beheld, and such piping and swearing, and bawling and shouting; swaying up yards, getting in guns and stores, and pulling and hauling in all directions. There were a good many other boys already on board, who laughed at me and quizzed me very much, and called me "Johnny Green" for knowing nothing and being so frightened; but I thought to myself, "I'll be even with you one of these days, my fine fellows."

Just before twelve the men knocked off work again, and the hubbub and row commenced on the main and lower deck, especially round the galley-fire, where the cooks were busy serving out their dinners to the different mess—very fine smelling stuff it was, too, such as would have made me hungry if I hadn't been so already. Then a marine struck a bell four times double, which made eight bells, and the officer of the watch roared out "Pipe to dinner!" Didn't the whistles of the boatswain and his mates sound shrilly then! All hands fell to with a will, and I among the number eat my first dinner on board ship. In about half an hour there was another pipe, and the word "Grog" was bawled out, and each man went to receive his quantum of rum-and-water. The sergeant said that rum was a bad thing for little boys, and drank mine for me. I now think he was right.

I was, in a few days, made a wardroom boy, and had to attend on the lieutenants and officers of their rank. I had a good many masters, but my chief master was the steward. He was a fearful bully, and the first day I served under him, he pulled my ears for not doing what I did not hear him tell me to do. I vowed that the next time he treated me so I'd try how his shins would bear kicking. I had not long to wait. I was helping him to lay the table, when, because I did not put down the spoons and forks in their right places, he gave me a pull by the ears which almost tore one of them off. I turned round, quick as thought, and gave him a kick which nearly broke my own toes.

Fortunately for me, the first lieutenant, who at that moment had entered, saw his treatment of me. When he took me up to complain, he simply directed that I should be placed under a different master. I was accordingly dismissed from the wardroom, and was taken by the boat-

swain, who wanted a boy. I was now much better off. Mr. Futtock, the boatswain, was a very good-natured man, and even had he not been so, warrant officers make it a point of duty to allow no one to bully their servants except themselves. I knew, therefore, that he would take very good care of me.

I don't know who commissioned the ship, but one morning a new commander, Captain Wabbleby, came on board, and all hands were mustered on deck to hear him read his commission. He made afterwards a somewhat long speech, and wound up by remarking:

"I don't expect my men to have all the cardinal virtues in perfection, but there is one thing I will have, that is smartness; there is another thing I must have, that is obedience; there is a third thing I am resolved to have, that is sobriety; and, till I get those three things, I'll work the skin off your hands and won't spare the lash."

When this address was discussed between decks, I found that the lazy bad men didn't like it; but Sergeant Turbot remarked that all the good men did, as they were sure, if the captain kept to his word, that they should soon have an orderly, smart, and happy ship. Whether they were right was to be seen.

Having hauled over to the Gosport side we bent sails, and in a few days were ordered out to Spithead. I well remember in what a fearful hurry-skurry everybody appeared to be. The captain was on the poop, stepping now to one side, now to the other, shouting out at the top of his voice; the first lieutenant was forward, shouting to the forecastle men and foretop men; and old Futtock, my master, was piping and swearing fearfully, and the boatswain's mates imitating his example, piping and roaring away at the top of their voices. I thought to myself that perhaps, the captain had forgotten to say anything about the swearing when he was making his address, but as he rapped out every now and then some very powerful expressions in that way, I concluded that he considered such a style of speaking necessary for carrying on the duty in his ship. Of course, as the officers swore at the men, the men swore, and pretty roundly, too, at the officers in return, only they took care not to be heard by anybody who would report them. It seemed to me as if everybody had gone mad. I stood staring at one and then at another till I felt myself helped along by the cane of the ship's corporal, who bawled in my ears to go to the "flying-jib-down-haul" ready to shorten sail. "As soon as the jib is down, run on and man the mizen-top-sail-clew-line," he added, but what that signified I had not the slightest notion. However, I saw some of the bigger boys tearing away in one direction and pulling away at a rope, and then in another, and hauling as if their lives depended on it, and so I went and did the same, and as the corporal's cane did not again visit my back, I concluded that I had done what was right. After remaining at Spithead some days and taking in our powder and more stores, and several other officers having joined us, one morning Blue Peter was hoisted at the fore; all shore boats were ordered to leave the ship with everybody who did not belong to her; the captain came off with despatches; the capstan was manned, and, to the cheerful sound of music, the crew went round till the anchor was up, and under all sail we stood through the Needles down Channel bound out to the flowery land of the Celestials.

II.

I REMEMBER meeting a fine line-of-battle ship coming up Channel under all sail as we were standing down. She had been four years out on a foreign station. We might be still longer. It made us wish that we could exchange places. How many of those now on board would ever again see their native land? But it does not do to give way to sentimental reflections; at least on board a man-of-war, so I won't now on paper. We had soon something to shake everything of that sort out of our skins. I felt very well and pretty jolly, and thought that I was going to make a first-rate sailor. We had not got far, however, before the ship began to roll, and went on rolling more and more, and we boys, and many of the men too, began to feel very queer. I had a friend, Dicky Puncheon, a brave little chap. He had never seen a ship till he came aboard the *Thunderer;* but he had read about ships, and battles, and foreign lands, and that made him come to sea, he told me. Now he had heard that there was such a thing as sea-sickness, but he was not going to knock under to it—not he. I met Dicky coming along the lower deck looking very green and yellow—indeed, all sorts of colours. I asked him how he felt—"very jolly, eh?"

"Oh, don't—don't," he answered, with the corners of his mouth curling down. "It's an awful reality—I must confess it."

While we were talking I grew worse and worse. We were soon joined by other boys—a most miserable crew—and we all together went and stowed ourselves away in the fore part of the ship, thinking that no one would be troubled about such wretched creatures as we were. My grand idea was a hope that some one would come and throw me overboard. We lay thus for some time unnoticed, and began to flatter ourselves that we should remain so. Still, I must say, I didn't care what happened to us. I asked Dicky how he felt.

"Oh, Bill—oh, Bill," he groaned out, "do take me by the head and heels and heave me overboard, there's a good fellow."

"What I was going to ask you to do, Dicky," I answered, in the same tone—though I have an idea that if any one had actually taken us at our word, the cold water would very soon have restored us to health, and we should have wished ourselves on board again.

Suddenly we were all aroused by a gruff voice sounding in our ears, and, looking up, who should we see but that hard-hearted individual, Biram Knowles, the ship's corporal, standing over us, cane in hand.

"What are you boys all doing here making such a mess?" he growled out. "Rouse up, every one of you—rouse up, ye young villains, and go to your duty!"

Poor little wretches that we were, as if we could possibly do anything but just crawl from one place to another, and be sick again.

But it was not only the boys who were ill—great hulking fellows—some seamen, but mostly marines—fully a hundred of them lying and rolling about the decks like logs of wood, making messes in all directions. When any officer came by and saw what was done, the jolly (not much of a jolly now, by-the-by) was sure to say that it was

one of the boys was the culprit, and then some poor little chap, who was already more than half dead, would be roused up, and compelled to bring a swab and perform a task which would have been enough to turn his stomach had he been ever so well. My master, old Futtock, was a kind-hearted man, and a friend of Sergeant Turbot, and so he gave me leave to go and lie down in his cabin till I should get better. The very feeling that I had some one to care for me did me good.

In most ships there is a dirty Jem—we had one—a miserable-looking fellow, with a skin which no washing would make appear clean. When any mess was made he was sure to bear the blame of having caused it. One day, as the old ship was rolling her lower deck ports under water, a party of tall marines had stolen down the fore cockpit, and having found their way into the cable tier, were snugly stowed away on some spare sails and hawsers. There they lay groaning and moaning, and making other noises significant of what was going on, when Mr. Maconochie, a big, burly Scotchman, the mate of the orlop-deck, coming forward, heard them, and very soon began to peer about with his huge goggle eyes into the recesses of the tier. I trembled for the consequences, as, slipping out of the cabin where I had been, I looked down to see what he was about.

"What are you sodgers doing down there?" he roared out, in a furious passion, at seeing what they had been about. One of them, with a wicked leer, at once pointed to dirty Jem, who lay fast asleep not far off. Now, whether Mr. Maconochie thought that he could not punish the marines, and was glad to get hold of some other human being on whom to vent his rage, I don't know, but, be that as it may, he roused up the poor boy, and, after boxing his ears, ordered him to take one of the steerage (that is, the midshipmen's) hammocks which had been left by the marine, who ought to have lashed it up, and to carry it up and stow it in the poop nettings. Poor Jem poked his fingers into one of the turns, and began to drag the big hammock along, but so weak was he that he could scarcely move. I don't think that he could ever have got up even to the lower deck. Fortunately for dirty Jem, the first lieutenant, who would never allow any one but himself to bully, and that he never did, happened to come down, and inquiring why he was dragging the hammock, ordered him to put it down, and hauled Mr. Maconochie pretty severely over the coals for his barbarity. The marines had, meantime, sneaked off, and thus escaped the mate's rage. I had got nearly well by this time, and thought that I was going to enjoy myself; but it having been reported to the captain that the second-class boys were all right and fit for duty, he paid us a visit, and after inspecting us, and being satisfied that we had got our sea legs and sea stomachs in order, directed the ship's corporal to turn us out of our hammocks at four o'clock the next morning, and to muster us at the lee-gangway. At the time appointed the boatswain's shrill whistle and gruff voice roused us from our sleep, and five minutes afterwards the same whistle and voice was heard, "Starboard watch and idlers to muster." Whoever was not on deck in time to give his number when the names were called was punished by having to drink watered grog for three days. As soon as the starboard watch was mustered, and the port watch—who had been on deck since midnight—relieved, the boatswain's mate piped, "Watch

and idlers, holystone decks." We also having been mustered, were sent by the ship's corporal to assist the mizentop-men in holystoning decks.

The name of the captain of the mizentop was Newman, though we used to call him Oldman, or very often Long Tom, because he was nearly half as tall as the mizenmast. He was a fine fellow, but somewhat harum-scarum. He met us on the poop as we followed each other up very like a flock of lambs, with a broad grin on his countenance, and soon set us to work with our bare knees on the sanded deck, grinding away with the holystones, while he sprinkled water so as to keep the sand moist. We then had to scrub away with hard brushes while he dashed water in bucketfuls here and there and in every direction. I never saw a fellow like Long Tom for dashing water about. Often he would sing out, "Now, mind your eyebrows!" And before a fellow had time to turn round, bang would go a whole bucketful right into his face.

The poop being finished soon after it had gone three bells, the pipe was heard: "Second class boys, lash up hammocks!" This was no easy task for a novice, especially for a little chap like me; so I hunted about till I found a big maintop-man, who had before stood my friend, Bill Borwick, to lash up mine. I could do it after a fashion, but doubted if it would thus pass muster. I had got it ready to drag up, looking very nice, when the pipe was heard: "Second class boys, muster with hammocks!" Up the whole twenty-five of us went, and had to stand in a row on the quarter-deck with these huge hammocks in our arms. I don't know how I looked, but Dicky Puncheon, who was just my height, four feet four inches, standing next to me, looked very ridiculous, hugging his big hammock, which was fully six feet long, with heavy bedding in it, as if it would run away. I held mine as tight as I could, but as the ship rolled I thought that I should have to let it drop on the wet deck. At last, the ship's corporal reported to the captain that we were all ready for his inspection. The captain soon came to where we stood, and as he passed along the row he found fault with each boy. Either the turns were too far apart, or else they were not far enough, or the lashing was too slack, or something else was wrong. Each boy who was thus found fault with got half a dozen finnams, or cuts of the cane, on his hand. I looked on very composedly at this, making sure that as Bill Borwick had done up my hammock, it was sure to be all right. When the captain came to me he looked at mine, and said:

"Turn your hammock round." This I tried to do, but nearly came down, hammock and all, right against him. At last he got a sight of the other side of the hammock. "It's dirty, sir, it's dirty!" he exclaimed. "Punish him, corporal."

So poor I, after all the trouble I had taken, and my fancied security, got the half dozen finnams I had seen inflicted with so much complacency on others. This duty over, and the starboard-watch having stowed their hammocks on the starboard side, and the port-watch on the port side, we were dismissed to attend on our respective masters. I had to clean old Futtock's shoes, and get his breakfast ready; the others had to attend in the ward or gun-room, or to the lieutenants or doctor. My duty was certainly not a hard one. At seven bells we were again mustered, that the commander might see that we were clean, and he made us tuck up

our sleeves and trousers, and then lift our arms and legs. Dirty Jem had done thus much, and had really got them up to the elbows and knees as clean as he could.

"Turn up your shirt higher, boy, and your trousers too," said the commander. A dark rim of dirt was seen at each place. "Corporal, give this boy twelve finnams," exclaimed the captain.

"Please, sir, I did not know that we were to muster there," blubbered out dirty Jem.

The excuse, however, did not save him. We were next told to go over the masthead, the last in to be punished. Now it happened that neither Puncheon nor I had ever before been aloft, and when I looked up and thought that I should have to go over the truck, I made up my mind that I should come down by the run and be killed. Still there was no use to stand looking at it; up I must go, like it or not. I couldn't step up to the captain, hat in hand, and say, "Please, sir, I'm afraid; I daren't do it;" so as soon as the word was given, "Away aloft," off I scampered with the rest. Poor Puncheon and I were soon distanced. He had taken one side of the rigging, I the other. We went up as fast as we could, but the boys above us kept shaking the rigging so much, that sometimes the utmost I could do was to hold on without the power of moving upwards. Again all was steady, and on I went, putting one leg slowly after the other, and stretching them enormously wide each time. I dared not look up. I dared not look down, only just to see where I placed my hands and feet. I thought the terrible voyage would never be over. Poor Puncheon! I knew that he wasn't a bit better climber than I was, and fully expected to hear him fall plump down on the deck. At last I felt my head knock against something, and, compelled to look up, I found that I was just under the futtock shrouds, which ran from the mast to the outer edge of the huge top. Along this the other boys had gone; so must I—but how to do it. I should have to lie with my back to the deck and my face to the sky, and work my way along, something as a fly walks on a ceiling—only, to be sure, there would be the ratlines and shrouds to catch hold of. On I therefore went. I made two movements, and there I stuck. I could go neither backwards nor forwards. I felt that, if I made the attempt, I should fall. I cried out faintly at first, and then heard the captain shout, "Go through the lubber's hole, boy!" What he meant by that I couldn't tell, so all I did was to hold on and shriek out louder than before. Had the ship been rolling I might have had the chance of falling into the sea; but she was steady as a church-steeple, and if I fell I should come right down on deck and be smashed to atoms. All this I thought of as I hung up there. My strength was failing me. I couldn't hold much longer.

"Now I must go," I thought. "I wonder whether they will hold a blanket to catch me, or, maybe, a top-gallant studden-sail."

I forgot all about Puncheon; indeed, just then I felt as if all the interest of the world was centred on my own small self—a little insignificant ship-boy—hanging up in the futtock shrouds of the old *Thunderer*. When I felt myself at my last gasp, and that I must let go, suddenly I found the powerful arm of Bill Borwick round me, and heard his cheerful voice saying,

"Don't fear, my hearty; you're all right. Do better another time."

He then carried me down some little way, and placed me opposite Puncheon, who had not got up as far as I had done. All the other boys had, in the mean time, gone up over the topmast-head and down again. When we reached the deck we stood trembling, expecting to get the threatened reward. When, however, the captain heard that we had never been aloft before, he did not punish us, but said that we must try to do better the next time.

I had a talk with Puncheon, and he agreed that we would get Borwick to put us up to the best way of going aloft, and keep on practising till we beat the rest. We kept to our purpose, going aloft whenever we could—going up and coming down the stays hand over hand, till in a short time we were among the leading boys in the rigging, and in a few weeks, to the surprise of many who thought of our bad commencement, we beat them all.

III.

We had a fine passage to Madeira, a beautiful island belonging to the Portuguese. If the English had it, they would, I fancy, make it into a perfect Paradise, as far as any place on this earth of ours can become one. I have visited, in my time, a number of places, but I never yet have found one that was not spoilt some way or other by man. On the coasts of America, in the Pacific, in the Indian Seas, in many parts of the Mediterranean, man has marred what God made lovely. I leave to those who love light and truth to explain what I mean. It's only my business to state facts. We got plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit from the boats with dark-skinned jabbering natives who came alongside.

The island is a very beautiful one, with fine hills rising up close above the town, and gardens full of orange-trees, and vineyards, and flowers, and fruits of all sorts. We only stayed long enough to allow the officers to get their clothes washed, and then once more, under all sail, stood away to the southward.

I heard one day that we were nearing the line, and Dicky Puncheon and several other boys were very anxious to know what that could mean. I promised to ask Sergeant Turbot. I did so. He tried to look very wise, and replied:

"Why, you understand, Bill, that the line is what you don't see; but it's there, and runs right round the world from east to west, or west to east, it's all the same; and then it's very hot there, because the sun is right over it, and for the same cause it's always summer, and the days are neither very long nor very short, and there are mostly calms. For these reasons, and because he couldn't pick out a more comfortable part of the whole watery world, the King of the Ocean, once on a time, used to live there. He doesn't now, that I know of, because I've heard say that all the heathen gods and goddesses have given up living at all on the earth—though, to be sure, I don't say but what he and they may visit it now and then. Now, Bill, you understand all about the matter—at least, as much as I, a sergeant of the Royal Marines, do, and that surely must be quite enough for a small ship-boy."

Full of the lucid information I had received, I returned to my messmates, who told me that, in spite of what the sergeant had said, they

heard positively that Neptune and all his court were coming on board either the next day or the following. Some of the top-men, and boatswain's mates, and captains of guns, and other leading men in the ship, had been busily employed for some days about some secret business. One afternoon they were seen hoisting up all the buckets they could lay hands on full of water. When the sun went down, it was a dead calm; the courses were brailed up, and the ship lay motionless on the smooth ocean. Suddenly, ahead of her, a bright light burst forth, and continued to burn brilliantly. Directly after this a gruff voice was heard, hailing,

"What ship is that, ahoy?"

"Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Thunderer*," answered our skipper.

"Who commands her?" asked the voice.

"Captain Wabbleby," was the answer.

"Very well. Captain Wabbleby, I rather guess that you've got some of my children on board, and I intend, with your good leave, to pay you a visit on board to-morrow morning to inspect them. In the mean time, I'll send my secretary to take down their names, and make other arrangements, so you'll please to communicate anything you have to say to him. And now, as my wife and babies are looking out for me to mix the pap, I'll wish you good night, sir—good night."

"Good night," said the captain. "And I shall be happy to see your secretary."

On this, a venerable personage appeared coming over the bows, dressed in an old-fashioned suit, with a long white beard, a huge quill behind his ear, and a big book under his arm. He advanced aft along the deck, bowing gracefully, till he stood face to face with the captain. Then he began talking away quite easily and playfully. He complimented the captain on the good order the ship was in, and said he was very glad to find the crew so contented and happy. At this the skipper was as pleased as Punch. I rather think that there was a little soft sawdering in it. All the crew had pressed aft to hear what the captain and Neptune's secretary were saying to each other, when down came a tremendous shower of water right upon our heads, nearly upsetting the skipper, flooring the secretary, and making others fly right and left. Now it happened that, a few weeks before, I had been reading an account of a waterspout which broke over a ship and sent her to the bottom, and I came to the conclusion that one had burst over our ship, and that we should in a few instants go down. For want of knowing what else to do, I ran forward as fast as my legs would carry me, but not fast enough to escape the deluge of water which came raining down out of the mizen and maintops. Puncheon, who was with me, and I did not stop till we reached the lower deck, and turned into our hammocks.

In the mean time, a number of unusual preparations had been made. A lower studden sail had been fastened up in the form of a long bag in the main deck on the starboard side, and filled with water. The skid gratings had also been taken off, so that, looking down from the starboard gangway, nothing but water was to be seen. We boys knew that a number of preparations had been made, but what they were all for we couldn't clearly understand. The next morning I saw a number of the bigger boys at their bags, putting on all sorts of old clothes. I asked them what it was for, and they said that they might be prepared for any

of the tricks old Neptune might be inclined to play them. They advised us to do the same, so, taking off our flannel waistcoats, we put on old tarry trousers and old shirts, with a piece of ropeyarn round our waists. It was a regular holiday for all hands—that is to say, no more duty was done than was absolutely necessary. Puncheon and I got on deck in time to see Daddy Neptune and his wife and children, followed by his courtiers and twenty-four bears and as many constables, come in a long procession over the bows, and march aft in great ceremony. Neptune and his wife sat in their chariot, which looked like a gun-carriage, with their two infants, who put me wonderfully in mind of two small boys in our mess a few months younger only than Puncheon and me. His wife had very much the features of Ned Rawlins; and then there was his coachman and his barber, whose countenances I thought I knew, as I did that of his secretary. The secretary had a huge book, which he opened when the whole party had taken up their places near the afterpart of the sail. The barber held three razors made out of iron hoops; they were numbered. No. 1 was a piece of a rusty and jagged iron hoop; No. 2 was rather rusty, and only a little jagged; and No. 3 was a piece of smooth hoop, while at his feet were three buckets with brushes in them, filled with a mixture of tar and grease, which the barber called his soap and lather. The bears took their places up to their armpits in the sail, and the constables stationed themselves at all the hatchways, to catch any men who might be wanted. From the afterpart of the pinnace a slip plank was placed. On this each person who was brought up before Neptune and his counsellors had to take his stand. Meantime, Puncheon and I, thinking ourselves very clever, had got under the keel of the pinnace, so that we could look down into the tank and see all the fun going forward. Neptune's secretary first read out the names of those of his beloved children who had never before crossed the line. As soon as a name was called, if the infant did not at once answer, off set the constables in search of him, and those who gave most trouble were sure to be the most roughly handled. Before long the ward-room steward was brought up. He evidently had not a good conscience.

"Who pulls the boy's ears?" squeaked out Dicky and I.

"What, playful Peter, is that the way you behave?" growled out Neptune. "My children must learn to treat each other kindly. Give him number one."

The moment he opened his mouth to excuse himself the tar-brush was thrust into it in a way which made him glad enough to shut it again. His chin being covered with the lather, the barber began scraping away with his jagged razor till the poor fellow cried out for mercy, when the plank was tilted up, and into the tank he went headforemost, amid the shouts of the spectators. Here he was tossed and bandied about by the bears, every now and then getting ducked head under, till, thinking that he should be drowned, he shrieked out for mercy. Several others were treated in the same way. Some were dismissed with a few scrapes of the chin, and an admonition to be brave sons of Neptune, to be true to each other, and never to drink watered grog if they could get it pure. Before long, dirty Jem was brought. Poor fellow! he looked dreadfully frightened. His beardless chin got a pretty considerable lathering and shaving, and in a few seconds he was floundering with the rest in the

tank. Puncheon and I, from our place of fancied concealment, were laughing heartily at him, when our heels were lifted up, and over we went headforemost into the tank. Now we were bandied about from one big top-man to the other, first to one end, then back again, each one crying out, "He's none of my child." In vain we struggled—in vain we kicked—in vain we cried out; we were soon more than half drowned, and, I think, should soon have been entirely so, when a good-natured top-man who had often done me a kind turn got hold of me, and gave me a shove up out of the sail on to the deck. I helped out Puncheon, and aft we scrambled till we thought ourselves out of harm's way. As to getting out without help, that we could never have done, as the sides of the tank were smooth and steep as an earthern pan, and we were very much like rats caught in it. Besides dirty Jem the smaller, we had a big, hulking fellow, called Michael Muck. He was a dirty, lazy, lubberly fellow, disliked and despised by all the ship's company. He had from the first, I doubt not, a pretty good notion that he would receive no very tender treatment from Neptune's ministers, so he went and hid himself away, thinking that he might, perhaps, escape notice. He had been marked, however, from the first. "Michael Muck—Michael Muck!" was soon called out by the secretary, and "Michael Muck—Michael Muck!" resounded along the decks. The constables searched for him everywhere—along each deck, behind every chest in every store-room, and in each corner into which he could possibly have crept. At last it was believed that he must have gone overboard; still, as he had been seen by more than one of the boys scudding along the deck faster than he had ever been known to move before, the fact that he had gone overboard was doubted by a great many. At length the constables instituted another search through the orlop-deck and in the cable tier. A shout proclaimed that Muck was found. He was stowed away within the coil of a cable, and a piece of canvas drawn neatly over him. He was dragged up, and placed on the plank before Neptune.

"You're a big, lazy, dirty, idle, mischievous, do-nothing rascal," began his majesty. "You deserve no good from any one, and you'll get it, too, my hearty. Give him number one and plenty of lather. Lay it on thick."

Neptune's ministers of justice did not require a second bidding. The moment the unhappy Muck opened his mouth to plead his cause, the tar-brush was run almost down his throat. His face was then covered with it, and next scraped with the jagged razor, till the blood ran out in all directions. In that state he was tossed into the tank, and bandied about among the bears, every one of whom owed him a grudge, till some one cried out that he was done for. He had fainted, or pretended to faint, and indeed looked as if he was dead. The captain, seeing what had happened, was very angry, and ordered him to be taken to the doctor, and forbade the sports to be continued. Neptune and his secretary begged pardon as well as they could for what had happened, and he and his followers waddled forward and disappeared over the bows.

We heard that evening that Michael Muck was very ill, and there was a general fear that he would die. What the doctor thought about the matter I do not know. Muck hated work, but he disliked nasty physic

still more. This the doctor knew, and by giving him all the most nauseous draughts he could think of, he soon got him out of the sick list. Muck, though out of the sick list, was very soon in the black list, and being shortly afterwards detected in helping himself to the contents of another man's bag, he was adjudged by the captain to be placed in irons, to be kept in solitary confinement, and to be otherwise punished. He was still a prisoner when we entered the magnificent harbour of Rio de Janeiro. I never was in a finer place. Half of each watch at a time got leave to go on shore. Sergeant Turbot took Puncheon and me with him to keep us out of mischief, though we would rather have gone alone to try and get into it. I was astonished at the quantity of black slaves grunting and groaning away under heavy loads. Still they were ever ready for a joke at any time, and those we met with loads off their backs were merry, laughing fellows, and went along singing and joking as if no such thing as slavery existed. We were passing along one of the principal streets, when a whole host of people came trooping out of a big church. Some in scarlet or purple robes, with bare heads, walked under canopies of silk; others, who were, as were the first priests, in gay dresses, followed, chanting at the top of their voices. Then there were silken banners and a number of boys or girls—it was difficult to make out which. Some of them winked and made faces at Puncheon and me, rigged out with satin wings, and gold and silver, and white and pink, and blue dresses, to look like angels or cherubs, though I didn't know that angels dressed in that way; but Sergeant Turbot said they did. A still more curious thing was a number of big figures—bigger a great deal than living people—made to look like a number of the people one reads of in the New Testament. There was, among others, the Virgin Mary, dressed like a queen, with a child in her arms. When the people saw it, they all fell down and worshipped it. When the fat old priest in the scarlet robes passed, holding a silver tray or box in his hand, they did the same, and I was told that was the host. I knew that I had read in the Bible, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them." Now here I saw a number of images, just the very things we are told not to make, made either by the priests or by their order, and thousands of people bowing down and worshipping them. Sergeant Turbot said that they were only pretending to worship them; that they couldn't be such fools really to do so; but I must say that I never saw anything more like reality. My opinion was that they were no better than regular idolators.

That night, when we got on board again, the sergeant and my master the boatswain were walking the forecastle, and Puncheon and I were standing not far off, when a splash was heard, and the cry was raised of "A man overboard!" The sentry at that moment fired, but he did not hit the man, whose head I could see as I looked through one of the ports, while he struck out boldly for the land. There were plenty of sharks about, so there was not much chance of his reaching it, even if he was allowed to go. The sentry's shot was, however, followed by the officer of the watch calling away the second cutter. She was lowered and manned pretty quickly, and I watched her eagerly as she made chase

after the fugitive. He was soon brought back, and proved to be no other than Michael Muck, who, taking advantage of the short interval when a prisoner's manacles are taken off, had contrived to slip overboard. No one had supposed that he was a good swimmer, yet to reach the shore he must have been a first-rate one. Perhaps some friend had told him that an American merchantman lay inside of us, and he hoped to reach her, when he could have been sure to be taken on board and concealed. He would have been a somewhat dear bargain if they had got him.

We were soon again at sea, and the next morning the hands were turned up, and I saw two gratings, one placed fore and aft, and the other resting on it upright, the guard of the marines drawn up next with fixed bayonets, and the captain and officers assembled in full uniform. The captain had a paper in his hand, from which he read part of the articles of war, especially that part relating to desertion. He then said, in a stern voice, "Michael Muck, strip!" With many a wry face the culprit did as he was ordered. He was then seized up to the grating. "Do your duty," said the captain. The boatswain, drawing the cat through his hands, began, his mates following one after the other, till the wretched Muck had had his four dozen. The surgeon had to stand by to see that the man could bear the infliction. He now and then cried out, but he evidently did not feel as much as many men, and was said to have borne it very well. "Cast him off," said the captain. "Pipe down."

The business, as far as the rest of the ship's company were concerned, was over. The surgeon took the poor wretch in charge to doctor his back, and it was some days before he was fit for duty. Now I do not wish to say much for or against flogging. It is thought not to be necessary, and would not, if all men were well educated, sober, and well conducted; but as long as there are fellows of the stamp of Michael Muck on board a ship, some pretty sharp punishment is necessary. They don't mind imprisonment, they are at the bottom of the tree, so they cannot be disrated; they don't care for loss of pay, and a pension is too remote a prospect for those whose thoughts do not go beyond the present; but they do mind a flogging; it hurts them terribly; and if they get one they are nearly certain to get others. I shall be very glad of the time when it can be done away with.

The hospital on board ship is called the sick bay, and is generally kept as airy and well ventilated as possible. I should have thought that one of the last men in the ship to enter it would have been Ned Rawlins, the boatswain's mate, yet the day after the event I have described he was taken ill. The boatswain, who had a great regard for him, used frequently to visit him, and used to send me to sit by him and read to him, which I could do—thanks to the schooling my mother got for me—better than most of the boys in the ship. Poor Ned, however, got worse and worse. He whispered to me one evening that he knew that he was dying, and that from what the chaplain had said to him he thought so likewise. "It's an awful thing, Bill," he said; "though I've run risks enough over and over again of losing my life, I never thought of it as I now do." I could say nothing, but could only cry, for I was very sorry to hear what Ned said; still I thought he was right. "Don't take on

so, Bill," he said, calmly. "What I want you to promise me is, when you get home again—as I hope you will—to go to Brading, in the Isle of Wight, and look out for my old mother and sister Mary, and tell them that I thought of them to the last, and prayed for them, that God will look after them. Mary is a young, sweet pretty girl as ever you saw. I'd ask Mr. Futtock to go; but you see he's an oldish man, and the climate the ship is going to is none of the best, and a steady boy like you may live through it when others may be carried off." I promised Ned to do all he wished; and I kept my promise too. The next day Ned's spirit went aloft. The weather had been threatening for some hours, and towards evening, when the burial was to have taken place, the hands were turned up to reef topsails. Three reefs were at once taken in the topsails, and not a moment too soon. Down came the gale upon us; the big ship heeled over till the lower deck ports were under water; the rolling seas tossed wildly round her, and roared as if eager to swallow her up; the wind whistled, the thunder growled, every now and then breaking overhead with tremendous rattles, and a pitchy darkness came down over the ocean, the occasional flashes of lightning only rendering the darkness still more dark.

Such was the state of things when the bell began to toll to summon the crew together to take a last farewell of honest Ned Rawlins. Funerals generally take place on the lee gangway, but as it was raining and blowing too hard to allow people to collect on the upper deck, we assembled on the port side of the main deck. A gun had been run out of the way to allow one of the ports to remain free. Here the ship's company assembled, passing round to look at poor Dick's face, which was then covered over and secured within his hammock. The chaplain next came up with his book in his hand, ready to read the funeral service. All hands pressed as close to him as they could, the captain and officers standing abaft. The boatswain now reported the decks clear; the bell, which had continued solemnly tolling, was stopped, and the chaplain began reading. We were on the starboard tack, and the ship rolled over to port so much that it was with difficulty any one could stand upright; and every now and then a large white-topped surge would come rolling up, dashing through the port and nearly washing away the corpse.

When the minister began, "Man that is born of a woman," &c., not a human voice except his was heard of all the many hundred men assembled on the deck. He went on, "I am the resurrection and the life," &c. &c. It seemed to me at that instant as if some spirit from another world was addressing us. As I was behind the men, I could not see the chaplain, his deep, solemn voice alone reaching my ears. Then came those deeply solemn words, "we therefore commit his body to the deep." As they were spoken, Ned's messmates gave the grating a cant, and a shot having been placed at the feet, it went overboard with a heavy splash, and sank in an instant for ever from our sight till that awful time when the last trump shall sound, and the deep shall give up its dead. As I looked round on the rough hairy-faced men who passed me when the boatswain piped the hands down, I saw the eyes of many glistening with tears. Many might possibly have asked themselves the question, "Shall I be the next?" Yet in a few hours, I might say minutes, afterwards,

there was as much noise and talking, ay, and joking too, as ever, and probably before the next morning any impression which might have been made had passed away from the hearts of the greater number—I might say of all, with a very, very small exception.

Whatever is to be done with sailors must be done at once. Take them at the moment; press home any truths which have to be inculcated. Don't trust to mere good impressions. As well expect to find your way over the trackless ocean by looking for the wake of some ship ahead as thus to guide seamen aright.

IV.

I AM afraid of tiring my readers with these recollections of my early days at sea. All I profess to do is to dot down from memory some of the occurrences which made the deepest impression on me during this my first voyage on board a man-of-war. It was some time after this my journal was very nearly brought to a summary conclusion. We were off the Cape, or nearly so, when again the wind began to rise, and there seemed every appearance of bad weather coming on. The hands were accordingly turned up to take another reef in the topsails, and to furl top-gallant sails. This was scarcely done, when the pipe was again heard: "Watch, down top-gallant yards and top-gallant masts." The wind went on increasing, and our canvas was still further reduced till we were running dead before the gale, with our courses furled—fore-topsail close reefed, main-topsail three reefs in, and mizen-topsail furled. Night came on, and in a short time it was as dark as the darkest midnight, and we were tearing through the foaming seas at not less than fifteen knots an hour. Mr. Futtock said that we were going twenty; but that I don't believe, because I never found the fastest ship go so fast.

Somehow or other, I don't exactly know why, not much, up to this time, had been thought of our captain. He was a good-natured man, but it was said that there was more talk than do in him. Officers little think how much they are discussed by the men. The second lieutenant was thought still less of, and not without reason. He was fond of spouting poetry and doing the polite to young ladies who came off to see the ship; but as to seamanship, he knew nothing about it. He often got the ship into a mess, but had no idea of getting her out of it again. Now it happened to be his first watch at night. It had just struck eight bells; the starboard watch had been called, and a few minutes afterwards the other watch was mustered. During this time the rounds went to see all cleared up and safe below. The watch relieved was just turning in—some already had their clothes off—when suddenly a fearful crashing sound was heard, which paralysed everybody. No one knew what had happened, only there was a feeling that the ship was in some awful danger. Not a word was heard from the officer of the watch. If we were in peril, he was not going to take us out of it, so it seemed. Neither Puncheon nor I had taken off our clothes, so we scrambled on deck to see what was the matter. A seaman will understand our position when I say that the ship was taken right aback, and driving stern first, at the rate of some twelve knots an hour, with the sea breaking

over her poop, two-thirds of which were already under water. No one spoke, not an order was given. Suddenly a loud voice was heard shouting, "On deck, lads, for your lives!" and directly afterwards, Bob Turner, one of the boatswain's mates, piped, "Hands save ship!" The crew were on deck almost before the sound of the pipe had died away, and again the same voice (we now knew it to be that of the captain) thundered out, "Man the starboard fore-brace!" Officers, marines, and any one who was near, grasped the rope and hauled away on it with a will. The head-yards were very soon braced sharp up, and the head-sails took and filled at the very moment that the poop was nearly under water, and it seemed as if the ship was going bodily down; the main and cross jack-yards were soon braced round, and in less than a quarter of an hour from the time the wind had shifted we were braced sharp up on the starboard tack, and going seven knots through the water.

"We've had a merciful deliverance, my boy," I heard old Futtock remark to the gunner, a short time afterwards. "It is not often that a ship gets into the position we were in and gets out of it. In another minute the sea would have been rushing right over the poop down on our quarter-deck, and it would have been all over with us. If Mr. Muddlehead had had his wits about him, he would have braced the yards round the moment she was taken aback. Just think what it would have been if we hadn't been under snug sail. Why, we should have gone right down stern foremost, and never come up again. Such, I doubt not, has been the fate of many a ship of which nothing has ever since been heard."

After this night our new captain was much more respected by the crew, because he was now known to be a seaman—a doer as well as a talker; he maintained discipline, too, much more easily than he had before done, because the ship's company had learned to respect him. A captain may be ever so kind, but unless he has gained the respect of his men he can never manage them properly.

But I might go on till Christmas spinning yarns about the various events which happened during this my first trip to sea. I dare say many of my readers will be inclined to cry, "Avast! you have given us enough for one dose." And, supposing such to be the case, I will for the present bring my recollections to a conclusion.

THE MINOR STATES OF GERMANY.

"THERE was a time," says a Prussian pamphleteer, "when the ideas of French democracy dominated over the German world, and when prompt and successful street combats in the capital of a centralised state decided the fate of an entire state, and served as the models of glorious revolutions."* But the last ten years, it is added, have shown that the revolutions of states among "moral" people are in general accomplished by other means; they are carried out by organised military forces. The kingdom of Italy was created by the Piedmontese and French troops, for the eccentric movements of Garibaldi in the south could have only ended in the most signal discomfiture had it not have been that they were supported by the organised power of Piedmont. Even in America, where individual liberty appeared to be everything, and the power of the State a secondary matter, the reorganisation of the union was the work of a regular war supported by the State, and which hence became by that very war quite a different thing to what it had been previously.

So it was in Germany, which, if it is ever enabled to take that position which is due to it as a great power, will be owing to the heroism of the Prussians, who almost alone appreciate the grandeur of their mission. But to many of the minor states it is of no importance that the Prussian arms should reorganise Germany, that they should restore Venetia to Italy, force back retrograde Austria into the far east, and determine for ever that it shall no longer be either France or Russia which shall decide the fate of the Continent, but a real and effective equilibrium of the great powers, not an equilibrium of an ephemeral character, as under Frederick the Great, but one calculated to last, protected by the military power of Prussia—a power attained by years of study and sacrifices, and matured by experience.

Unfortunately, the petty egotism of some of the minor states still blind them to the importance of a united Germany. It is not only that the rulers of these states are reduced to a secondary position; they were no better off under a diet swayed by Austrian domination, or as a confederation of princes domineered over by the Muscovite; it is that the spirit of doctrinarism, which can never permit Providence to have any other views than its own, is still rampant throughout the length and breadth of the land, and, above all, that well-matured and generally accepted ideas as to the constitution of Germany under the new state of things, or as a united fatherland, have not yet had time to take root. Ideas are still popular in the minor states which fill patriotic hearts with grief and despair. The policy of these states is of so petty an order that they totally overlook the importance of a united fatherland in the presence of a hostile France or Austria, in the desire for trivial and, indeed, imaginary and impossible independence, or in a gloomy or discontented egotism. There is an amount of political incapacity in such a state of things which would assuredly lead to despair of the regeneration of Ger-

* L'Avenir des Moyens Etats du Nord de l'Allemagne. Par Henri de Treitschke. E. Dentu.

many, were it not that that regeneration is, fortunately for modern ideas of selfish democracy and doctrinarism, in the hands of a great power, and of one that there is reason to believe will be strong enough for the task imposed upon it by Providence. It has been said that England is at the back of France and Austria. We hope it never will be so against a united Germany, which is alone capable of preserving a European equilibrium, and which, as a check to the ambition of France and Russia, would be the safeguard of the peace of Europe. Even the creation of one common Zollverein, although hailed by acclamation by the minor states, has never been credited to Prussia, who has the greater reason to complain of the apathy and indifference and, in some cases, even hostile attitude of petty states, inasmuch as the sacrifices and expenses of regenerating a whole country are thrown upon it alone, an excess of taxes leading to the sole cause of discontent that exists amongst its people, which, if distributed, as they ought to be, over the whole fatherland, would no longer be of the same onerous character as they are when imposed upon only a fraction of the country.

Prussia will not, however, labour the less earnestly in completing that which its army has begun on account of these grievous drawbacks. The political apathy, incapacity, and imbecility of portions of the fatherland are not shared in by the great Protestant state of the north. It is high time, however, that the nation should also lend its aid in consummating what has been inaugurated by the Prussian crown, and in part carried out by Prussian arms. Whatever may be the ultimate results of the engagements entered into by France and Austria to oppose the political union of the southern states with those of the north, and to fix the Maine as the boundary of two separate and hostile confederations, one German and Protestant, the other Franco-Austrian and Catholic, such a policy would only hasten the conclusions to be arrived at by the minor states of the north and central Germany, and would also most probably lead to a clear declaration of the policy intended to be pursued by the southern states, if such were needed. They have not failed, indeed, in every way that is possible, consistent with respect to the great powers that are endeavouring to turn them from their true interests, to show that however much parties may be divided in the countries themselves, and however hostile some may be to Prussian domination, that the final resolve will be to constitute part of a German unity, under a liberal and acceptable constitution, rather than enter into a southern confederation, even if such were now possible, under the auspices of France and the domination of Austria. Austria, by acceding to the policy of France, dictated by hostility to Prussia and a desire to annex the left bank of the Rhine, runs far greater chance of losing its remaining German provinces than Prussia does of losing Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden as political and military allies, and ultimately as part of a united Germany. Chassepots may fire ten shots in a minute, and the needle-gun only eight; but Chassepots hit the target only eight times, the needle-gun every time, establishing an equality between the two.

The French army, no matter what is done, will also always be inferior in number to the Prussian army alone, and without the alliance of the southern states, in consequence of the landwehr institution. The battalions of infantry of the landwehr can, whenever Prussia likes, supply two hundred and forty-three thousand men to reinforce the permanent

army. The Franco-Austrians start from this point—that the treaty of Prague definitely settled all the questions to which the war gave rise, and that the southern states were not justified in entering into a subsequent military and political alliance, which modified that treaty. But treaties rise spontaneously out of the necessities of the case, and is it possible for hostile or discomfited powers to rule what treaties shall or shall not be entered upon by other powers? To interfere in the unification of Germany, merely because such unification is opposed to the domination of France or Austria, is more than interference—it is a dictation of will, that can only be conducive to war. Prussia has, in the pursuit of unification, not only obtained the alliance of Bavaria and Würtemberg, but she has acquired such an influence over Hesse-Darmstadt that one might almost say that Mayence is in her power. She is not the less powerful in the Grand Duchy of Baden, for at any moment she may be mistress of that great historical key to the interior—the stronghold of Rastadt. "A refreshing breeze," says Von Treitschke, "blows from the north, over the sleepy waters of our policy, and lifts them up in waves. Brilliant results, which only a few months ago appeared impossible of attainment even to the most enthusiastic dreamer, are there tangible before us. The present moment is one so grand, so full of promises to the future, that history has nothing like it to show us. For the first time for four centuries Germany is there, free from all admixture and of all foreign influence; now alone do we begin to appreciate what Prussia is worth to Germany. If at such a supreme hour we do not find the courage of action, we truly deserve to remain slaves." What is most in favour of ultimate German unification is, that it is a natural result of the new order of things. The agglomeration of nationalities is, indeed, a necessary sequence to the war, and surely the tendency of German states must now inevitably be towards that unity which has hitherto been impeded by the rivalry of petty principalities and foreign influences, and by the domination of a partly Sclavonic empire, and which it is still attempted to thwart by a southern confederation under a Franco-Austrian dictation. But nature will have its way, and, although difficulties may present themselves, new disasters may arise, and new and fearful wars have to be encountered, Germany will still not the less, by the force of uncontrollable impulses and events—the force of nationalities—arise from the struggle one great and united confederation—a check to the ambition of France, Austria, and Russia, and the safeguard of peace and prosperity of Europe.

International treaties, which have for object the unification of states, have no reference to the interests or policy of other powers, nor can they be made the subject of interference without hostile views. This is the peculiarity of the Franco-Austrian alliance. It is an attempt to domineer over the national will, and to sway nature itself in one of her most manifest demonstrations. France and Austria are in the same unnatural position as they are in Italy. Power may do much towards consolidating dominion, it cannot extinguish nationalities; and a dominion imposed upon people cannot in the nature of things last for ever. Is there any historical example of the perpetual sway of any power, however great at the time of conquest, over another people? There may be absorption of the elements of conquest, as of the Normans in England, but there is no perpetual Norman domination. A united Germany, it must be ad-

mitted on all hands, however much it has to apprehend from a Franco-Austrian alliance, has much less to fear, the moment it is resolved upon deciding its fate by the fortune of war, than Italy. Yet Italy is united and free, with the exception of Rome; and that excrescence of an *imperium in imperio* would not exist for a day, notwithstanding the upholstering of France, if it was not for the influence of a far-scattered priesthood and of religious feelings among the masses. France may aid and abet Austria in liberating herself from a detestable concordat, but the minds of the Latin and Catholic races require a more general enlightenment, after ages of priestly thraldom, ere they can fully appreciate the advantages of emancipation from errors and superstitions which are still a luxury to many southern minds.

One obvious result of the war of 1866 is, that the stronger the union of the countries north of the Maine becomes with Prussia, the more inevitable does the alliance of the southern states with the north become. Experience has shown to the great as well as to the minor princes of Germany, that in recognising the military supremacy of Prussia, and giving themselves up to its diplomatic direction, not only are they not called upon to make sacrifices, but they actually have no better means of assuring to themselves their possessions. The temporary suspension of the monarchies of Saxony, Hanover, and Nassau conveys an important lesson. On the other hand, their integrity was left to all such states of the north as acted in the cause of a common unity. The Germans of the Rhine, whose sense of national honour seemed to have become utterly extinguished by clerical domination, fought bravely in Bohemia by the side of the old regiments of the Grand-Elector and the warlike sons of Mack. The Hessians, whose military prowess signalises many a page of German history, were unfortunately condemned by their government to a pitiful neutrality. The battalions of Detmold and Gotha did marvels. The princes of the smaller states are mostly accustomed to serve in their youth in the Prussian army, and when arrived at an age to govern, to be guided by Prussian policy. But the professors of German jurisprudence cannot associate a condition of semi-dependence with the idea of a federal union. The Prussians, on their side, cannot see why in the future each of these smaller states should have a ministry and an army of civil officers to perform that which, in Prussia, is carried out by a single landrath or commissioner. It suffices, they say, to glance at the frontiers of the country to see that the constitution of such petty states belongs to times long gone by. The independent existence of such states is, they say, incompatible with the strength and vitality of a united Germany. Submission to Prussia is, therefore, a step in progress over the sovereignty guaranteed by a diet which was powerless to protect it.

The position of Prussia in regard to the states militarily occupied presents greater difficulties. All great confederations have sprung from wars of independence. Sentiments of fraternity are much more easily begot in a common struggle, having national independence for its object, than in festivals where they are made the subject of frothy speeches, and such sentiments are better calculated to ensure a federal pact than the wisest paragraphs of a formal constitution. Success in such a struggle also gives to allied states the best assurance that their independence will be guaranteed. But it is otherwise with regard to such states as ally

themselves with a foreign power, as in the case of Hesse, Hanover, and Saxony, and the question arises, Can they from conquered enemies be converted into faithful friends?

Such an experiment can be tried without danger to Germany in regard to some of the less powerful states. The Duke of Nassau lost his sovereignty by long-continued misgovernment, and by a malicious and arrogant attitude assumed towards Prussia; but Germany would not be placed in a position of danger if this captain of Nassau was permitted, with his one gun, his three troopers, his servant-maid, and seven hens, to return in triumph to Marxburg, the impregnable stronghold of the empire of Nassau. So, also, with regard to Frankfort. The monarchical tendencies of modern Europe is not favourable to the existence of little republics. Can anything be more absurd than the toleration of the little republic of Andorre in the Pyrenees, a hotbed of vice and villany? All claims of independence have disappeared from a city of undisciplined demagogism and servility to mammon, with its diet—the last remaining point of union of mediæval traditions and sickly reminiscences of a disunited and dismembered Germany! Nevertheless, it will be of little importance to a united Germany if Duke Bernhard and the Duchess Caroline of the elder branch were allowed to remain on the throne of their ancestors.

But it is different with regard to Saxony, Hanover, and Hesse. The fugitive King John fought with the stranger against the cause of Germany, and whilst his commissioners were recommending submission to the new state of things he was secretly promising better days upon his restoration. King George lost Hanover partly by his own obstinacy, but still more by the incapacity or indifference of the southern states. It is satisfactory, then, to know that he has come, at all events, to a financial arrangement with Prussia. The elector of Hesse permitted his troops to fight in the ranks of the Reich's armée after he had lost his country and his liberty. These three countries were, we are told, conquered in a just war, and are militarily occupied to the last village, and the rights of people, consecrated by the usages of ten centuries, permit the conqueror to dispose of them as he pleases. It is in vain that the fugitive princes protest, or refuse to absolve their employés from their oaths of allegiance; if Prussia puts its incontestable rights in force, it would only be accomplishing a verdict which has been endorsed by the national conscience a long time back. The rights of princes also impose upon them duties—duties whose violation often conduces to the loss of these very rights. The re-establishment of these three states would, it is argued, be a danger to the new federal pact of Germany, and a sin committed against the morality of the nation. The conviction that a sovereign judge ought to hold sway over the caprices of powerful vassals, carried into force in France by Richelieu, has survived in Germany the mediæval reminiscences of an imperial, but Roman, empire; and where can that sovereign judge, now that the Roman empire has become Sclavonic, Hungarian, and anti-German, be found but in the dynasty which has already grouped twenty-five millions of Germans around it?

Again, it is argued that an act of historical necessity is accomplished in abolishing these smaller dynasties. History, in fact, teaches that little states cannot exist in the midst of civilised people, whose tendency is ever to fuse into great national masses. The spirit of national love and enter-

prise, of a patriotism that is capable of great devotion and great sacrifices, is incompatible with the existence of petty states. Discipline and military honour may be upheld in such, but real patriotism is unknown. Again, states possessing no real strength, no confidence in themselves, or in the bonds that unite the people, have no legislative life, and they inevitably fall into a state of supineness or of criminal abuses. The amount of these, and the extent to which they were carried, were disclosed by the war of 1866 to a degree that attested the imperious necessity for reform.

Where, then, are the intellectual forces essential for such an undertaking to be found? It is unnecessary to give the answer to a question which, in the existing state of things, is conveyed in the question itself. But the military burdens and heavy taxation of Prussia are held forth as oppressions to be avoided, whereas not only would these be diminished for all by a more just and extensive departition, but it is most positively asserted that they would be more oppressive to a plenary restored Saxony and Hanover, than they are actually in Prussia fighting almost single-handed for a united Germany. The military institutions of Prussia will unquestionably be introduced into the smaller states. The position of a soldier is only supportable when he constitutes part of a large and powerful army, and such could neither exist nor be effective except under one general system.

The agglomeration of territories previously dispersed, and the fusion of minor states, would also put an end to what has long been the bane of Germany, and the subject of scorn and contempt to foreigners, as well as to all truly patriotic Germans—the traffic in souls and in territories. Such a constantly recurring false and ridiculous position of minor states with regard to one another, which has so long tolerated the exchange of territories and the handing over of whole families of people to different princes, can only be put an end to by annexation under one great power. To retain burdensome political responsibilities, and not to be a nation, is an insupportable state of things. Neither Hanoverian or Saxon, who have each a great history, would like to be a Prussian of a second order, but he can have no real disinclination to be one of a great, powerful, and united Germany.

Both a moral and material benefit would accrue from such a regeneration. It has pleased some to represent what they call the "particularism" of Germany as a form of liberty and self-government, whereas it is simply a plurality of masters, and the sway of little courts disregarding all constitutional forms—fractions of the ancient Germanic empire—acquired by marriage, exchange, or war, nursed up in hatred of their neighbours, and so tyrannised over that the people themselves had no voice in an unjust war. That there can be any ethnographic causes for this departition of Germany into petty states, or for distrust and hatred among its populations, is absurd. If the Saxon of Eilenburg and Torgau is proud of being a Prussian, there is no reason why the Saxon of Wurzen and of Leipzig should not prefer being a citizen of a great power than of a minor one; and if the Swabians of Hohenzollern are faithful to hereditary ties, there are no reasons why the Hanoverians of Westphalia should not enjoy the same advantages as the Prussians of Westphalia.

Prussia itself will bénefit by that constitutional reorganisation which will follow upon the agglomeration of the minor states. Whilst one fraction of society is conservative, the majority of the middle classes are

subjected to the terrorism of the so-called party of progress. New political force would be derived from co-operation with Hanover and Hesse. Particularity of institutions exist not only among the minor states, but also in Prussia itself, which is much less centralised than young Italy. Many of the Prussian provinces preserve particular private rights, peculiar communal organisations, and other important institutions. There are no necessities for creating a factitious centralisation among the confederated states any more than exists at the present time.

But, on the other hand, Saxons and Hanoverians alike will soon find, that while the individual is raised in his own estimation by becoming a member of a powerful community—part of a common country—so also they will feel that their interests as states are better provided for under such a system than under petty governments. A policy of exclusiveness and a systematic neglect of all facilities of intercommunication are no longer possible in Germany, no more than that a railway shall not be constructed out of regard for the pheasants of a grand-duke elector. It has been the same with industry and commerce, which have both alike suffered from the exclusiveness of minor states. Many an elector, dreading the presence of a manufacturing population, has obstinately refused to sanction the existence of industrial establishments in his impoverished realms. The introduction of the Zollverein under the ægis of Prussia will do away with such a retrograde state of things.

The only persons who will suffer from a change will be people attached to the minor courts, employés of a petty civil list, and a poverty-stricken nobility which enjoyed small sinecures. Many of the more intelligent of these will remain in their places; but that all shall remain is impossible, for under the existing state of things they constitute the majority of the better classes in the capital of every minor state, which they at once impoverish and demoralise. The rivalry of the universities of each small government will also attach the impracticable professors to the party of separation. Hence it is that those very schools which should be in every well-constituted state the cradle of patriotism have, unfortunately, become in Germany, from this rivalry of minor states, so many furnaces of discord, and little better than provincial hotbeds of rancour and jealousy.

It is a duty imposed upon Prussia, by the necessity in which it is placed of consolidating its work, to satisfy all the demands made by the different states in the name of justice and of individual interests; but it is manifest that such as are founded solely upon the rivalry of neighbouring minor states, cannot come under such a category, and they must give way to the common welfare and the interests of the community at large. This is one of the most difficult reforms that remain to be carried out in a united Germany. Yet, if the past history of some of these minor states was referred to, it would be little less edifying as to the patriotic working of such institutions, than their present state of being, is in a political point of view. The existence of such states has ever been a source of weakness, a cause of discord, an insuperable impediment in the way of the unity, prosperity, and power of Germany. For ages, for example, after the house of Hapsburg, that of Albertin of Saxony has been most opposed to the real interests of the country. The cradle of reform and the leader in German Protestantism, Duke Maurice, betrayed his nation and his religion for an electoral hat, and the Judas of Meissen

delivered over Lorraine to the French. Then came the so-called peace of the confession of Augsburg—a wondrous specimen of the politico-theological wisdom of the houses of Hapsburg and Albertin, and the cause of the Thirty Years' War. Whilst an outraged Protestantism, the agony of the Low Countries, and all the most holy interests of the German nation claimed her united efforts to oppose the domination of the Hapsburgs of Spain, the most powerful state of Protestant Germany held aloof, until a prolonged warfare, involving all the irreconcilable antitheses of Lutherans, Calvinists, and Catholics was the result, and then electoral Saxony sided alternately with the one party and then with another! Even at a later epoch, when young Prussia was beginning to organise herself, the Albertins were still renegades to their faith and their people, and, as kings of Poland, dissipated the resources of a purely Germanic people. A clever English diplomatist said of Saxony, half a century ago, "Prussia is its wife, Austria its mistress." And so it has continued to be, notwithstanding the ties of religion and nationality which bind her to Prussia. When the Holy Empire fell to the ground before the armies of the great Napoleon, and Prussia sought to unite the remaining fragments in a confederation of the north, Frederick Augustus refused, because, he said, he could not place his older and more noble dynasty in subordination to that of Hohenzollern; and besides, had not Napoleon himself signalised the ambition of Prussia? After the battle of Jena, the King of Saxony withdrew his troops from their German confederates and led them against the Prussians. The day of revenge came when Prussia, triumphant, Frederick Augustus, who had joined the confederation of the Rhine, was abandoned by his own army, had to fly from his country, and was only reinstated by the Holy Alliance. Under Frederick Augustus II. a closer intimacy sprang up with Prussia, Saxony entered into the Zollverein, the great commercial bond of German unity; and when the revolution of May suddenly and unexpectedly deprived the monarch of his throne, the Prussians reseated him in his ancient capital. M. de Beust inaugurated a new policy. He entered into alliance with Austria. Saxony once more turned its arms against Prussia, but it fell, almost without striking a blow, into the hands of its quondam ally, and M. de Beust became a chancellor of Austria, where it is to be hoped his policy will be more successful than it was in Saxony. The Guelphs of Hanover are taxed with being even less German than the Saxons. They struggled for thirty years against the Zollverein; they changed the constitution of the country six times in fifty years, and did everything in their power to impede the development of commerce in Hamburg, Oldenburg, Brunswick, and Bremen. The last of the Guelphs made the same mistake as the last of the Albertins. He went over to Austria on the occasion of the breaking up of the diet; he was not even supported by his Catholic allies of the south, and yet a Guelph may yet be restored to the throne of Hanover, and it is not improbable that an Albertin may also again reign in Saxony—but under altered circumstances. Electoral Hesse is looked upon by German patriots with even greater distrust than the houses of Saxony and Hanover. The bastard descendants of Philip the Magnanimous are declared to have been a long time past a scandal to Europe by their disorderly avarice and tyranny. They have, we are told, no supporters among the conservatives. Eckart and the more violent demagogues alone

uphold their claims, because they know that such a rule must infallibly lead to a Red Republic.

Many of the liberal party think that were the dynasties of the minor sovereignties restored they would be compelled to be liberal, and to be friends of Prussia. But their states having been reserved to all those who adopted a Protestant and German policy on the breaking up of the diet, and in the war of 1866, Treitschke argues that it is very questionable if it would be wise to follow the same policy towards those states which in their own egotism preferred to unite themselves with a foreign power—*i.e.* Austria.

All historical antecedents, he argues, are unquestionably opposed to any ideas of fidelity to the true cause of Germany, and with France and Austria entering into alliance to curb Prussia, to win over the southern states, and to obtain, if possible, peaceably, the "rectification of their frontiers," Prussia will require to be more exacting than it perhaps would otherwise have been. As it is, Hanover and Electoral Hesse have to a certain extent been incorporated with Prussia, and, as Prussian regiments, their brave soldiers will fight by the side of those old regiments of Hohenzollern with as much fidelity and bravery as that hussar regiment of Thuringia, which, now Prussian, was, under Saxony, so fatal to the Austrians at Wagram. Its independence has been conceded to Saxony, out of respect to the susceptibilities of Austria and France; but if the exigencies of those two powers are carried too far, and they exact that the political, military, and commercial alliances of the North German Confederation shall not embrace the south, as they have, indeed, already done, the fate of Saxony will, we are told, be otherwise decided. The new parliament of a confederated country will at once decline making further concessions in order to win over the south, and to carry out acts of disinterestedness which may any day become serious sources of weakness. Dresden is the key to the valley of the Elbe, and threatened as the North German Confederation is by a southern alliance, it cannot from mere strategic considerations leave its keeping in the hands of a doubtful ally. The people—the Germans—of Schleswig-Holstein do not want their old dynasties back again, nor yet do they wish to pass under the Prussian yoke; but they would not object to constituting part of a united and confederated Germany, protected by a liberal constitution. It is in the interest of Prussia to spare Holstein and Schleswig, but the want of an extended seaboard renders it inexorable in a direction which is as likely to involve it in trouble, as are its relations with the states south of the Maine.

The German race has high intellectual qualities and great capacities of political economy; but it has yet to emancipate itself from the most childish notions of policy, under which it still in part exists, and learn that political power and grandeur are only to be found in union. Germany exhausted itself two centuries ago in a thirty years' struggle against Austria; Frederick the Great warred for seven years merely in supporting his right as a German sovereign against the Holy Roman Empire. In our own times a campaign of a few weeks has sufficed to overthrow the power of the Hapsburgs. Is it likely, then, that Germany will hesitate in carrying out unification when the people have discovered their strength, and that their long-coveted destiny is at last in their own keeping?